

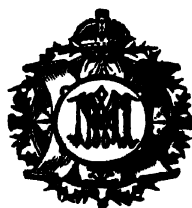
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Bonnie Little Mary, by Lutea Reseda,	207
Christian Woman's Work in India, The, by S. S. Hewlett,	
225, 278, 309, 385	
Dragon of the North, The, by E. J. O.,	
25, 33, 69, 101, 142, 165, 197, 229, 261, 293, 325, 357	
Dreams, by Melensa,	155
Enigma, by Jane B. Ballantyne,	173
"En Route to Italy," by Mrs. Brewster Macpherson,	11, 40
Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, The, by M. E. T.,	77
Features of the Face Indicative of Character? Are the, by	
Martyn Hay,	365
"From Italy," by Mrs. Brewster Macpherson,	282
Halcyon Days, by Gratia,	128
Highland Spring, A, by Enna,	140
Hopping-Time in the "Garden of England," by Gratia,	342
In the Twilight, by Joan Scott,	86
Iona, by H. A. B.,	174
Literary Merit tested by Popularity, by Iroene,	149
Miss Thackeray's Fairy Tales, by E. V. Lynne,	110
Musical Season, Our last, by Our Notebook,	133
Old Home, The, by Martyn Hay,	61
Our Library Table,	30, 132, 388
Patience, by Joan Scott,	308
Puppy's Paradise, by Estelle,	117

	PAGE
Qualities Essential to the Novelist, On some, by Procla,	1
Reveris, A, by Naomi S. Smith,	24
Shadow and Sunshine, by Melensa,	260
Shield of Achilles, The, by Jeanie Morison,	277
Sonnet, by Jeanie Morison,	52
Temptation, by Mrs. Brewster Macpherson,	341
Tischendorf, The late Dr., by Sigma,	94
To my Lady, by R.,	254
Walt Whatman's "Leaves of Grass," Thoughts on, by Joan Scott,	17
Werburga of Chester, by Procla,	52, 87, 119, 155, 187, 221, 246, 313, 347, 373
Woman's Work—	
I. Introduction, by Phæbe Blyth,	184
II. Girls' Schools, by Louisa Innes Lumsden,	208, 238
III. Engraving on Wood, by B. B. M'Laren,	272
IV. Nursing, by Probationer,	301
V. Medicine a Profession for Women, by Eliza W.	
Dunbar, M.D.,	383
VI. Years, by Naomi S. Smith,	380

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THE
LADIES' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

On some Qualities Essential to the Novelist.

IN order to attain to some idea of what qualities are essential to the novelist, we must first inquire, what is the task which he has to perform? The world of fiction is a very large world, and that province in it called the Novel is a most extensive and growing province. Of late years it has been widening its limits in many directions—conquering a new nation there, here claiming a new science for its own, appropriating a new sect in religion, or dilating on some great chapter in history. And in proportion to the extent of its efforts is the difficulty in finding an answer to the question, What is a novel? Difficult as the answer may be when we look at the ingredients in many novels, if we look at their essence alone it cannot fail to be this—a novel is a work of art. It must always be so, even where, as in many cases, the art is but as a drop in a whole bucket of science and speculation.

A novel is a work of art, though not generally, nor necessarily, of the highest kind of art. The following remarks by a fellow of Balliol College may throw some light on art, in its relation to philosophy and to human life:—"Mere copying is not art. The artist brings nature before us, as we have seen it, perhaps, only once or twice in our lives, under the influence of some strong emotion. He does that for us which we cannot do for ourselves; he reproduces those moments of spiritual exaltation in which 'we feel that we are better than we know'—moments which we can remember, and of which the mere memory

may be the light of our lives, but which no act of our own will can bring back. It is not till the distinction has been appreciated between nature as it is and nature as we make it to be, between that which we see and that which 'having not seen, we love,' that any branch of art can be reckoned in its proper value."

The writer of these remarks then goes on to contrast the matter-of-fact aspect of the source of our knowledge with the aspect of philosophy, art, and religion. The former takes our knowledge to be exclusively the result of the action of human thought; the latter admits the co-operation of nature by the transmission of images. The view of art, taking its stand on this basis, involves the absolute fusion of thought and things. The habitual interpretation of natural events by the analogy of human design, is but an anticipation of, and a step towards, such a true conquest of nature. This habitual interpretation is a proof that, "to the ordinary man, nature presents itself, not as something external, but, like a friend, as 'another himself.'"

Pure emotion is the medium of the true conquest of nature thus daily anticipated. In it "the experiences of life are held together, and the animal element is so fused with the spiritual as to form one organisation, through which the same impulse runs with unimpeded energy. Then man has made nature his own, by becoming a conscious partaker of the reason which animates him and it. The attainment of this consummation can only approach realisation through the operation of a power which can penetrate the whole man, and act on every moment of his life. But that power, which, in the form of religion, can make every meal a sacrament, and transform human passion into the likeness of divine love, is represented at a lower stage, not only by the unifying action of speculative philosophy, but by the combining force of art."

Art, then, is the celebration of the union of man with nature. And he must be one with her, else whence those untold feelings of sympathy with her sublime moods, of yearning after her loveliness? That only arouses our feeling, which has something akin to ourselves; we know this from our intercourse with our fellow-men; we may know it too from our intercourse with nature.

Those thoughts of the Oxford graduate present to our minds a philosophy, under the shadow of which we may

live happily. Not so that other philosophy of the Frenchman, worshipping the human, yet placing before it a "fatality that must be accepted." And this is the philosophy which we trace in the writings of George Eliot. Which view is the more favourable to art, that which shows us nature as the friend of man, or that which represents her as an adverse and superior power?

What, then, is the place which the novel holds among works of art? To our age it stands in the same relation in which the drama stood to an earlier age: the drama, in its turn, succeeded the epic. Poetic art spoke first in the epic. Man was one with nature, with a oneness so complete that it was unconscious. The powers of nature and of heroes were one to him; man and nature worked together. Hence the old epic, so simple, so grandly objective, so bound to the hearts of nations.

Then came the drama. Man poetised his higher moods and nobler actions. Thus he gradually grew more subjective; new varieties of the drama called for new phases of thought and character. Gradually this study of human nature grew to essays on men and manners, and then to stories of men and manners, or novels. The novel was less high art than the drama, but it described men more faithfully, and thus led to a more exact estimate of character. Still it is a work of art; it must be so, if it fulfil its mission aright. It must give large and true views of life; it must epitomise the feelings and actions of existences; it must have some ideas besides those of character alone; it must go only where imagination and feeling can go with it.

That the history of the world revolves in circles is a remark frequently made by careful observers. Looking at the novel from this point of view, should not we expect it soon to quit the field in favour of some other species of production? Are not its frantic attempts to scale the heights of science and philosophy a proof that every pathway, every track in its own level ground, has become a too common thoroughfare? With the next revolution of the wheel of literature, possibly the drama may again come uppermost. Not as it was before; less exalted above life, more expanded over it; less star-gazing, looking more around; exalting real life and real human beings into a region of poetry. And then, why should not the epic reappear? At a stage when advancement in many things shall have been attained at the cost

of a vast amount of subjectivity, the learner will have his task by heart, and man will have accomplished the true end of being; he will again be one with nature. But not as before; not in the old way of making human the torrent, the sun, the stone; but in the knowledge, deepened into feeling, of nature's vast powers—powers ever working for man and with man.

Such an attempt to estimate the novel in its relation to philosophy, art, and history, may form a suitable basis on which to take our stand while we proceed to contrast two of our greatest novelists—namely, George Eliot and Thackeray—with regard to some qualities essential to writers of fiction.

1. *Breadth of Subject.*—This quality in fiction depends chiefly on the number and variety of characters introduced, and on the importance of the actions about which they are engaged, and of the events by which those actions are determined. As to the number and variety of characters they portray, George Eliot and Thackeray are tolerably equal. They both draw their characters from all ranks, though, in her earlier novels in particular, George Eliot paints the lower classes more largely than Thackeray ever does. In reading *Middlemarch*, we are well-nigh bewildered by the various groups of heroes and heroines long before we have been introduced to all of them. In *Vanity Fair* we have fewer characters, but they appear on a larger stage, and the hum of the world's voices in history, and in stirring events, forms an accompaniment to the whole. Thackeray's novels are essentially novels of society; we conjecture, if we did not know, that he was a frequenter of London society, and knew thoroughly its tone, and the style of comment passed on all who compose it. His heroes and heroines are men and women of society; he gives them only those virtues and vices which make themselves readily felt by all around; generosity, unselfishness, true nobility, are his standard virtues; greed, hypocrisy, self-seeking, all fall beneath his unsparing lash. George Eliot, on the other hand, likes better to paint men singly than in groups; each individual is to her a world for research. With regard, then, to breadth of subject, we may say that George Eliot and Thackeray both paint men in great numbers and varieties; that while George Eliot's delineations of individual character are more studied and more careful, Thackeray, on the contrary,

paints men more in the mass, more in outline, and more with a view to the general effect.

2. *Truth to Nature*.—Truth to nature in literature is not merely correct description; it is description with thought and feeling added to it. When the author describes scenery, we give his words poetic truth only if he enters somewhat into sympathy with the object described. George Eliot does this perfectly in her description of Dorlcote Mill at the beginning of the *Mill on the Floss*: here feeling is in harmony with what is seen, and the poet is identified with the landscape. Take this short passage from it:—"How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to the low placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge." The author is evidently depicting scenes of childhood, and the vividness of poetic insight makes imagination and thought keep pace. Nature becomes a living companion; the passage is one which only a true poet could have written. Thackeray has a somewhat similar passage, where Esmond revisits Castlewood after an absence of fourteen years:—"He had not seen its ancient grey towers and well-remembered woods for nearly fourteen years. There was the fountain in the court babbling its familiar music, the old hall and its furniture, the carved chair my late lord used, the very flagon he drank from. Esmond rose up before the dawn, passed into the next room, where the air was heavy with the odour of the wall-flowers," &c. In this passage we have the vivid painting of a fond memory. Yet the things are still things, not friends: it is a picture possessing Dutch correctness; that of George Eliot floats in a mist of poetry. In depicting such scenes she is superior to Thackeray.

This poetic feeling, however, does not accompany her throughout in her delineations of human character.

The French writer Taine says of Dickens, that he is a man who, with a stew-pan in one hand, and a postilion's whip in the other, takes to making prophecies; and it may be said of George Eliot, that she is a writer who, with a dissecting-knife in one hand, and an artist's pencil in the other, takes to making characters. But the dissecting-knife has so much to do, that it leaves no level surface on which the artist's pencil may expend its beautifying lines.

The character is cut open, and all its ingredients are separated into little heaps. In hardly any character throughout *Middlemarch* does this strike us more forcibly than in that of Rosamond Vincy. George Eliot's hatred of the ordinary conventional young lady is well known; but she rather defeats her own object by over-drawing the vices of that unfortunate being. No character in the book awakens our wrath more than that of Rosamond does. We are so strangely moved by this character, that we have very strong doubts as to its truth, and are at least certain that it is overdrawn. It has been remarked of George Eliot that her characters of men are inferior to those of women. This was true of Adam Bede; and it is true of Ladislav. His attributes are scattered about over the book in such a way that we never see the whole man at once; he always appears to us through a dim and misty medium. George Eliot's favourites, too, are subjected to as severe an anatomising process as her aversions; and this process is so perseveringly continued, that we have no opportunity of standing off to view the general effect. All is detail and scrutiny from beginning to end. This is mental anatomy,—psychology carried beyond the realms of art. It is as if some one who kept a den of creatures in order to observe their actions, had taken us into this den, and we there beheld these unfortunates, with all the fresh bloom of youth scraped off, and were obliged to observe, in a light so strong as to render partiality impossible, the perverse workings of their vicious natures. Does not true art, in her communings with nature, always keep the veil of reverence before her eyes; and does not her love of the beautiful lead her to observe less that which is ugly? Besides, in a book which professes to be a novel, and therefore a history of human life, we expect some adherence to a law which regulates historical compositions; namely, the canon of historical objectivity.

And does not Thackeray adhere to this law? The very superficiality for which he has been blamed is a proof of this. He looks more on his characters with regard to their actions than to the springs of those actions. Taking men more in the mass, he goes less deep; and yet, at the foundation of the actions of each lies a psychological truth, which finds its outcome in those actions. We know, from the moment of our first introduction to Rebecca Sharp, that that young woman possesses intellect, without either heart or principle; and to show us

the workings of that character, Thackeray does not make incisions into her mind in order to show what is going on there, but he reflects those internal processes in a series of consistent actions throughout the book.

We find, then, that where George Eliot anatomises, Thackeray describes. The power of description is a power more suitable to a novelist than that of anatomising, inasmuch as it is more purely imaginative. It seems, therefore, that on this ground Thackeray is more true to nature, and also on the ground that the portraying of thoughts and feelings must be comparatively a matter of conjecture, whereas the recording of action may in all cases have its foundation in reality.

3. *Humour and Pathos.*—The humour of Thackeray appears chiefly in grotesque situations; that of George Eliot, in witty sayings. These are exactly the qualities to be expected from a describer of action on the one hand, and an anatomiser of character on the other. The humour of George Eliot appears chiefly in epigrammatic sayings and in conversations. These are so well known that it is unnecessary to quote any of them. The power of putting witty sayings into people's mouths, and that of making them perform amusing actions, are totally different, and we can hardly rank one above the other. It seems, however, that the former belongs more naturally to a woman who has lived in quietude with thoughts and feelings; the latter to a man who has lived among actions.

With regard to pathos. Returning to our idea of art as a sympathy with nature, we expect to find that sympathy heightened where the author writes of human feeling, just in proportion to the greater kinship between the author and other men, than between the author and a tree or a woodland scene. Here, if anywhere, we may hope to find art one with nature, and the poet feeling all that his hero feels.

Take any one of George Eliot's most pathetic passages. Art is never wholly merged in sympathy. Every outward detail, every phase of thought and feeling in the mind of the person described, is noted with a Dürer-like correctness. We find, on the contrary, that when Thackeray rises to pathos he is no longer only describing feelings, he is feeling them too; and the reader catches the impulse, and his heart bleeds for the sufferer or sufferers as the case may be. Such is the effect of true pathos. George Eliot lacks enthusiasm; *Middlemarch* especially

wants it. *Adam Bede* had more; so had the *Mill on the Floss*. In the case of this writer, observation seems to have killed enthusiasm, and placed contempt in its stead. Art is essentially sympathetic; a want of sympathy makes a defect in art.

4. *The Moral Tendency, and the after-thought in the reader's mind.*—Morality ought to pervade true art in such a way that its presence should be insensibly felt. It ought not to obtrude itself in the form of advice, epigrammatic sayings in the style of La Bruyère, or plain indications of vices to be censured. If we want a proof of human depravity, we have it in the fact that people cannot read a simple story, long or short, without asking what is the moral of it. Surely the English nation must be the most immoral one in the world, for it is they more than any others, who seem to feel the need of a moral attached to each novel or story. And their novelists have seen this want, and have met it. They have pointed their morals in the sharpest way, and adorned their tales with satires of the most cutting description. The French writer Taine says the English are too moral. Their novels are too little works of art, and too much moral essays. So far he is right, but no further; not when he reproves the English novelist for not casting the glow of beauty over vice, nor making human nature attractive in any form, no matter what its character may be. Moral beauty belongs to art as much as any other kind of beauty does; only it must pervade it, not form a heterogeneous excrescence from it.

Both George Eliot and Thackeray moralise too much; they are too satirical. Thackeray is an avowed lay preacher, and sermonises openly and constantly; and his sermons have in many instances had the desired effect among those for whom they were intended. Moraliser as he is, he is tender to human nature: he attacks it constantly, despises it sometimes, and hates it—never. Neither do we hate even his worst men and women; we are able to laugh at them, because he does so himself.

George Eliot, as we might have expected, moralises in epigrams and in mental anatomy. Her sayings are very deep and wonderful, though sometimes heavily Johnsonian. She does not abuse her victims so heartily and openly as Thackeray, neither does she treat them to so much irony as he does, nor laugh so heartily at their human weaknesses; but she turns them over and over, and looks them through and through, till every little

speck and mole has been discovered, and then leaves them for us to gaze on; and lo! the glory has departed. Scorn and contempt in an author are infectious; and we begin to feel the same for our species. Where these are, cheerfulness and hope are at an end. Not hope for the pleasant ending of the novel, but for the ideal of humanity. Does such hopefulness form a necessary element in the teaching of the novelist, and is the want of it a flaw in his work? Art and nature, as I showed before, are one with each other. Where nature is looked on as an adverse power, a fatality that must be accepted, then they are no longer one. Art, too, dons her weapons against fate; but in her very feebleness, her strongest weapon is her scorn; and she is certain of defeat. And by virtue of this very scorn and opposition, she is no longer art in the true sense. The calm of artistic power is displaced by a morbid foreboding; and where this is the case, feebleness is the inevitable result.

The afterthought occasioned by George Eliot's works is in most cases tinged with melancholy. This is partly due to the fact that, having adopted a new and painful philosophy, she has also entered upon a new and difficult path in religion. It is a path where reason has much to do in rectifying the conclusions of an unthinking faith. So hard is this task, so wide the field in which this effort is made, that despair has overtaken the seeker for truth—despair of human help, despair of finding alone a way out of the labyrinth. No wonder, then, that melancholy ensues, and pervades her pages and the minds of her readers. Our only comfort, after reading her works, is the thought that possibly the fate of her noblest heroes and heroines does not embody her type of the fate of humanity.

Believing the future to be built up on the basis of the past, and every failure or success to be a paving of the way for something different, we cannot help seeing that those who fail in carrying out noble efforts are sacrifices to the general good. Others will see their fruitless efforts, will carry them on to success, and achieve a praise not wholly their own. George Eliot then, perhaps, chooses her noblest characters from among those who are sacrifices to the good of humanity. The wreck of those noble aims, while it leads to a sense of the smallness and weakness of the individual, cannot extinguish the hope which those very aims have kindled, a generous hope on behalf of the whole human race.

Such a thought alone can reconcile us to the fate of Dorothea; and it is but a shallow reconciliation, when we consider the place she has won in our regard. Not only are her own aspirations not met, but she is given to one of an infinitely lower life and aim. She who had been trying all her life to find out her religion, and who found it only in a perpetual seeking after the Beautiful and the Good, is consigned to the care of one who carries his religion no further than to admire the Beautiful and the Good when he sees them.

Dorothea, like St. Theresa, goes out even through the wilderness after her religion. Will Ladislaw sits comfortably in his arm-chair, and allows his religion to come to him. And it comes to him in the shape of Dorothea. How that St. Theresa ever found her way out of the desert to the fireside of Will Ladislaw, and chose to remain there, I cannot conceive; she must have been labouring under some hallucination brought on by fasting.

To Dorothea, at the very outset, the author may seem to have addressed some such imaginary warning as this:— Aim high, seek to reconcile your faith with your life; act nobly, believe largely, and then marry an ordinary man at the end of the chapter.

With regard to the after-thought occasioned by Thackeray's works, it is in no way tinged with religious melancholy, nor very deeply with melancholy of any kind. In religion he has apparently, more like a Scribe than a Pharisee, adhered to the traditions of his forefathers; they are enough for him, he rests in them, makes his noblest characters do so, and wishes all the people in *Vanity Fair* would do the same. And we close his books with a feeling of hopefulness. He never ends in the minor key; after a little interlude of sadness, his tones quickly resolve themselves into tones of joy, and he marches his characters off the scene with an accompanying flourish of trumpets, which gives us to understand that each has at last found his right place in the world, has met with justice at the hands of his novelist, and is at peace with all around. And is not such peace with external objects one of the requisites of true art, one of the phases of unity with nature?

We find, then, in summing up the foregoing remarks, that, while George Eliot dissects men, Thackeray describes them in the mass; while she excels in descriptions of nature, and in mental analysis, he excels in

narrative objectivity; while she shines in humorous sayings, Thackeray is great as a describer of grotesque actions; while she records feelings, Thackeray feels them; while she preaches covertly, Thackeray does it openly; while she leaves a melancholy after-thought and an undefinable sadness, Thackeray leaves us with a cheerful impression of poetical justice, and a hope that things in general are not going wrong. The points in which Thackeray excels—namely, the narrating of action, practical humour, pathos, a happier after-thought, a sense of poetic justice—are all essential ingredients in the novelist's power.

George Eliot surpasses Thackeray in her descriptions of nature and in witty sayings; but she excels him also in mental analysis, and in the power of producing melancholy feelings—two qualities which are not indispensably necessary to the novelist. The very fact, then, that her greatest power—namely, that of mental analysis—does not necessarily belong to the novelist, is enough to show that we ought not to assert her supremacy in that direction. Still, no one can deny that she possesses genius of the noblest type; and nowhere do we feel more constrained to acknowledge this, than where she oversteps the proper limits assigned to her as a novelist.

PROCLA.



En Route to Italy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIFTS FOR MEN."

LEIGH COURT.

WE visited Clifton on our way to Italy, and had one happy week there with dear friends. They took us to see the pictures at Leigh Court. I have twice had occasion to love the name of Leigh; once for its woods, and once for its pictures. Those woods were life to me one spring. After months of anxious watching and weeks of personal exhaustion, it was delicious, with my recovered treasure, to wander there, and with her to gather early violets. We were unconscious trespassers, and did not know that we had transgressed beyond the public limits, till, at the approach of Easter holiday-makers, gaps in hedges and

walls were all filled up, and we found no entrance to our paradise. The banishment, however, was not complete; for if shut out from Leigh, we were still free of a part of the same woods in Nightingale Valley.

The Leigh woods stretch along the summit of the great cliffs opposite Clifton. There are superb views from the pathway which skirts the cliff, but a child wanders more freely and safely away from those precipitous heights; so I and the little one left the larger glories, and haunted the inner glades. There our delights were many. The trees were still leafless, but the trunks were stately; lofty pillars with sculptured tracery running down their whole noble length, looking as if the rains of centuries had hardened on them as they ran; the buds were all bursting, and the variety of their complicated folding gave us enough to wonder at. Crowds of ferns frolicked far and near, and nestled upon the outspread branches of the trees. The ivy hung in heavy wreaths; delicately tinted wild roses were blushing here and there; violets and anemones and primroses, the green heads of the lady's mantle, and the tassels of the Dog-Mercury, showed fair among the dead leaves of the past year's woodland. Various moss and arum leaves covered the ground, and the whole air was athrob with the singing of birds. Kind nature took us into her embraces there, and soothed and restored our souls with a thousand healing touches; and our praise of God for the spring left a blessing on those woods, which compensated for our unlawful wanderings.

When next I learned to love the name of Leigh, it was not soothing but a stirring-up that I needed; and again I found just what I required from the bounties of the place.

There are trials of a kind for which we are ourselves responsible, which are due more largely than we care to own to the incommunicable bitterness of the heart itself. Such trials do not injure the body, but they deaden the soul; they induce a weariness of conflict, and lead into the reaction of a deliberate refusal to feel at all.

In a dream once, I found myself choking, stifling in deep waters; something like great masses of clinging weeds imprisoned my feet, so that I could not get out; and the horror of the situation was heightened when I discovered that this was my own hair, which had all fallen off. At last I struggled on shore, and feebly walked away

from the water. After a while, I turned to look at the depth I had escaped, and behold! there lay a tiny patch of bright green bog moss. "The earth is full," I exclaimed, "of deep waters; and this little pool, so shallow that it is already overgrown with the sphagnum, was enough nearly to drown me." In the same manner I now look back and feel a like wonder that my strength all fell from me, and that I felt as if I was drowning in a trouble which already is hidden under gentle results; but at the time I went to Leigh Court, I had but newly scrambled to the firm earth.

I had another dream once. I was pushing my way with a companion through a Titanic Vanity Fair. I hate a city at all times, and this city was terrible. The houses were as high as mountains; the roar of its traffic, the rattle of its carriages, were like sounds that may accompany the devil's dance of innumerable whirling pillars of sand and stones driven by howling winds over rocky deserts. The pressure of the crowds was hideous; I felt all squeezed and bruised as if I were forcing my way through thickly thronged fat bulls of Bashan. At last that pressure forced us aside into an enormous flesh-market, hung round as far as the eye could reach with carcases. A sort of twilight pervaded the place, and we were alone in it. My companion sat down in it with a sigh of relief, and said she was thankful for the cool and the quiet, and would gladly remain there always. I think other minds than mine must know the temptation to make that sort of "covenant with death" after a lengthened period of over-intensity. The will revolts against any further call upon sympathy, and hardens itself, and says, as Israel said, "The scourge shall not reach us."

I was in the crisis of that temptation when I was taken to Leigh Court, willing to sit down in the cool quiet of unfeeling death. One look at a face there "annulled that covenant with death." It was the face of Leonardo da Vinci's "Creator Mundr;" the face and hands of the living Word of God, by whom the worlds were made. The hands were large and powerful, instinct with diverse power, nervous energy vitally present in the thin fingers, cunning faculty in the square turned-back thumb of mechanical genius. One hand held the globe, the other was raised in command, and light was rising within the universe at that command. The surface of the globe reflected the green of His garment and the embroidery of

His vesture. His face was inspired with *all* life; not only with the majestic word of power; not only with the subtle strength of organizing intellect; not only with the sacrificing energy of the priest; not only with the sacrificial foreknowledge of the Cross, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,—but with all these, and also with the rich possibilities of laughter, with the terrible possibilities of the derision of One that sitteth in the heavens. Looking upon that face, I could sympathize with the calling forth of the grotesque forms which crawled over the earth when first redeemed from chaos, when, it may be, revolted foes were forced into the forms of “complicated monsters,” “chimeras dire.”

Leigh Court is full of priceless treasures. Raphael's “Procession to Calvary,” and fine replicas of his “Julius II.” and of his missing “Madonna di Loretto;” an Epiphany said to be by Giovanni Bellini, but by Crowe and Cavalcaselle attributed to Giorgione; Domenichino's “St. John,” said by Mrs. Jameson to be that artist's finest single picture; two superb Titians; Rubens' magnificent “Conversion of St. Paul,” and “Woman taken in Adultery;” Murillo's serene “Virgin resting on her Way to Egypt;” Velasquez' “Adoring Virgin,” and the altieri Claudes, two pictures which cost their possessor £12,000, are a few pre-eminent among its jewels. The “Adoring Virgin,” attributed to Velasquez, but on account of the ideality of the face believed by Dr. Waagen not to be by him, but by some unknown Spanish painter, is a most unusual thought. The Virgin is represented, I imagine, at the moment when the power of the Highest overshadowed her. She is not caught up and away from earth as in Murillo's “Immaculate Conception.” As woman, and not as goddess, she receives the mystery. She is sinking forwards, with her arms outspread, her hands open expressive of adoration, yet instinct with caress. Her eyes are raised, but raised away from the light towards which she is drawn—away from the light which transfigures her.

Rubens' “Woman taken in Adultery” is a magnificent study of various expression. The Scribes and Pharisees, blear-eyed and malicious, or fat, sensual, and subtle; the dignified Joseph of Arimathea looking earnestly at the Christ; the young man gazing with half-admiring pity and curiosity at the woman, more interested in her than in the controversy,—are all touched with a masterly hand.

Even greater than the power displayed in this picture is the dramatic force of the scene where Saul is struck down on his way to Damascus. Dr. Waagen says of this picture, that terror is strikingly expressed in the face of the prostrate Saul. I could see no terror there. It looked like the face of one in a death-like swoon; with an expression on the features such as is sometimes seen on the face of the dead, as if the spirit held converse apart from the body, and yet informed the body; as if the spirit threw upon the body the influence of that communion, when asking "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" it was prepared to receive the answer through those whom it had persecuted; the answer which bursts forth in Mendelssohn's wonderful "Arise, shine! for thy light is come."

Dr. Waagen's remark on Guido's "Cleopatra" amused me by its literal truth. He describes it as "*extremely pleasing* in feature and expression." Charming qualities, which, however truly descriptive of the picture, scarcely raise before the mind's eye that creature born of fire and water. One of the hands looks white, and dead, and leathery,—perhaps, if we like to so imagine it, from the poison having begun to work; but Guido's hands are often failures, at least to the eyes of the inartistic.

The name of Michael Angelo is given to a curious little picture of the Crucifixion, but as the only easel picture which Michael Angelo ever painted is in the Tribuna at Florence, this, though perhaps taken from the Thunderer's design, is probably by one of his pupils. It shows us on either side of the Crucified two figures standing, and immediately above them two others, of whom we see only the heads looking out of a low-lying cloud. The head on the right and the figure on the left are weeping and lamenting; the head on the left and the figure on the right are gazing at the Crucified, too absorbed in contemplation to show any access of grief. This curious geometrical disposition of figures and feelings has the effect almost of a riddle, and takes away from the impressiveness of the treatment of the awful theme at first sight; but there is a certain power in the work which lays hold of the imagination after a while, and I found myself often dwelling upon that strange conception of the dual completeness of emotion and contemplation uniting the family in heaven and in earth, where the angel above took up the feeling contrasted with that of the mortal below.

I delighted in a "Virgin and Child" by Vandyke; a lovely picture, in which the Child lies asleep on a high bed, and the mother stretches over to gaze on His face. The faces are not idealised, but are sweetly and purely human; and I confess I think that a mother's love over her babe is the more divinely represented the nearer the artist keeps to the natural truth. This picture, lovely as it is, shares in a peculiarity which has always struck me in Vandyke's sacred pictures, as contrasted with his portraits. I scarcely dare venture the remark, but it has seemed to me, that while Vandyke's portraits are all miracles of art, his sacred subjects, treated with the most lovely truth to nature, are to some degree careless in drawing, and in some part or other of the figures affect one as imperfect in art. The exquisite "Virgin" in Munich is, if I may venture to say so, a good case in point. The Baby has fallen asleep in a position which makes it difficult for the mother to move, and she turns her head slowly and constrainedly to Joseph, who, coming up behind her, has evidently just been checked by her whisper into fatherly caution not to wake the sleeper. The feeling is exquisite, but it seemed to me the drawing contrasted strangely with the magnificent portraits which hung in the same gallery.

One great charm about Leigh Court is the perfection of its arrangement, and the courtesy with which visitors are treated. The delicious little room in the Seminario at Venice is the only place I have come across, either in England or on the Continent, where we found an equal consideration. At Leigh Court the butler received us as if we had been honoured guests, took us into one of the rooms, handed each of us a plan of the walls with names of the pictures, and left us to enjoy ourselves, with the intimation that he would be ready to take us further whenever we chose to call him. His own delight in the pictures was genuine. The considerate provision made for the real enjoyment of visitors to his treasures so filled me with gratitude to Sir William Miles, that when we left the house I turned round to pour out fervent thanks before his portrait, which hangs in the hall; and whenever I call up the memory of that delicious place, it is with renewed thanks to one who has the rare gift of giving in giving, and where he gives freedom, gives it nobly.

LYDIA BREWSTER MACPHERSON.

Thoughts on Walt Whitman's "*Leaves of Grass*."

Is there anything more beautiful than grass? Is there any scent comparable to the fragrance it can give us? Do we not associate it in our minds with all that is pure and fresh and lovely—with the glistening of the dew-drop, and the song of the lark, and the bleating of the lamb? Then truly *Leaves of Grass* is no inappropriate title for a volume of poems where purity and freshness form some of the chief characteristics. Wherever the author leads us (and where does he not lead us?) we seem to breathe the fresh invigorating air of heaven, not as a chilling blast, but as the summer wind, laden with summer scents, quickening the pulses of life and hope.

In the open air he addresses us, and the open road is his favourite theme. We must go forth to hear him, out of the school, out of the church; but, perhaps, we shall return thence blest with the strength he has given us, cheered with the vista he has disclosed to us. For he says—

"I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, or exchange,
But each man, and each woman of you, I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and a plain
public road."

Shall we not rejoice at the indication of such a road? for many travellers, especially the young travellers, are standing now perplexed in life's way. They hear a din of voices crying "Infidelity!" "Danger!" "Terrible times!" They are aware of strange doubts working in their souls, coming, they know not from whence, tending they know not whither. And a voice on one side says, "This is the way, here *alone* is peace;" and a voice on the other, "Nay, here, and *here* only, is peace." But there is that "plain public road," and the head bent in anguish may be raised in joy, and the trembling feet may go on, gaining steadiness as they go. How do the travellers walk there? They simply go straight forward with a fearless step, not too anxious about duties, but accepting and performing them as they find them. Not too anxious about truth, yet ever preserving the essentials for finding it—a pure heart and an open eye. Listening reverently to every

voice, but acknowledging the authority of one only, the Divine voice within them. Rejoicing in all progress, and in all that tends to the liberty and happiness of man. Loving mankind intensely, loving also the animals, loving nature, seeing God in all. Not dwelling too much on the future, but carrying with them, deep in their souls, a calm conviction that all will be well.

We are not venturing upon a criticism of Whitman, nor pronouncing where his place should be amongst the rank of poets. Great though he is as a poet, it is rather as a great man we love to think of him; for does not this name bring him nearer than the other? And he is one to whom every man and woman may draw near, for he has a touch for each, and a word for each. It is a great Heart that speaks to us through these poems, the heart of a Christlike man burning with an intense yearning love for the whole human race, and full of hope for man as limitless as his love. No race, no individual, however degraded, is beyond this hope. For example, in the "Salut au Monde," when addressing all the different tribes of the earth, from the highest to the lowest type, "the Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip, grovelling," he says to the latter,

"I do not prefer others so very much before you either,
I do not say one word against you;
Away back there, where you stand
(*You will come forward in due time to my side*").

And in the poem entitled "Faces," where, amongst the pure and beautiful, the "sacred faces of infants," and the "illuminated face of the mother of many children," we have also those of the vile and the mean brought before us, he says,

"I see them, and complain not, and am content with all;
Do you suppose I could be content with all, if I thought them
their own finale!

Spots and cracks at the windows do not disturb me;
Tall and sufficient stand behind and make signs to me,
I read the promise and patiently wait."

Doubtless the ground of this hope lies in his faith in man. He fully recognises the divine in himself and in all men. Alas for the theology that would destroy this faith, teaching as one of its primary lessons (in spite of the contradiction of facts) the utter vileness of human

nature! What thanks do we not owe to the poets and other teachers who help us to rise above this *atheistic-theologic* mist (for is it not atheism to deny God's presence in His greatest work?) and enable us to look at the divine side of things, and thus strengthen us to the "bearing," "enduring," and "hoping" of all things, because we "*believe* all things." No one denies our obligation to love our fellow-men, but is this possible without having faith in them? Whitman has given us a picture of the struggles and aspirations of the soul in the following lines:—

"Ah, poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats!
Ah, you foes that in conflict have overcome me!
(For what is my life, or any man's life, but a conflict with foes—
the old incessant war!)
You degradations—you tussle with passions and appetites;
You smart from dissatisfied friendships (ah, wounds the sharpest
of all!)
You toil of painful and choked articulations; you meannesses; you
shallow tongue-talk at tables, my tongue the shallowest of
any; you broken resolutions; you racking angers; you
smothered ennui;
Ah, think not you finally triumph—
My real self has yet to come forth; it shall yet march forth, over-
mastering till all lies beneath me;
It shall yet stand up, the soldier of unquestioned victory."

How true is every line to nature! How pathetic the illusion to that "sharpest" wound! How triumphant the assurance of victory! Poor human soul, so often wounded! so often baffled! pining for heights that seem never to be reached, yet, glorious human soul, offspring of God, thyself a "God, though in the germ."

Do we admit this divinity in human nature? and if so, where shall we limit it? Shall we acknowledge it in the spiritual part, and deny it in the material? or shall we view the whole as divine? Our American brother has answered these questions for us. He calls himself "the poet of the body, as well as of the soul," and asserts, "if anything is sacred, the human body is sacred." Is not this a true leaf of grass? Is not the scent of the clover here? It is altogether so sweet and refreshing to see the body thus exalted, to hear it declared sacred in all its parts and functions. Another leaf we may take up is the individual love. Again and again it is expressed in these poems, and its intensity is not less than the universal love. It is touchingly beautiful to see a soul like our poet's so full of strength and self-reliance, yet dependent

upon sympathy as for its very existence, unable to stand (at least joyously) alone. And who would envy the strength that is independent of human sympathy?

Thus he speaks of himself—

"I saw in Louisiana a live oak growing ;
All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the branches ;
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous leaves of
dark green ;
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself ;
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves standing
alone there, without its friend, its lover near—for *I knew*
I could not."

Love is with him "the base of all metaphysics," the answerer of "terrible doubts." Speaking of the latter he says—

"When he whom I love travels with me, or sits a long time
holding my hand ; then I am charged with untold and
untellable wisdom, I am silent—
I require nothing further."

Yet we have a hint given us of an unsatisfied thirst, and of the expectation of the soul to find the "Perfect Comrade" hereafter. His belief in immortality is strong, and his thoughts of God and death are deep and sublime. He does not seem to have much sympathy with the priesthood. Probably in his sight its members deal too lightly with sacred subjects ; and he does not hesitate to apply to them the terms "Bat-eyed" and "Materialistic." We hear him addressing his own soul in these words—

"Ah ! more than any priest, O soul, we too believe in God,
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally."

But though he allows the mystery, he has also assured us that—

"No array of terms can say how much I am at peace
About God and about death."

Here the brother's hand is reaching us, strengthening us with its touch amidst the darkness, and fears that surround us concerning the awful unknown and unknowable Death, while his voice—the inspired-poet voice—whispers peace. The Unknown seems known to him. It is with him the theme of themes, filling him with an almost passionate joy and adoration. He has unveiled for us the statue of the so-called "King of terrors," and we behold the form of a tender Mother ! He has brought

us nigh to that Embrace, from whose supposed iciness we shrank back appalled, and we feel nought but the warmth of Love! Has ever poet helped us thus? Have any given utterance to such thoughts as these?—

“ Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life, and joy, and for objects, and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love. But praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.
Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee. I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song, that when thou must indeed come—
come unfalteringly.
Approach, strong Deliveress! When it is so,
When thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead;
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death!”

We must bear in mind the fact that this is not the language of one to whom life is a burden, nor of an ascetic, despising and withdrawing from the world, but of one who can enter into its joys, and who is possessed of great mental and bodily vigour. But he conceives of that other life as possessing so much more fulness and completeness than our present one, that in comparison the latter is but the shadow, the former the reality.

“ Pensive and faltering,
The words ‘the Dead’ I write,
For living are the Dead
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre).”

Death is to him an almighty, never-failing friend. His eye pierces beyond the dark tragedies of life, and catches the beams of her glory. His ear is quickened to hear her voice even above the cries of human agony. And he says to us,—

“ Did you think Life was so well provided for—and Death,
The purport of all Life, is not well provided for?
I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors
Of them, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover has
Gone down, are provided for to the minutest point.
I do not think Life provides for all, and for Time and
Space, but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all.”

We should be inclined to deem this perfect confidence too unnatural were it *always* unshaken; but we have in the little poem; “Yet, yet, ye downcast hours,” tokens given us that the sunshine is sometimes obscured. We

have seen it somewhere remarked that a tone of triumph runs through the Bible. The same may be said of the *Leaves of Grass*; and when the author gives us a picture of himself, contemplating all the terrible things of life—wars, and famines, meannesses and cruelties, and adds, “I see, hear, and am silent,” we conceive a majesty in this profound sorrowful silence. It is not the silence of *despair* (that word seems unknown to him), but the silence of the deep human soul, suffering and waiting till a light shall break on the problems of life. We have said that Whitman resembles that Poet of all Ages, the Christ; and one of the deepest of his poems is the one entitled “To Him that was Crucified,” in which he claims for himself (and for all who do not merely sound the name of Christ, but who *understand* Christ) a union with Him in His great work, which he conceives to be the making men “Brethren and lovers as we are.” It is a poem particularly suited to our times. It has a divine peace in it; and to turn to it from the endless discussions and controversies of the religious world, is like leaving the dusty crowded thoroughfare to enjoy nature’s own delicious calm. Amongst other striking pieces, we may point to the pathetic “By the City Dead-House,” the heart-stirring “Pioneers,” the sublime “Burial Hymn” (President Lincoln’s), and the “Passage to India,” in which we have the following magnificent lines:—

“O thou transcendent !
 Nameless !—the fibre and the breath !
 Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre of them !
 Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving !
 Thou moral spiritual fountain ! Affection’s source ! Thou reservoir !
 (O pensive soul of me ! O thirst unsatisfied ! waitest not there,
 Waitest not haply for us somewhere there, the Comrade Perfect ?)
 Thou pulse ! Thou motive of the suns, stars, systems,
 That circling move in order safe, harmonious,
 Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of Space !
 How should I think—how breathe a single breath—
 How speak—if out of myself
 I could not launch to these, superior universes ?
 Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
 At nature and its wonders, Time, and Space, and Death,
 But that I turning call to thee, O Soul, thou actual me,
 And lo ! thou gently masterest the orbs,
 Thou matest Time, smil’st content at Death;
 And fillest, swellest full, the vastnesses of Space.”

These extracts have been taken from the complete edition of the *Leaves of Grass*. A few years ago, Mr. Rossetti edited a selection of these poems, with a prefatory

notice, which gives us some interesting information about the author's life. We read of his tender devotion in nursing thousands of sick soldiers during the late American War; *how lovingly*, we can well imagine from the great tenderness of feeling that breathes through his poems.

Mr. Rossetti is a staunch admirer of Whitman, but we cannot help regretting the *negative* praise he gives him, when he says, "He is not a corrupting writer." On such an important point we look for something more positive. If he is found to write freely about the human body, we think the thoughtful and refined will find a reason for his so doing in the fact that to him the body is so sacred. And we cannot think that anyone giving the book a candid perusal could fail to perceive the high tone of the author's mind, and how he longs (as the true poet ever must) for the purity and exaltation of the human race. We have been led to make these few remarks upon this remarkable book, because we have reason to believe it is not very well known on this side of the Atlantic. As we said before, our object is not criticism, but simply to bring the author before the reader's notice. Very probably the latter will be ready to exclaim, "Is this a poet?" How unmusical are his sentences? How void of rhythm? Yes, but listen to his own definition of the poet; and if you find the picture fair, read his works, and then judge how far he corresponds to the ideal. "He judges not as the judge, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing. As he sees furthest, he has the most faith. His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things. On the dispute on God and eternity he is silent; He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement. He *sees eternity in men and women.*"

Since he awakens harmony in souls, shall we not forgive his frequent want of rhythm? Certainly he makes us feel how great a thing it is to be a man, how equally great to be a woman. Life, and the common things of life, he clothes and crowns with beauty, yet preserving the fairest robe and the highest crown for "Heavenly Death."

JOAN SCOTT.



A Reverie.

I.

PURPLE touch of fitful shade,
Trembling where red blossoms made
Brightness in our forest glade.

Yonder tripping of a hare,
Startled from his hidden lair
Into clover-scented air.

Pretty leaves, all gold and white,
Glowing in this happy light,
But falling in the cool night.

Falling lightly—lightly dead,
On a sweet and dewy bed ;
While their brothers over-head

Linger out each little day,
Linger, warmed by sunny ray,
Who so glad at heart as they ?

One came to meet me years ago,
Just when the leaves were falling so—
Just when the sun was lying low :

And I, among the beauty here,
Was looking wide and far and near,
Wondering what had made it dear.

II.

Golden gleam of harvest moon,
Keeping all the hills in tune,
Like the march of light in June.

Dying edge of crimson light,
On the brook of crystal white,
Shining dimly in the night.

Folded is each heavy rose ;
Silently each apple grows,
How, perchance the night-bat knows.

Silently the dew descends,
Drinking it each flow'r-cup hends,
Thankful for the joy it lends.

Silently the angels come,
And whisper quietly to some,
Happy thoughts about their Home.

One who met me years ago
Dwells in a land I do not know ;
But it is Christ who wills it so.

We strolled among the beauty here,
And looking wide and far and near
I know *now* what has made it dear !

NAOMI S. SMITH.



The Dragon of the North.

"They've dug the crypt for darkness ;
The aisle the red lights pave,
Without is the twilight cloister,
Within the sunlit nave.
Beyond is the choir for prayer and praise,
And the chapel for a grave."—W. THORNTON.

WHEN I let my thoughts dwell on the days of my youth, how clearly I see before me our Benedictine house of Caserta in Magna Grecia, as it then was ! The path was steep which led up to it through the olive and pine wood, and at each turn of the road stood a little shrine, where pilgrims might pause to rest and pray ; but when you reached the meadow where the monastery stood, it was a fair wide space, with a stream running through it, and bordered by woods, above which the rocky mountain-peaks rose into the sky. It was all quite secluded ; the stream turned the mill which ground our corn and filled our fish-ponds, before it danced down the hillside on its way to the sea, seven stadii distant. From without, the

house showed but a high white enclosing wall, four square, with a mighty arched door and a postern, and with the roofs of the buildings within and the high church bell-tower alone showing over it; but within how beautiful and busy it was! There was the Abbot's house and the hospital, the dormitory of the brothers, the workshops of the masons, carpenters, carvers, and weavers; for all we needed for ourselves or our poor, we ourselves wrought within the walls. There was the church, and the cloister, then only down one side, but already the pride of our house. For on the open side were double columns, and the capital of every column had a different foliage carved on it; and they themselves stood on strange beasts, winged and clawed, to show that even the haunting terrors of the wilderness might become servants and supporters of our Holy Church. One of these beasts was a dragon, his tail interlacing the columns, and his strong claws grasping the pedestal; he looked as if some St. George had not slain but subdued him, till the evil was departed from him, and the power only remained. This dragon I have portrayed on this parchment as the initial letter and emblem of those things I am about to relate. At the entrance, two winged Lombardic lions were carved, sitting with stern faces, as if to guard the portal. And all was wrought in white and yellow marble we had quarried out of the cliffs above, or the worser parts in the finest brick and stone. How beautiful the cloister would look when the sunshine glowed on the golden-tinted marble of the columns and architraves! and under the round arches the shadow was so dark that none could see from without who paced within. Our windows were all small and round-headed, save the wide one high on the tower, that the clang of the bell within might be well heard. Many came from far and near to see our cloister, which was designed by our brother Ambrosius, a great architect, and the monk I loved best; lately dead at the time of which I shall now speak. I could just remember twenty years before this time, when I was but five years old, how when everyone expected the end of the world, when all work ceased, and the very mill was silent, while never-ending processions and services went on; still the click of the chisel of Brother Ambrosius was heard working at the cloister arches. The Superior and others would reprove him; but he would

say—"And if He comes, how better could I be found than carving? But, look you, there is still so much carving to be done here on the arches, and in the world about, that I do not believe the end of the world will come for long, till we have all time to finish." In that year of our Lord 999, if there was a thunderstorm or a shock of earthquake,—and there were several,—all the peasants of the neighbourhood used to run up to the monastery and crowd within our walls, beating their breasts and bemoaning themselves, and confessing out loud to any of the fathers who would come near them; and they, absolving right and left, seemed often too frightened to listen to a word. Then the lord of Borca came one day, with his lady on his horse behind him, bringing their little son, a beautiful child of three, Astolfo, to dedicate for ever as a monk for their sins; for they thought even a child-monk in the family was better than none at such a time. He was very clever and spirited, as was shown in the worst fright we had that year. One festival day, all were so tired of penances and expectation that the Superior granted a recreation for garden-work, and a festal meal on the meadows. It was a beautiful day in autumn, and we boys played merrily on the grass, while the brethren reclined at meat, and even dared to talk and laugh again; when suddenly there sounded one terrible clang, like an instant's thunder, yet with a strange tone of music in it, and then silence again. All started up and ran hither and thither, most to the church. I screamed, too frightened to stir; but Astolfo took my hand, and saying, "Come, I have thought what to do when the fire begins," ran with me headlong down to the fish-ponds, and jumped in with me up to our chins. Will it be believed that not the more ignorant lay brothers only, but a few of the choir monks themselves shouting out, "Follow the blessed child, he is inspired!" splashed in too, and there we all sat shivering for what seemed to me a long time, till Brother Ambrosius came down all shaken with laughter, and lifted out Astolfo and me, saying, "Come out, you wiseacres, who prefer stewing to burning; all may see that you know what you deserve; come out and see that this is all because Brother Grimwold thought the old bell-rope might last till the end of the world, though it was nearly worn through, so of course down came the great bell." Then they all came out; but one old lay-brother, between fright and cold, died of that wetting, so it was the end of the world to him.

As for Astolfo, he remained my best friend; he grew tall and strong; but though now twenty-three, he was still in the novitiate. They made him renew his dedication when he was twelve years old, or no doubt he would ere this have left the cloister; but though bred a choir monk, he joined as much as he could in the outdoor work, directed the quarrying in the mountain, the road-making, or at home the mill.

"Were it not for the mountain quarry, and the wolves, and the wild swine, I must run off, my Laurentio," he would say to me, "let what will befall my family, who think they may do what they like, now they have a cloistered son." In truth, Astolfo's brother, the young lord of Borca, was an evil man, and was hated by both vassal and neighbour. One day, far off in the woods, he met Astolfo carrying a boar-spear. "What business hast thou monkling on the chase?" he said; "go home and do penance for thyself and the family." "Well met," said Astolfo; "I rejoice to be able to help one of the family on the road to penitence." And so saying, he gave the young count a good beating, none of the hunters daring to interfere with a monk of Caserta, and their lord's son to boot. I also, though now six-and-twenty years old, had not taken the final vows; and though I loved our house, I as well as the master of the novices doubted my vocation. Chiefly I delighted in architecture and carved work, in which I had been considered an apt pupil of Father Ambrosius. At that time I knew little of the miseries of the world without, though ever and anon people flying from their enemies would seek for refuge with us; and peasants ill-treated by their lords would settle on our farms, where none dared to touch them, and which were respected by the fighting men of the Greek Emperor and the Roman Emperor alike. For neither the Capitan of Byzantium nor the Prince of Salerno had any jurisdiction over us; we were a daughter house of the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Casino, which owed allegiance to the Pope alone; and save for the confirmation of our Superiors, we never heard aught of the Abbot of Monte Casino. So we governed ourselves, an island of peace and plenty, and carving, and writing, and music, in the midst of the turbulent seas of fightings and confusions and troubles outside. The Saracens were our one great danger, but hitherto they had done us little harm, owing to the timely rescue the surrounding lords and peasants,

together with our own vassals, brought us, when at three different times they attacked us. We were, as I said, six stadii from the sea, and thus the less exposed to their galleys. The most dangerous attack they ever made on us was so completely repulsed that our people pursued them to their galleys, capturing and destroying one, and making a great slaughter. There I was found a little boy of four, remembering little but that my name was Laurentio, and that I had been carried away from sweet ladies who loved me, one night of flames, and clash of weapons, and bloodshed. The monks, and in especial Father Ambrosius and Father Anselmo, master of the novices, had cared for me ever since.

And now, as I said, I was a young man, and the autumn winds of the twenty-second year of my stay at the monastery were beginning to blow. It is now many years ago, but it seems to me as yesterday, that just as we had finished the office for none, and were returning processionally from our chapel to the refectory, there sounded a loud knocking at the outer gate, which I, as servitor of the week, hastened to aid the porter to open. Rarely came a knock so late at our door, for we were not on the way to any place of pilgrimage or city, and our visitors were wont to come with the poor at the time of the noon-day dole. My heart beat with expectation, for who could tell what chance was toward? Because of my age, our tall sad Superior, the very glance of whose eye daunted the boldest of us—yes, even my own friend the fatherly Fra Anselmo—had of late spoken often of the time when I, a son of the house, should seal my vow and end my long novitiate. To belong for all my life to that community of sixty monks, never to see the great wide world that lay beyond these woods and that sea, never to mix with the stir of men in camps and courts and cities; above all, never to see those wondrous buildings, those palaces and temples wherewith the great men who had preceded us in the land (although heathen) had endowed it, I could not promise all that yet. I had seen a ruined temple and a vaulted hall, some said a bath, not far from Caserta, which made me long to see more. And when Fra Anselmo would speak with light in his eyes of that glorious saintly company gone before us, among whose fragrant memories our lives should pass, sometimes indeed I caught something of his fire, but oftener longed, if only for once, to enter the world in which they moved, and see perchance,

a real St. Sebastian in chain and mail, or a live St. Dorothea bearing roses. So with these wishes strong in my heart, I hurried to the outer gate. Often, indeed, do our wishes fulfil themselves; and yet the fulfilment may be quite other than what we short-sighted mortals dream.

E. J. O.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Gath to the Cedars. By S. H. K. London:
Frederick Warne & Co. 1874.

THE writer of these journeyings in the Holy Land we have reason to believe is a lady whose travels have extended over other and far different scenes from those here described, a somewhat adventurous visit to Lapland and the North Pole having furnished her most recent experiences as a tourist. The book does not profess to throw any new light on the localities of Sacred Writ, already so thoroughly and frequently described; but the spirit of intense sympathetic interest in which it is written, and as shown, for instance, in the account of the first sight of Jerusalem, renders it admirably calculated to form a preface to a personal visit of the scenes narrated. The halo of feeling which the mind of the writer throws around all she sees, preserves her from a too matter-of-fact dissent from the legends and romanticism which have overgrown, in the lapse of ages, the scenes of biblical incident. Some adventures are described with considerable humour, the start from Kuryetein to Palmyra being a good instance of this. The interview with the Sheikh's son on the same occasion, and the descent on mule-back through snow to the Cedars of Lebanon, are but two of the many instances in which the *pluck* of the lady traveller met with its reward in her entertainment.

The volume is profusely illustrated with large woodcuts, many of which are very admirable. Though denominated "original," it does not appear whether they come from the pencil of the authoress herself.

Ada and Gerty: A Story of School Life. By LOUISA M. GRAY. Edinburgh: Maclaren & Macniven. 1875.

We have much pleasure in bringing *Ada and Gerty* before the notice of our readers. It is a faithful picture of school life as it is to be found in our best schools, where the physical as well as the mental needs of the pupils are carefully attended to. The scene of the school is laid in one of the best parts of Edinburgh, and so vividly has the author brought before us its situation and surroundings, that it is with difficulty we restrain an exclamation of recognition. The characters of the girls are well and clearly drawn, so that we see, not a dull troop marching two and two through the streets of Edinburgh, but a number of individual human beings with idiosyncrasies and desires of their own. The most interesting and beautiful character is that of Ada. The author shows considerable power in her portraiture of this child, whose lively disposition and keen sense of the ludicrous are always leading her into scrapes, and bringing upon her the wrath of "Miss Maria," the well-intentioned but rather hard schoolmistress. But it is impossible not to love the generous, noble-minded Ada, from our first introduction to her in the midst of one of her merry pranks, on to the last chapter of the book, when the high spirits have been tamed, and she bravely and lovingly prepares to meet that at which many a strong man shudders. In contrast to Ada the author has very artistically placed, in the close proximity of chief friend, the more sober-minded but staunch and sturdy little Gerty. The book is altogether one which, though probably intended for young people, is well worthy of perusal by their elders. The tone throughout is high, without any attempt at preaching, the composition is easy and good, and the pages sparkle with school-girl fun. If we were to find any fault with a work which has given us so much pleasure, it would be that the young ladies indulge in a few Scotticisms which would certainly have sentenced them to "forty lines" at least, had they reached the ears of "Miss Maria."

Patricia Kemball. By E. LYNN LINTON. London: Chatto & Windos.

Patricia Kemball is the name of a very interesting book, and of its heroine who is also very interesting, and moreover an upright, noble-minded girl. Her character stands

out in bold relief against the portrait of the underhand, treacherous Dora, who first gains the affections of her confiding friend, and then works her woe and disgrace, as nearly ruining her life as the life of one so truly good as Patricia could be ruined. She is saved partly by her own perfect openness and true-heartedness, partly by the friendship and judgment of two kind-hearted, clear-sighted people, a brother and sister, by name Doctor and Miss Fletcher.

Among the other characters, all well brought out and naturally drawn, Mr. Hamly, the wealthy parvenu, stands pre-eminent. Vulgar and pretentious, bad enough, but not altogether bad, a touch of feeling sometimes shows that even he under other circumstances might have been a better man.

It seems rather a mistake to end this healthy-minded, amusing novel with a sensational tragedy. After laughing at a man all through a book, one does not want to see him knocked on the head and sent barbarously out of the world, though one could enjoy the poetical justice of seeing his pride lowered, and his gains, where ill-gotten, taken from him and given back to the man he has injured. Instead of this, the poor injured one is hanged on what seems insufficient evidence for the murder, our heroine left with a shade on her beautiful character; and though things end what is called well, nevertheless an unsatisfied feeling is left in the mind of the reader.

Still the book is deeply interesting, and the interest never flags, which is a great and uncommon advantage.

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER II.

"Deep, deep the greenwood round them waves,
Their abbey and its close of graves.

Yet banners flashing through the trees
Make their blood dance and chain their eyes ;
The bugle music on the breeze
Arrests them with a charmed surprise.
Banner by turns and bugle woo ;
Ye shy recluses, follow too !"—MATHEW ARNOLD.

WE threw the great gate wide open, and I for one was somewhat disappointed to see without only a well-apparelled and somewhat obese monk on his mule, with two attendants. As I turned back to announce his degree to the community, leaving the porter to bring him in.

"Come here, my son," he said, "and tell me how long thou hast inhabited this monastery."

"Years ago," I answered, "I was taken a young child from a shipwrecked Saracen vessel."

"And thou art not yet professed ? It is well thy face pleaseth me ; go and announce the priest and monk Damasus to the Superior."

Our Superior, Father Crysolarus, ordered us to form two lines in the Refectory, chanting "*Apostolica Dilectissimi*," for our priestly visitors were received with much precision ; and so the stranger entered, and I saw no more, as with the younger novices I retired to our lower hall. Of course they were talking of the stranger ; and Astolfo, ever anxious to hear something new, coaxed Bartolo, a lay brother, to change gowns with him, that he might go to the stables to rub down the horses and gather news from the stranger servants. Thereby he ran a great risk, for, contrary to his wont, the prior came among us before vespers, so no change of gowns again was possible ; and had I not seized the utterly confused Bartolo by the arm, and pulled his cowl over his eyes, and thus led him into the chapel beside me, it had gone hard with Astolfo. But none discovered the change, so that time he escaped whipping. And after vespers he came back, smelling foully of the stables ; and they changed gowns, and we novices strolled out into the vineyard.

"O Laurentio," said Astolfo to me, "such wonders as I have heard—dearly bought, however, had the old Prior

guessed. These men have only ridden here, indeed, from Salerno, but they tell me that lying beneath our own cliffs, and we may perchance see it when it goes forth, is a water-dragon, an enormous glittering ship of war, filled with men of blood, fiercer than the Saracens, from countries further away, where snow and ice all the year round have starved the wild giants out of their homes; you have heard them named before—the Normans—and none know whether they come peacefully or in wrath. Oh, if but once I could fight as St. George with that dragon, or, if they are peaceful, sail away with them into the wide world in search of war and love and adventure.”

The novices crossed themselves to hear him, yet some looked wistfully to seaward, where, save for the fishing-boats, we rarely saw a sail, for the course to Sicily lay outside the bay, whose shores were yet six miles from Caserta. And so we talked on of ships and travel and war, till the kindly old Fra Anselmo came among us. “Ah, children,” he said, “your very looks tell of light and worldly talk. What! all herding together with rapid gestures and flushed cheeks; you do not know how often, were you in the false vain world, you would long for the true joys of the cloister life. You have talked enough even for recreation-time; take up some light work: where are your colours, Lupo? Could you not paint that sunset sky? Giulio, seek flowers to deck the stranger’s collation. Nestorix and Palladiax, finish me the Greek notation you wot of, and the rest of you go and practise the new Credo; but you, Laurentio, follow me.” So we did, for our rule of obedience for novices was, that we all obeyed the commands of any brother (or frater) till another might counter-order, save that the Prior’s commands came first, and could only be reversed by the seldom interfering Superior.

“My Laurentio,” said Fra Anselmo, as we went through the corridor, “how I long to see thee one of us, no longer herding with the giddy boys! When wilt thou find the courage and singleness of mind of a true monk? Now thou art to come to the workshop—the stranger, Brother Damasus, has sent for thee there.”

Damasus was there with the Prior when we entered; he was looking over my little clay models of arches and capitals and friezes, altars and tombs and what not, such as I partly dreamed out for myself, partly borrowed from

recollection of that temple and bath whereof I have spoken.

"Truly," said Fra Damasus, "here is design, here is fertility of genius; only let me take the youth with me to visit Salerno, and he shall return with the answers to your letters from Monte Cassino after he has seen somewhat of architecture, and improved his natural powers. And, Prior, he may make this convent and chapel a model for all Magna Græcia."

With what a thrill of joy I heard these words! the joyful thought of travel almost overborne by the still intenser delight of hearing that those poor forms over which I had pondered and considered so much, and which, when most altered by me, still seemed the same to the people in the monastery, were, indeed, worth looking at—worth executing—might, perhaps, wrought out in stone or marble, add to the beauty of our dear house of Caserta. The Prior said in a grumbling tone (he could not brook our receiving praise), "I wish, for the honour of our poor house, you had chosen any other novice to be your companion and our messenger. It is true, I should have feared for the flighty Giulio or Astolfo, that, casting away perfection, they might have become men-at-arms, but they would be good seculars. Whereas this youth—a nameless captive of the Saracens—had he not by the charity of Fra Anselmo been brought up as a regular monk with all learning, might have served as lay brother and mason to the convent, having neither the vocation of a true monk, nor the courage and prudence needed for worldly success."

"Nay," said Anselmo kindly, "that remains to be proved." "And," added the stranger, "a novice has little need of worldly courage—at least one who journeys with me; for but for aspirations the world cannot satisfy, I was born to wield arms; and as it is, I find my joy in encouraging and protecting weaker brethren."

So thence we went to the Superior, and before the evening collation it was decided that I, the eldest novice, should next day attend Fra Damasus on his journey to Salerno, and thence to Monte Cassino, deliver certain formulæ from our house to the Great Benedictine house, perfect myself in architecture there, and return in a year, more or less. My head swam with joy as I sat with the wondering novices at our table at collation. The lamps were lit, the fare was mended, and the hall decked in

honour of our guest, and all looked gay. Then Fra Damasus, who was a personable man, but with a wandering eye, a sharp nose, and acute mouth, and a face that twitched, told us how the perils of robbers he had gone through in his mountain journey had decided him upon returning by sea; and fearing the unworthiness of our little ships in autumn, he had sent a servant to the great ship of war in the bay to crave a passage to Amalfi or Salerno; "for from what I hear," he said, "they needs must pass that way. Northmen they are, but I bless Our Lady I fear them not, though the whole coast trembles before them; they are good friends to have, Christians now, and kind to all priests. There was old Ulf I knew well; he took me a voyage in his ship and heard mass daily; and at last, I hear, he turned monk in the Island Abbey of Lerins, off Provence. He drove the Saracens off our seas wherever he came, and took payment from the coast for doing so. But you have late visitors, holy father—surely not evil ones," and he crossed himself as a long loud knocking was heard at the outer gate. It was my week to open the gate, but it was such an unheard-of knock, that strange thoughts of unholy visitants flashed through my brain; and this Astolfo methinks guessed, for he went with the porter and me, and aided us to unbar. Without stood many men in the moonlight; one told us hastily he was Damasus' servant, who had been to the great ship, and that these men had accompanied him back again. He spoke as trembling. Then one stepped forward and said in broken Italian, "Lead the way in; I shall stay here the night." And he strode in after us with many men, but some stayed without the gate. Astolfo was bold enough to ask his name, and the stranger answered, "Herser¹ Thorstein," which Astolfo pronounced to the best of his power as he opened wide the refectory door, and the glittering lights fell on the stranger and the wild-looking followers who crowded up behind him. We could now see that this was not a tall, but a broad and square man, about forty years old, with a reddish face and yellowish-brown beard and hair. He had bright blue eyes, and his face was as if well marked out, but rough hewn, and the carving not finished. Yet he looked honest, and moved rather slow, and spoke softly till in anger, and then his voice could ring through the tem-

¹ *Herser* or *ser*, a title often given in ancient Norway to persons of distinction.

pest, either of war and strife or of wind and sea. He was clad, as were his men, in a coat of glittering iron scales, and was armed with a long sword, axe, and dagger. Everyone rose as the shining figure stepped in; some showed fear, others curiosity; Father Crysolarus seemed quite unmoved.

"I am here on a friendly errand," said the Northman, "from my leader, the young viking, Swend Hrolfson, to a certain Damasus who wishes to cruise with us."

"A viking—that is a pirate," whispered Astolfo to me as he glanced at our Superior's side, where Damasus had been sitting; and lo! he was there no longer. Only after awhile he rose as if from beneath the table, murmuring, red and panting, "My ring, my signet, I had dropped it." "If he had," whispered Astolfo, "one of us novices must have groped for it."

"Swend Hrolfson," continued the Northman, "bids me say he will carry you and one attendant to Amalfi, on condition you speak the inhabitants fair to give us winter quarters, for thereabouts he means to pass Yule. It is true he might take them, and the Amalfi people might fear us much, had we not an envoy from the Benedictine monastery on board; but he means peace at present to all."

"It is well," said the Superior; "and you, Brother Damasus, can take our boy Laurentio; the servants may follow by land." Damasus also said, "It is well," but methought not so freely as the other. Then we set meat and our best wine before the Northmen—and Herser Thorstein ate quietly and spoke civilly, but alike to the meanest lay brother and to the Superior himself.

"Your wine is good, my host," he said at last; "by your leave I shall send some to the men outside."

"It is time for Compline, my son. Will you not call them in to the service?" said Crysolarus.

"No," said the guest, "they may wait outside; and for me, I don't care for songs I don't understand, though you do sing rarely in Italy; but I am one of the old faith—Odin's man."

"Not a Christian!" said Damasus; and on the other shaking his head he faltered out, "then I fear my duty will hardly permit my travelling with you. Father, you will not let your lamb Laurentio depart with heathen wolves."

"Wolves we are," said Thorstein quietly, "therefore rouse us not when I tell you you are just the passenger

we wanted. We have need of a priest, and want an important man at Amalfi, and go you must."

Damasus, trembling, kept answering, "Fain would I, but conscience forbids;" and Fra Anselmo began, "Let me go instead," when Thorstein suddenly, though he looked unmoved, raised his voice, which pealed through the hall.

"Harken, you monks! Are you subjects of the Catapan of Byzantium, or of the Lombard Duke of Salerno, or of the Emperor Henry of the West?"

"Of none," said the Superior firmly; "we owe allegiance only to the Abbey of Monte Cassino, who hold their charter free from the Emperor Charlemagne."

"Then by all the rules of war," thundered Thorstein, "know that your lives and all you possess are forfeit to us. We have just received news of our ally Dato, the Lombard who last season was defeated and reduced to great straits by the Byzantium Emperor. Pandulf, Prince of Capua; and his brother Atenolf, Abbot of Monte Cassino, offered him a refuge, and swore to protect him. What have they done? For a large sum of money they have delivered over to the soldiers of the Greek Emperor the keys of the fortress of Garigliano, where Dato found a refuge. Dato they have cruelly murdered, throwing him, sewn in a sack, into the sea. Some Norman knights they have killed, and others are their prisoners, and we are now on our way to join our countrymen and our Neustrian kinsmen, and the army of the Emperor Henry, to punish these evil men. And now, old man, show reason if thou canst why we should not seize on the treasures of this house, and put ye traitor monks to the sword."

Still methinks I see the aspect of the hall; many of the monks huddling together with pale scared faces; Damasus trembling like the confection jellies we used to serve up on festivals; the Prior standing white and speechless, the novices open-mouthed and amazed. Not Astolfo, whose colour grew bright, and who drew himself up; and for me it seemed as if at last something was happening—and I was half glad. Some looked quite unmoved, in especial Fra Anselmo, who craved leave to speak, and then said—

"Look at us, Northman, and you may see we are quiet monks who believed ourselves at peace with all the world, of which we knew so little that one of us had asked to sail with you. If the Abbot of the Mother House be a traitor—alas the day! but we knew nothing of it. Now

if thou wilt kill us, do so: our lives are given away in our vows; but think first if it would be a fitting deed for a brave warrior."

"Just so," said Thorstein. "It is lucky for you that we are Odin's wolves, not Christians, like others of our race who care more for Dato. We don't much care about your lives either, one way or another; we kill sheep when we are hungry, not for the killing of them. Let this man be ready with another to sail with Swend by noon tomorrow, and he will be satisfied. But if you are wise, do not wait for him to send for you, for he would then at least burn the house and drive you away, if not invite a few hawks and wolves to a feast."

Now arose a great talking and hubbub, everyone imploring Damasus to go in peace, and he trembling so that he scarce could stand. Where was all his boasted courage gone? Anselmo and others offered to go instead, but Crysolarus forbade them, saying the Northman must have his will. He meanwhile despatched some men to the ship, whom we beheld speeding down the rocks, and ordered more wine up to the guest quarters, whither with the rest he went. Complaine was said with shaky voices that night, and then Astolfo took up the wine he longed to carry to the Northmen, an honour no one envied him; and I, leaning out of the window, heard them laughing and talking far into the night. This rather soothed my spirits, perturbed at the idea of sailing away with those dread warriors. And when the community met with their lanterns in the corridor to proceed to the chapel for Nocturnæ Vigilie, Astolfo squeezed my arm, saying, "He is a glorious man; see what he has given me—I may never use it, I must give it up if I take the vows, but I shall keep it till then, in memory of having once seen a brave warrior;" and he showed me under his robe a jewelled dagger. I started with alarm for fear the Prior should see the glitter, but Astolfo seemed quite changed and reckless, and instead of going to his cell went back to the guest-house, where were the Northmen. As for me, I lay long awake, pondering over the quiet days gone by, and the strange fate that seemed now before me. There was much that I shrank from, and yet how disappointed should I have felt had any other novice been chosen to sail away in the Northern Dragon Ship.

B. J. O.

(To be continued.)

"En Route to Italy."

II.—THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS IN THE LOUVRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIFTS FOR MEN."

IT must be confessed that the greater number of pictures seen in churches and galleries do not minister delight, and do not elevate the imagination. We may be fortunate enough in the midst of much half-acknowledged dreariness to feel now and again the touch of a life-awakener; but if we wish to profit by the accumulation of the treasures of art, and to receive from its multitudinous hands, and are not able to so profit as practical artists, we must make ourselves alive to the histories of the men, of the schools, and of the times from which these pictures emanated. We must quicken our minds to appreciate, however dimly, that this dazzling web of art is not merely an aggregate of pictures, but is part of that marvellous emanation from the spirit of the ages by which "Man, not men," but MAN made in the image of God, clothes himself with light as with a garment.

"Through the cold mass of marble and of colour his dreams pass,
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear."

"Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with dedal harmony a 'throng
Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless were.'"

Such an effort to appreciate art can indeed never reach its goal in the experience of most of those who take a holiday on the Continent, for their life's work and interests are otherwise fully occupied, and "art is long, and life is short." Still the effort results in an ever-increasing consciousness of the presence of a knowledge too great for us to grasp, and this humbles and elevates, strengthens and refines the mind, as no mere looking at pictures ever can. In connection with this aim, a knowledge of the several schools of art is of importance, not only to the connoisseur, but to the mind of everyone who wishes to take an intelligent interest in the things he sees. I trust, therefore, I shall find indulgence for some dryness if I devote this paper (as on my way to Italy I did my time in the Louvre) to a rapid review of the Italian schools there.

The Louvre gives scope for a very fair knowledge of the schools of Italy. There is nothing of the art which preceded Cimabue, nor of his contemporaries. There are only two specimens of the school of Sienna; one picture by Taddeo di Bartolo, who, though individually great, belonged to the decadence of Siennese art, and one by his third-rate follower, Turino di Vanni.

The Florentine school is well represented; and though many most important names are missing, we can see the mountain-tops of inspiration in CIMABUE, whose "Madonna degli Angeli," though injured by restorers, is still like his masterpiece in "S. Maria Novella;" in GIOTTO the founder of the rules of composition, whose "Six-winged Crucified Seraph"² is just vanishing from sight, while from his outstretched hands and straightened feet flow mysterious rays to pierce the hands and feet of St. Francis, faint from his forty days' fast, and overcome with ecstasy; in PAOLO UCELLI, the father of perspective, whose gallery of portraits has great significance for lovers of art;³ in PESELLINO, the experimentalist in colouring and in the use of mediums, of whose rare works the Louvre shows three;⁴ and in GHIRLANDAJO, who so gathered up "the long results of time" in his grasp of all that had been done before his day, and so radiated an all-pervading influence that Cavalcaselle says the history of Italian art might be summed up in the three names of Giotto, Ghirlandajo, and Raphael. The Louvre has one of his finest and latest works in "The Visit of the Virgin to Elizabeth."⁵

Second in importance to these only as regards the nature and degree of their influence, we find the following names:—FRA ANGELICO. His "Coronation of the Virgin," though not allowed by critics to be of the master's very best, is a picture that must delight all lovers of that lovely soul whom Lord Lindsay characterizes as "the especial voice and exponent in painting, of that religious rapture or ecstasy produced by the action of the spirit or of the moral principle on sense through the medium of the imagination." Whether we look at the transparent veil which hangs over the kneeling Virgin's dress of delicate crimson and tunic of blue, at the purple-winged

¹ No. 174.² No. 209. Others attributed to Giotto are by his pupils.³ No. 184.⁴ Nos. 290, 233, attributed to Fra Filippo Lippi, as also is a picture in the Ex Campana.⁵ No. 304.

angels robed in azure and green and rose, at the regal glory of the Messiah, the incrusted richness of the canopied throne, the nine differently-tinted symbolical marble steps which lead up to the consummation of the Church's mystery, or at the varied adornment of the forty saints and martyrs, we shall laugh with delight over the magic of such shimmer and gleam of delicate colouring as is nowhere else to be found. Our delight in the colouring will still be subordinate to the joy in such purity and spiritual dignity and divine innocence as never were pictured, save by him whose every touch was conceived in prayer and perfected in praise.'

Of FRA FILIPPO LIPPI the Louvre boasts one of the masterpieces;² of the very rare works of LEONARDO DA VINCI, the most wonderful man of the 16th century, who, as if by inspiration, anticipated numerous scientific discoveries of later days, we find not only three genuine ones, but the star of them all,³ the portrait of Mona Lisa, mother of Lorenzo di Credi; we find also SIGNORELLI, the anatomical student and the forerunner of Michael Angelo; and FRA BARTOLOMEO, the friend of Savonarola and of Raphael, whom he almost equalled. His "Annunciation" in the Louvre is one of his three masterpieces.⁴

All the names of the Florentine school have interest, but to choose amongst them, next perhaps to those we have mentioned (still keeping within the Louvre confines) are SANDRO BOTTICELLI, of strongly individualized power, whose melancholy Virgin writing the Magnificat, while the child holds the forbidden fruit, is almost a replica of a gem in Florence; PASSIGNANO,⁵ whose works are extremely rare, and whose studio, through his pupil Ludovico Caracci, was the birthplace of the school of Bologna; VASARI, the author of the delightful but inaccurate *Lives of the Painters*; CIGOLI, who was master of the "starry Galileo," before he abandoned art to find sorrow and immortality in the paths of science.

There are many pictures of the Lombard school, under which general term the Louvre catalogue includes the schools of Parma, Mantua, Modena, Cremona, and Milan; and with reason, since all these were in their different degrees founded upon the works of Leonardo da Vinci. CORREGGIO burns the star of first magnitude in this firmament. He founded no school, but had a host of

¹ No. 214.² No. 234.³ No. 484.⁴ Nos. 64, 195.⁵ No. 180.

imitators, eminent among whom were LANFRANCO, the painter of cupolas and the unscrupulous enemy of Domenichino: and ANDREA DI SALARIO, whose exquisite "Virgin of the Green Pillow" is a delight to look at.¹

There are four very characteristic works by the coarse and vigorous CARAVAGGIO, who began life as a mason, and availed in his single strength to carry out an independent study of nature at a time when the blight of imitation was far spread over the world of Italian art. Emerson remarks, I think, in his *Representative Men*, that the mind needs defence most of all against those who deserve its veneration; but it seems to me that defence, to be effective for good, must be founded on the heights of a reverential appreciation, and must not be haunted by the destructive forces of reaction. Caravaggio had a defence against the influences of the master minds of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, before whom all originality seemed perishing, but it was the defence of the reaction of a soul lacking in reverence and incapable of spiritual affinities with the good and the great. He therefore "wrought no deliverance in the land." He studied nature, indeed, but it was the nature of a coarse and degraded humanity. His "Death of the Virgin,"² for instance, gives us the expiring mother of Christ "accurately copied from the model of a stupified and intoxicated woman." The vulgar realism which produces disgusting results when it intrudes into spheres higher than its own, does none the less achieve real successes when it delineates scenes of a life such as its own, and "The Fortune-Teller" and "Concert" of the Louvre are, like all Caravaggio's pictures of such subjects, full of life and character, and to some extent they partake of the spirit of Giorgione, whose works Caravaggio had studied.³ It is interesting to compare Caravaggio with the contemporary school of Bologna, over some members of which he exercised a marked influence.

The school of Bologna was an offshoot of the Lombard school. It was founded by Ludovico Caracci, the son of a butcher, and upheld by his two cousins, the brothers Agostino and Annibale Caracci, and Antonio, Agostino's natural son. This school, called Eclectic from its professed aim of not imitating any master, but choosing the excellences of all, brought about a revival of taste; but proceeding as it did on the avowed study of older

¹ No. 403.

² No. 32.

³ Nos. 33, 34.

masters rather than of nature, the impulse it gave could not be lasting. The tide might seem to be rising again as long as the wave lasted of their works, but the ebbing of the waters was not stayed.

More than a fourth of the pictures of the Italian masters in the Louvre belong to this school. The CARRACCI alone have thirty-three pictures (of which the "Virgin warning the Infant Baptist not to wake the Sleeping Christ," is very beautiful in one style,¹ and "Hercules Strangling the Snakes" in another.² DOMENICHINO, their chief glory, the modest shrinking genius, doomed during his lifetime to be eclipsed by the brilliancy of his rival Guido, has thirteen: his devoted friend FRANCESCO ALBANI has twenty-two; and GUIDO twenty. Amongst Guido's works the series of "Hercules and his Labours" is very famous, and mythological subjects were better adapted than sacred ones to his powers. It is difficult, in looking at his lovely female heads, to realize that he painted them from the head of his colour-grinder, a man of most repulsive appearance—"using his model," as Mr. Fairholt observes, "as a means of producing beauty by contrast alone."

The chief interest of Bologna does not belong to the later school of the 16th century, but to the name of Francesco Raibolini, called FRANCIA, who was born in Bologna in 1450. Francia learned the secrets of painting from Lorenzo da Costa of Ferrara, and his early works, of which the Louvre "Crucifixion"³ is a specimen, show the ruddy colouring and sharply-contrasted tints of the Ferrarese school, to the ranks of which indeed Cavalcaselle consigns him. Towards the end of the 15th century the works of Perugino were taken to Bologna, and the study of these gave rise to Francia's second manner; while to his later friendship with Raphael is attributed his third or *Raphaelesque* style, of which the Louvre portrait (if by Francia at all) gives an example.⁴ Through all his changes of manner his own individuality is very persistent. There is much affectation and a curious geometrical disposition in the pose and arrangement of all his figures; but I deeply love the purity of his virgins, the loveliness and sweet naiveté of his musical angels, the simple admiration of his adoring saints, the inspired innocence of his infant Christs, generally occupied in some manner

¹ Nos. 136, 137.

² No. 148.

³ No. 318, ter.

⁴ No. 318. 318 is perhaps the most interesting of the three.

with the birds which serve as emblems of the human soul. Raphael, some assert, was flattering Francia when he said that his virgins were the most beautifully devout that he was acquainted with, but I always felt he spoke but the simple truth.

The rise of the peculiar school of Ferrara was mainly due to the influence of Piero della Francesca, the great Umbro Florentine, and its development was ruled by the spirit of Andrea Mantegna. Massive, however, as are the names of these nursing fathers, the artists of Ferrara were never first-rate: of those in the Louvre, the allegories of Lorenzo da Costa are the most interesting.¹

GENTILE DA FABRIANO,² NICOLÒ D'ALUMNO,³ PINTURRICCHIO,⁴ PERUGINO, of whose early style No. 442 is considered the finest existing example, and his pupil, L'INGEGNO,⁵ suffice to give us a good view of the Umbrian school, and to prepare us for the sweetness of RAPHAEL, of whose paintings there are no less than thirteen, besides eight copies. Amongst these are his famous portraits of Count Castiglione⁶ and Joan of Arragon;⁷ of which last, however, he painted only the head. There are three forms of conquest over evil.

First, the conquest by the Archangel Michael. Of this we have two modes of treatment; one in a small picture, painted when he was quite a boy, which I failed to find.⁸ Mrs. Jameson describes it as "a curious and fantastic rather than poetical little picture." Very different in simplicity and grandeur is his maturer work. The glorious vision, poised on wings of shifting hues, begirt with dazzling armour, a purple mantle, and his golden hair floating backward on the wind of his rushing pursuit of the falling fiend, has just alighted on the prostrate monster, and raises aloft the spear to pierce the writhing demon. Flames burst from the earth, where, in futile defiance, the devil grovels and struggles in vain to rise; held down for all his brute force by the lightest touch of the calm-browed angel.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of this picture, but the triumph it records is an imperfect triumph at the best. It is but the conquest through prevailing power; it is only the binding of the evil. The angel may bind

¹ Nos. 175, 176.² No. 202.³ No. 31.⁴ No. 292. Doubtful if by him, but a fine work.⁵ No. 37. A heavy, uninteresting picture.⁶ No. 383.⁷ No. 384.⁸ No. 390.

the monster. He may be serenely unmoved by the conflict, but that very serenity chills the soul that looks on him; and one involuntarily wonders if in the presence of God, and among the burning ardours that surround the hiding-place of love, the angel's soul will never rise, and thrill through all his strength the memory of that Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and of the hideous thing he had become, and of the dwelling in the darkness of the pit wherein, with unvanquished will, he still defied and cursed the Son of Man.

No, such a triumph as that of the Archangel is not enough; is futile and unsatisfactory, endurable only in the hope of a better conquest more truly commensurate with the omnipotence of the Omnipresent.

Secondly, In the small picture of "St. George and the Dragon" we have the magnificent calm assurance of the Christian warrior. Calm as the Archangel, and by reason of his flesh and blood subject to be torn to pieces by the onslaught of the foe, he is yet more glorious in his unmoved serenity than the dreadless immortal. The horse is rearing, with "his nostrils all wide;" the lance has shivered in the fight; the dragon is close upon the knight, and in the act to spring; but the face of the saint is serene and unmoved, his sword is raised above his head, prepared with unerring blow to strike the monster dead. The landscape is slight; a few slender trees and rocks show a desert place. The only flaw in the picture is the figure of Cleodolinda, or Saba, as some call her, who is running away in a manner quite unworthy of her who cried out to her offered deliverer, "Fly, I beseech thee, brave knight, and leave me here to die." This is a conquest more complete than that of Michael, but even this does not satisfy. The monster will shortly be there, dead indeed, not only bound; yet will that vile carcase pollute the air, and the bleached bones of his victims will never live again; and what can atone to those who have been bereaved, for the dead that return no more?

Thirdly, We have the exquisite "Vision of St. Margaret."¹ With girlish vivacity, and a look of wonder in her wide-open eyes, the graceful form moves swiftly forward. Radiant and undefiled, she has risen from her loathly prison in the dragon's belly, and the hideous monster lies with wide-open jaws and glaring eyes, powerless to move his loathsome coils, or to stir the ribbed wing

on which the white foot scarcely rests in its dainty stepping. The palm branch is held in one hand by the saint, while the other hand gathers up her drapery from contact with the fiend. Nothing can surpass the loveliness of her face and gesture, and the exquisite background of a forest glade harmonises wonderfully with the scene.

"Milde Margarete that was God's maide—
Maide Margarete that was so sweete and milde,"

was the daughter of a priest of Antioch, and became a Christian through the teaching of her nurse. Alybius, the governor of Antioch, seeing her beauty, desired to take her for his wife; but Margaret avowed herself to be the bride of Christ. This confession drew upon her the keenest persecution. Finally, she was thrown into a dungeon, or, according to Raphael's version, exposed in a wilderness, where Satan, in the form of a dragon, came upon her—

"Maiden Margrete
Lokéd her beside,
And sees a loathly dragon
Out of a hirn glide
His eyen were full griesly,
His mouth openéd wide,
And Margrete might nowhere flee;
There she must abide

"Maiden Margrete
Stood still as any stone,
And that loathly worm,
To herward gan gone,
Took her in his foul mouth,
And swallowed her, flesh and bone.
Anon he brast—
Damage hath she none!
Maiden Margrete
Upon the dragon stood;
Blythe was her harte,
And joyful was her mood."¹

This triumph of the unresisting sacrifice,—this triumph not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts, satisfies us more than that of the archangel or the armed knight. It is completer and more perfect; for that mystery of destruction, which having been, must be for ever, is thus robbed of its sting, and captivity is led captive. Therefore, in Christian art, the conquering hero, when he stands before the throne, is

¹ Quoted from the *Anschinlock MSS.* in *Mrs. Jamieson's Sacred and Legendary Art*, from which I have taken the legend.

never accompanied by the overthrown foe; but the martyr bears forever the memorial of his suffering, and the dragon, led by silken thread, forever witnesses to the triumph of the guileless child. Yet even this is not enough to satisfy the infinite demand of the infinite soul of man for a conquest infinite as eternity, infinite as God. Jesus crucified for us, entering into the fulness of His heritage, through the tasting of death for every man, alone suffices to reveal the glory of the Father's kingdom; and that revelation is great beyond the power of words to speak or of art to represent. Only in hours of deep communion the vision floods upon the soul with a glory as of consuming fire, and the spirit knows the everlasting choice between the obedience unto death and the everlasting forfeiture of the great reward; between the shame that, lasting for a moment, may be despised, and the everlasting burnings of the everlasting shame; the choice between the presence before the throne, as of the saint or of the dragon; between the individual glory and the individual loss.

Pictures of the school which Raphael founded, called 'Roman, from its having drunk largely at classic sources, abound in the Louvre, and give full opportunity for the study of the decadence of Italian art. One of its pupils, PIERINO DEL VAGA, is intimately connected with the late-timed and shortlived school of Genoa, of which the Louvre shows works of all the principal masters. STROZZI,' a Genoese of romantic history, worked much in Venice, to which we will now turn.

Venice affords in painting an interesting parallel, as noted by Lübke, to the position of Rhodes and Pergamos in the history of sculpture. In both, at the demand of rich merchants, an increased effort brought forth rich results, at a time when the world of art was otherwise swamped with mediocrities.

The school of Venice owed so much to the influence of Andrea Mantegna, that we must first dwell a little on him; and the more so, as the spirit of this wonderful man swayed the whole of North Italy. Squarcione of Padua was a tailor and embroiderer. It is doubtful if he ever painted at all himself; if he did, he was at any rate personally but little proficient in the art. He had, however, a gift of teaching so amazing, that he has been called the "father of painters." Pupils

¹ Nos. 412, 413.

crowded to him, and he is said to have had as many as 137. His fame derives its lustre principally from the name of Andrea Mantegna, his adopted son. Andrea received his first lessons, no doubt, from his foster-father Squarcione; but he imbibed much from the works of Fra Filippo Lippi, Jacobo Bellini, and the sculptor Donatello. The friendship between him and Squarcione came to a violent end, as soon as he insisted on giving his own name to his works, Squarcione till then having profited by their fame: or, according to Vasari, as soon as he married Bellini's daughter. From that time the foster father maligned and opposed his brilliant foster son. Mantegna worked very largely at Mantua, under the auspices of the art encouragers, Francesco Gonzago and Isabella d'Esté, but his last days were a sad commentary on the proverbial advice not to put trust in princes. When he was upwards of seventy years of age, ruined by imprudent speculations, and too weak to work, Isabella refused to help him, and haggled over the price of a bust of Faustina, which, on account of his indigence, he offered her. This bust he prized so highly, that the parting with it is said to have hastened his death.

The Louvre has four of Mantegna's powerful compositions, and, to my mind, contains nothing more fascinating.

The "*Madonna della Vittoria*"¹ is spoken of slightly by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and is supposed in part to be the work of Francesco Mantegna; but I admired the picture intensely. Perhaps even an inferior work by so great a mind has more power to charm, than more perfect results from lesser souls. The Virgin sits upon a throne, upon the marble steps of which is engraved the representation of the plucking of the forbidden fruit. A thick arbour full of clustering apples arches over her head. The arbour is hung with chains of jewels and branches of coral; and this coral had evidently some meaning in the painter's eyes, for a kneeling St. Elizabeth holds a crown of the same. St. Michael and St. George hold up the Virgin's mantle on either side. St. Longinus (as Patron Saint of Mantua) and St. Andrew stand behind them, St. John and St. Elizabeth in the foreground; and just touching the steps of the throne with his knees, the young Duke of Mantua adores the Virgin, and is blessed by the Child.

¹ No. 250.

The idea is common in art of symbolizing the Salvation by the same symbol as the Fall; as in this picture in the embowering apple trees. It is suggestively in keeping with the contrasted false promise and true hope: the false promise that spoke of a magic attainment, through the eating of the forbidden fruit, of the knowledge of good and evil, and the true hope which bids us strain after that same knowledge, exercising our faculties of judgment in choosing between the good and the evil.

It is impossible, of course, to impart by mere description any conception of so subtle a thing as the power which casts its spell over such work as Mantegna's; but I cannot leave the small room which is enriched by his treasures, without saying a few words about his allegories. "Wisdom triumphing over the Vices"¹ is full of the strangest figures. It is far from being beautiful, and, Ruskin says, must ever be revolting to women and children. Again, in spite of high authority, I must plead guilty to feeling the fascination of great power. Minerva, Chastity, and Philosophy drive before them into the waters (I suppose of Lethe) a herd of Vices. A woman with Satyr's legs flies, clasping in her embrace a number of frog-legged babies; a wild-looking woman dashes through the water, leading in a leash a fat man who has only the stumps of arms, and who wears an expression of the most disgusting good humour on his sensual face; a centaur carries off through the stream a splendidly attired female figure. A horrid-looking half-human tree has an inscription rolled round it containing a prayer to the celestial Virtues to drive from these abodes the hideous monsters of the Vices. Justice and Temperance flying above the scene approach in answer to this desire. "The Allegory of Parnassus,"—with Apollo and the dancing Muses, the listening Mercury, the toying Mars and Venus, the mischievous Cupid, and the jealous Vulcan,—is a more graceful composition, and full of lovely figures. Mantegna's Triumphs of Cæsar, second in value only to the cartoons of Raphael, are at Hampton Court, but they are much destroyed.

The Art of Venice welled in the 15th century from two fountain heads, the Vivarini and the Bellini, and was influenced in its rise by the Umbrian Gentile da Fabriano and by Mantegna. Of the Vivarini the Louvre shows nothing, and it professes to have more than critics allow to be genuine of the brothers BELLINI. The so-called por-

¹ No. 252.

traits are not accepted either as portraits of the Bellini or as being their work.¹

The "Reception at Constantinople of a Venetian Ambassador"² is a characteristic work by Gentile Bellini, and interesting as recalling the visit of Gentile to the Sultan Mehemet, and his horror when the royal critic supported his own view of the right delineation of a beheaded body, by having a slave's head struck off before the artist's eyes.

Cavalcaselle denies for GIORGIONE both of the fine Louvre pictures which glory in that name.³ The twenty TITIANs do not all pass muster as being genuinely by him, but of the undoubted ones there is a rich variety. "The Entombment," the wonderful portrait called "The Man with a Glove," and the picture long known as "Titian and his Mistress," are among the best.⁴ The last-named picture has a psychological as well as historical interest, for it is supposed to be the portrait of Alphonso I., Duke of Ferrara, and his third wife, the peasant Duchess. Alphonso's second wife, Lucretia Borgia, of infamous repute before her marriage, became noted for every virtue as his wife; and the third wife, said to have been of character as low as her birth, reformed in the same marvellous way after her marriage to him, and was almost canonized for her goodness by the people. There is scarcely a great name of Venice not represented in the Louvre; but it is time for me to draw to a close.

Of the school of Naples, the latest of the Italian schools, six artists have works in the Louvre. Of these LUCA GIORDANA, called "Fa Presto," on account of his wonderful rapidity of execution, and SALVATOR ROSA, are the best known. The Louvre Salvators are superb specimens of the master's style.⁵

LYDIA BREWSTER MACPHERSON.

¹ No. 69.


² No. 68.

³ Nos. 43, 44. Attrib. to Palegrino and Seb. del. Piombo.

⁴ Nos. 465, 473, 471.

⁵ Nos. 358, 361.

Horn.—All the Nos. are red. The Louvre Catalogue is difficult to use, which may be my excuse for this paper. Most of the Italian pictures are in the first three rooms to the right of the stairs.



S o n n e t.

"Ye are the light of the world."

I WATCHED one eve, as pale the moon arose,
 White cloud against the clear, still, autumn sky—
 Sky cold and blue o'erhead, though western glows
 All warm and red the sunset's *cramoisie*.
 Alas ! methought, for them by land or sea,
 Who trust yon Crescent wan for guiding light ;
 And westward turning, gazed while gradually
 The sun-lit fires were quenched in hues of night :
 Then upward glanced again—when, lo, all bright
 In deepening blue o'erhead my Crescent shone !—
 From setting sun she'd caught the parting light,
 T' illumine the gloom with glory not her own :—
 So, midst earth's dark. oh Christ, give me to shine,
 Lightless myself, yet bright with light of Thine.

JEANIE MORISON.

Wærburga of Chester.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN an individual is in a state of repose, we judge of his character in outline ; when he is in a state of activity, we judge of it in detail. Neither judgment is complete without the other.

Let us take as an example, not an individual, but a town. Stretton is neither a Welsh nor an English town, though situated in Wales. Its inhabitants cannot boast an unmixed descent from the undaunted superstitious *Cymri*. Neither are they wholly Saxons ; yet their indomitable energy points to a preponderance of the latter element.

The town of Stretton has an intense character, yet it is not an interesting one ; that is to say, it is not romantic or poetical. That it is interesting is proved, however, to the Strettonians themselves, by their thinking it so ; that it is intense, is proved to all by the extreme activity which there alternates with complete repose.

Look first at its activity. The market-day has arrived. It is dangerous to drive a conveyance out of Stretton on

the morning of this day. Down the narrow steep street you must go, wishing your conveyance were only half the breadth it is, so imminent is the danger of getting locked in the wheels of some market-cart, or of letting your horse measure noses with some other animal coming up the hill. For the street is too narrow to admit of a double file of vehicles. In the lanes out yonder it will not be much better, and wo to the conveyance that meets another in these lanes on a dark night! Enter the market, and in spite of the crowds who are on their way to it, you will still be afraid that the supply is greater than the demand. The larger part of these crowds consists of women in neat white caps or bonnets; hardly a Welsh hat is to be seen. Conspicuous among the customers is Mr. Wood, the overseer of the neighbouring coal-mines of Pen-rhyn; he likes to spend a forenoon in feasting his eyes on bacon, eggs, cheese, and ripe fruit, instead of on heaps of coal and sheets of coal-dust. He is so used to superintending, too, that he likes to control the supplies of his own household; and his weak-minded, delicate sister, who is the only other member of the family circle, or rather section of a circle, is doubtless very thankful for this fancy of dear Bernard's, and remembers to give thanks for it among the other innumerable mercies in her lot. Not the least of these mercies was a large, rickety, and old-fashioned vehicle, something like a covered gig, but still more like a would-be open chaise. The only occasion on which Miss Wood entered this conveyance, was when, on Sunday morning, she proceeded in it up the steep approach to Stretton on her way to church.

In the market hall we have seen Stretton in its active week-day life; in the great church we may see it in its Sunday repose. The people of Stretton are not very pious, though they might be, if a fine, even remarkable old church, with decorations and monuments within, could inspire devotion. As it stands at the top of the hill on which Stretton is built, the church, with its fine tower, panelled throughout, and decorated with statues of saints, forms an interesting feature in the landscape when seen from a distance, and a subject for study when near at hand. The inhabitants, however, with the exception of a few very superior individuals, are generally more occupied in studying the appearance of themselves and their neighbours, than that of the sanctuary which they

are visiting. Sunday is to them not only a rest-day, but a very great dress-day. Indeed, were it not for the bonnets on the women's heads, and the fact of being in church, we might almost fancy ourselves at a ball or an opera. I am not going to criticise them too severely, however, but to observe a few of those who have been called superior. There is Miss Jane Williams in a bright green bonnet and lavender muslin dress; she has a little boy on each side of her, and is endeavouring to make both her nephews, who can hardly read, follow the service in the Prayer-Book without losing the place. This is rather hard work for Miss Jane, and work which seems to have no other result than weariness for both her and the boys; so she is very glad when the sermon begins, that she may gaze at the stained windows, and wonder whether John the Baptist or the Woman of Samaria, whom she sees there portrayed, would have understood the religion of the nineteenth century as expressed in that sermon. In a private gallery, between two pillars of the choir-aisle, sits young Squire Trevor, of Glanhafon. He is occupied in looking at his hands, first comparing them with each other, and then with the roof, in the decoration of which he seems to find another discourse besides the one he is hearing, so intently does he gaze upwards as he leans back in his arm-chair. And, to tell the truth, the sermon was one which required to be supplemented, as it seemed to draw its text rather from expediency than from any other source. So, at least, thought Randall Holme, the young son of the late rector, who, with his mother, occupied a square seat on the right hand of the pulpit. He looked grave and attentive, but his thoughts were in reality far distant. In his intent way of gazing before him, he involuntarily gave offence to Miss Columbine Watteau, who was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, and fancied that Randall was staring at her; whereas the truth was, that during the half minute he spent in looking at her, his thoughts were so occupied that he was hardly conscious of her existence. Mr. Bernard Wood had observed the gaze, however, and did not fail to treasure it up in his memory.

After service, the church door formed a rendezvous for acquaintances. Squire Trevor habitually shunned the small-talk of the Stretton gossips. Mrs. Holme was, however, not included among these. Her late husband had been a true and disinterested friend to the Squire;

and when his widow was poorly left, Trevor had at once made over to her a neat house, with a couple of acres of ground, which adjoined the southern march of Glanhafon. Nearly two years had now elapsed since she had gone with her son and daughter to inhabit this dwelling. Her daughter, however, had now been for nearly a year at school in Chester; but the midsummer holidays were approaching. The Squire heard Mrs. Holme say to Miss Wood, "To-morrow, I regret to say, we are engaged. I intend to bring Malvina home from school for the holidays, and Randall will accompany me."

That evening Mrs. Holme received a note in these words:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I intend to visit Chester to-morrow on business; as I hear you are going there, may I ask you if you and your son will do me the favour of sharing my landau for the drive? Should you agree, it will be at your door at any hour you choose to name.—I am, yours truly,
CONWY TREVOR."

Mrs. Holme hesitated before accepting this kind offer. A sense of humiliation was inseparable from the acceptance of such repeated acts of kindness from one on whom she had no claim. Still the cost of a hired conveyance would have been serious, and the stage-coach was comfortless. So she accepted, and agreed to start at eleven. When the note was gone, she began to take another view of the matter. Had Squire Trevor not acted without delicacy in thus making his own company a part of the favour bestowed? Though rich, young, well connected, and possessed of many friends, he was not the sort of man with whom Mrs. Holme felt she could make any approach to intimacy. His conversation was charming, his manner faultless, but the tone of his mind had an element of inconsiderate self-assertion which was beyond the pale of Mrs. Holme's sympathetic instincts. This quality oozed out slightly, on innumerable occasions, in petty vanities, in intentional shocks to the feelings of others; yes, even to their deepest feelings. Mrs. Holme often recalled with pain an incident which she regarded as an instance of this; it had occurred soon after her husband's death. An eminent revival preacher had visited Stretton; crowded meetings were held daily in the Methodist meeting-house. Conwy Trevor came to one of the meetings. On this occasion many of the women were

in tears; not a few men prayed aloud. Trevor had sat next to Mrs. Holme and listened to the address, and then, during the singing of a hymn, he had hastily risen from his seat and left the hall. On her asking him afterwards the reason of his conduct, he had answered, "Such meetings are blasphemous, irreverent; I would rather proclaim myself a leper in the market-place than pray aloud as these men do. Such excitement can but have a double degree of deadness as its result; you will see whether my words come true." And, indeed, Stretton seemed now as spiritually dead as ever, but Mrs. Holme remained as unshaken in her faith in the revival preacher as she did in her horror of Trevor's conduct. It was impossible that such a man could be a safe companion for Randall, for ways of thinking were infectious. She would be very careful during the drive to-morrow, and on all future occasions, not to overstep the bounds of common intimacy.

When the morrow brought a note in the cramped handwriting of Miss Wood, offering her "chaise," as she called it, for the drive, Mrs. Holme felt a pang at the impossibility of accepting the offer. Such a course would have solved all her difficulties, practical and sentimental. But it was out of the question; and caution, not escape, was the only alternative left.

Squire Trevor, on the eve of an enterprise, was a being to whom care was unknown. Duties and burdens were alike hidden beneath the wing of excitement, and the elasticity of his spirit was expressed in the lightness of his step, and in the gay manner that conveyed a greeting to all he met.

Mrs. Holme looked tranquil, almost happy, as she seated herself the next morning in Squire Trevor's carriage, while Randall and Trevor entered it after her. The neat widow's bonnet was not too severe in its outline or lack of colour, for a face that had not lost all the roundness and bloom of youth; and it was pleasant to see that the widow for the time was not conning the tale that her weeds too plainly told. She was dwelling on the calm and cloudless present, partly because she was again to see her daughter, partly because she had come to the conclusion that she had done right in accepting the Squire's kindness, and that he was on the whole a more suitable acquaintance for her son than Bernard Wood, who had not many more ideas in his head than a turnip. All this

the widow said to herself in her charitable way, but she would not for the world have breathed it to any living being, least of all to Randall. At the same time she had resolved to be no more than polite, and to restrict the conversation to general topics.

Squire Trevor's present mood was such as to make it next to impossible for her to keep this resolution. He was inclined to be very jocular, and also to be very scientific, for at present science was his hobby. He had as many hobbies in his head as he had hunters in his stable, and the number was considerable; but the difference was, that he rode each hobby in its turn to death and then dismissed it, while his hunters had each only an occasional field-day, and were retained even when superannuated. On this occasion his scientific propensities were shown by the large botanical case which was strapped across his right shoulder, and the geological hammer which peeped out of his pocket. The road at first wound round the foot of a hill, where strips of forest alternated with large field-patches. On the left was the river Alyn, almost hid from sight by the willows that wept over its banks. After driving for about half an hour, they gained the open valley, which stretches on to another range of low wooded hills. The view of these softly undulating hills, with their graceful outlines, was such as to suspend the mind in that middle region between awe and indifference. The neat houses of the villagers too, with their porches overgrown with ivy and roses, spoke of a genial mood of nature, crowned with artistic effort on the part of man. Even the soot-begrimed collier, with his red cowl and loose jersey, had a cheerful look as he trudged along the footpath; and an exhilarating impulse was given by the bright morning and pure air, that seemed to say to all, Live, and enjoy living.

By our three travellers this precept was obeyed in different degrees—most perfectly, perhaps, by Squire Trevor. On the carriage arriving at the foot of a steep incline which they must ascend, Trevor said, "Ah! here is the lovely village of Neston, just the place for an old soldier to retire to with four thousand a year; such woods, such splendid fox-covers, such a lovely peal of bells; enough to make one a saint with cheerfulness and good-humour. By the way, are you a geologist, Mrs. Holmes?"

"I have not the pleasure," said the widow, languidly.

"Ah! you do know it is a pleasure; that is a great deal. I am anxious to inquire about some fossils here, so I shall walk for a little, and meet you at the top of the ascent."

Randall too alighted, but instead of following the nimble movements of the Squire, he walked slowly up the hill. As Mrs. Holme sat in the carriage and gazed after her companions, she remarked a striking contrast between them. Trevor might be some ten summers older than Randall, yet, to judge from his activity, he might have been thought to be the younger man. Descending with deer-like bounds the steep bank that led to the river, he crossed a small wooden bridge, and quickly disappeared round an angle of the opposite bank. Randall, on the other hand, walked slowly up the hill, one hand dangling listlessly at his side, the other holding a book which he was not reading. With his head bending forward, he seemed to be looking only at the small piece of road immediately before him. When the carriage stopped at the summit of the ascent, Randall quickly regained his seat in it, but Trevor was still out of sight. Presently, however, he appeared, running up the hill at full speed, and thus shaking his botanical case so violently that the fossils, if any, which were in it, might safely be expected to be shivered to atoms.

"Mrs. Holme," he exclaimed, when they were again in motion, and he had seen after the safety of his fossils, "did you ever think of envying the mammoth and the reindeer, who, thousands of years ago, roamed together through the forests? How they must have laughed at the idea that men, possibly their own descendants, would one day consider themselves the lords of creation. Look at that toad in the grass; would you not scout the idea that the race of toads might some day develop into a new set of lords of creation, who would displace man from his supremacy? Yet who knows?"

Mrs. Holme, who was absolutely unscientific, and did not, on the whole, approve of scientific men, merely asked the Squire whether he had obtained the fossils.

"Here," he said, opening his case, "is the tail of a *Rhizodus* in perfect preservation, found, by a man whom I employ in this way, at the outcrop of the coal-measures to the west of Stretton. The *Rhizodus* is especially interesting; I intend to write a small pamphlet upon it, in connection with the theories of progression and natural selection, which it is by some supposed to disprove."

Mrs. Holme did not wish to hear anything more about the Rhizodus : modern science was more than distasteful to her ; she thought it wicked, and wanting in reverence. Belonging to the Church of England, she yet was Calvinist enough to rate the individual higher than the Church, and to believe the Spirit to be attainable only through the very closest conformity to the letter. It thus necessarily followed that she would, on religious grounds alone, rate the individual higher than the species, and reject with horror the conjecture that hinted at a primordial form and ancestors arboreal in their habits. Having sworn fealty to the letter as her liege lord in all matters of religious observance, she could not, without offending that lord, even take into consideration any theories of which his system contained no suggestion. The only way, therefore, in which she could exercise her private judgment, was by pronouncing all such theories to be wicked and hurtful. She thus took the shortest cut to a conclusion, which, at the cost of a greater effort of thought, she might possibly have reached by a more satisfactory, though more circuitous way.

"Come, Randall, do not look so gloomy," said Trevor to the lad sitting opposite him, who with dreamy eyes seemed to see, and yet not to see, the landscape. "The world is not quite extinct yet," he added ; "and, indeed, we shall come in sight of Chester immediately."

Randall had by nature very ardent and sensitive feelings, which, by the constant and almost exclusive society of his mother, had of late asserted themselves unduly, until they had grown morbid. The aspect of the country where he lived had tended to increase this tendency. Long lonely musings in the woodland haunts which surrounded his home, had deepened, and perhaps narrowed, the poetic current of his thoughts. Hence his character might have run the risk of becoming unduly feminine, had it by nature been inclined to be so. Instead of such a bias, however, we find in his nature a certain independence and a tendency to mental pugilism. The infantine period of physical pugilism had long since passed away ; and Randall, instead of regarding individuals of his own standing as beings to be fought with, had been learning to regard them as beings to be lived with. But here mental antagonism had stepped in, and levelled its shafts not only against other lads like himself, but even more

emphatically against his superiors. Thus to have objects of reverence and maxims for conduct laid before him, was enough to make him distrust those objects and slight those maxims. The strict regulations of his mother's house were galling to his independence, and his submission to them was dogged, and sometimes even mechanical. All the time he was in secret revolving theories in his own mind, and becoming daily more reserved and less cheerful in his demeanour.

The society of Trevor was not congenial to him, less on account of the strange notions of that individual, than because he felt that the nature of the man had no meeting-place for his own nature. He felt as if he and Trevor were two waifs or strays sailing apart on an infinite sea, which no wind or current could ever bring nearer to each other. Trevor's society suggested to him no better idea of himself than this. He did not know whether his companion felt the same with regard to him, and he was too indifferent on that subject to revolve it in his mind.

"There is Chester!" said Trevor suddenly, as they gained the summit of an ascent. "There it is, the dear old Royalist town, the slow stupid Tory that it is! Did it ever strike you, Mrs. Holme, that Chester has met with the usual fate of old Tories? It has nothing particular to do; the progressive men of the day are doing everything, and the poor old town has nothing to do but eat his cheese, which is very good, restore its cathedral, and keep green the memories of Charles I. and St. Werburga."

"I am sorry you despise the making of cheese," said Mrs. Holme, "for I believe it to be one of the fine arts, which no educated person should be without."

Trevor, however, was not listening, and this was strange conduct in him. Why did he suddenly flush, and then grow pale? Why, as he looked away past the gentle slopes and curved lines of woodland at the town, with the river flowing past it, did he look as if that town, or something there, was all in all to him? We devise interpretations for such looks in our companions, and then forget them till the wave of time casts them up again.

Meanwhile, they again lost sight of the town, till, about half an hour later, they found themselves close to Bridgegate. The carriage rolled quickly over the stony

streets, till it halted at the Deva Arms. Here the horses were to rest, and the travellers separated, after having agreed to meet again in the cathedral at four o'clock in the afternoon.

PROCLA.

(To be continued.)

The Old Home.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

IT has often been asserted that childish feelings, whether of joy or grief, are slight and evanescent; that early sorrow is only on the surface, and childish impressions are effaced by the lapse of a few months. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the affections of fresh young lives are so deeply imbedded in the nature, that the very memories of happy or sorrowful days are preserved with an intensity totally beyond their worth, and live when other and subsequent feelings have long ago died out. I was only fourteen when I left the place which is to be the subject of my pen to-day, and yet, amid the many more exciting scenes I have since witnessed, none have so happy, so clear, so touching a retrospect to me, as the home of my childhood. It was not for any extraordinary beauty in itself,—for the house was an old-fashioned, high-shouldered, two-winged house, the walls of the older part completely buried in cherry trees, rose and ivy bushes alive with the ceaseless twitter of sparrows; a great lawn stretching on three sides, intersected by a babbling stream, where we fished for trout, and where only alimy eels would take our bait; a great background of dark pine wood; an old-world triangular garden filled with huge sweet-smelling cabbage roses, wall-flower, balm, and other country blossoms, with wide-spreading beech and plane trees scattered here and there, an ancient rookery in the high branches, one of whose members fell the first victim to my brother's gun, and was surreptitiously plucked and cooked in the playroom, where we children greedily devoured the unsavoury morsel, with the keen appetite which always accompanies forbidden fruit. Shall I ever forget how our consciences suffered, when the very

next Sunday the clergyman read out of the old Levitical Law that ravens were unclean birds, and forbidden to be eaten! How guilty we felt, what furtive glances we stole at each other, wondering if our sin was legible to the congregation on our faces,—with what remorse we thought of our momentary enjoyment! Alas for the tender conscience of childhood! I doubt if breaking one of the ten commandments now-a-days would cost us as much as did this unwitting breach of the old Law.

Each season was remarkable for its own peculiar beauty, and filled with its individual interests. The short winter days—in particular one year, when a snow-storm lasted a whole month, when the road was blocked up for weeks, and a path, whose white walls were higher than our heads, was cut between the house and the stable. The spring,—when over the bright green grass, jewelled as it was with snowdrops and crocuses, we watched the young lambs frisking and bounding across and across the burn; or the summer evenings,—when the long shadows lay on the lawn, when, tired of play, we threw ourselves under the shade of the wide-spreading chestnut tree, and watched a thunderstorm come up from the west; expectant nature waiting its approach, the lovely sycamores drooping their broad leaves, the aspen almost fearing to tremble, the beasts huddled together in one corner of the field, the lurid light which crested the topmost cloud, the first warning growl or flash which winged our timid feet, and sent us helter-skelter to the house. Oh, those glorious days! when we filled in the boundless outlines of life's possibilities with the most brilliant colouring; when, buckling on our armour, we longed to rush into the arena of busy existence, and fight the world, the flesh, and the devil with all the fearlessness of youth; when as yet no minor tones had made themselves heard in the music of our lives.

How we loved the long walk through fields of waving corn, by the lane bordered with wild-rose and hawthorn hedges, where our feet sank in purple thyme, to the quaint old church, which stood high over the river on a precipitous bank, surrounded by moss-grown old gravestones dating centuries back! We could hear the murmur of the river through the half-opened windows, which somewhat diverted our attention from watching the gambols of the numerous mice which lived in the tattered old cushions, or from calculating the progress

the fungus had made during the week on the damp mildewed flags with which the building was paved. Very frequently our grand old Newfoundland dog accompanied us, and would mount to the gallery, and, planting his huge paws on the desk of our pew, looked solemnly down on the congregation below. The church was now known only by the name of the village near which it was situated; but my brother, who was about fifteen years of age at this time, and had most Jacobitical and High-Church tendencies, hunted up some old records about its antiquity, and wrote a most marvellous poem, called "The Fane of Saint Fergus," savouring greatly of "Black Prelacy," or even of the "Babylonitish Woman" herself, speaking with great contempt of the men in "Geneva gown and bands," who had usurped the place of the cowed brethren of St. Fergus; and many other dreadful things, which were enough to make the old abbot and monks turn in their graves. Brought up as we were in the strictest Presbyterianism, our admiration of our brother's talent was mixed with horror at his heterodox notions. However, we copied the poem surreptitiously, and distributed it among an admiring circle of friends.

Of course the place was haunted. I do not ask anyone to credit the assertion, for I am aware that the belief in ghosts, like every other remnant of the good old days, is dying out in these times; but I firmly believed in them then, and am not sure that I don't now.

I only know that strange sights and sounds, which could not be accounted for in a rational manner, had been seen and heard in that house; that my grandmother and mother, in the young days of the latter, had more than once, in the dead of night, searched for some one who could never be found, but whose steps had been distinctly heard in different parts of the house; that not one of the servants or people about the home-farm would have crossed the lawn after dusk alone; that we children were awed to an unrestful sleep by gruesome tales of this same ghost; that not only ourselves and the people about were conscious of some invisible presence, but persons who had never been near the spot, or heard of its being haunted.

For instance, one autumn, a band of harvest labourers had come to the farm, and there not being sufficient accommodation, for two young women, the bailiff came to

the house to ask if they might be allowed to sleep in an old lumber-room in the attic. This was agreed to. You must remember they had just arrived, and had had no communication with anyone about the place; indeed, this would have been difficult, as, being Highland girls, they understood little English.

About eleven o'clock, two scared, white-faced figures burst into the servants' sleeping-room below, demanding angrily who had come to frighten them, for a figure had entered and stood by the head of their bed, waking them simultaneously, and only gliding away when they hurriedly asked who was there. Of course this only corroborated the fact of the ghost's existence in the minds of the sleepy servants. The two girls steadfastly refused to go back to the attic, spent the rest of the night by the kitchen-fire, and, breaking their engagement, left such a terrible house early next morning.

That the place had a bad name, and was widely known, was evident from the following fact. I am writing of a time before a railway was made in that part of the country. A canal from the county town to a smaller one, twenty miles further north, ran through two miles of our property. A passenger-boat went by day, and overnight several coal and lime boats were towed along the stream, the crew consisting of a man at the helm, and a lad who walked along the bank, guiding and urging on the horse. Whenever the boat touched the boundaries of our place, the boy jumped in beside the man, and nothing could persuade him to resume his post till the *uncanny* place was past. One night they thought their fears were to have a dread realisation, for on nearing the shadow of one of the many bridges across the canal, about half-a-mile from the house, suddenly the horse stood stockstill, planted its fore-feet firmly, pricked its ears, and gazed steadfastly in the bank of furze dividing the highroad from the towing-path. The older man cracked his whip, swore, expostulated—all in vain: he could see nothing, and only heard the eerie rustling of the dry pods of the broom bushes. At length, tired of urging the boy to go to the animal's head and force him on, he jumped out, and, peering into the shrubs, he discovered the apparently lifeless body of a man. They tied the sagacious creature, to whose wonderful instinct the poor fellow probably owed his life, to the bridge, and carried the unfortunate man to our house, where he lay for many weeks in a state of uncon-

sciousness. He was a young doctor who was returning from a late visit, when his horse shied, throwing its rider over the parapet among the bushes below.

There was a sort of curse upon the place. Many generations past, people said it had been obtained by its then proprietor by treacherous means. When the oldest part of the house was knocked down, a skeleton was found under a hearthstone, and some weird prophet of the time had pronounced a doom, which has been strangely verified to this day. It was, "*That son should never succeed sire.*" It has been so for long; no matter how sure the succession has seemed, some untoward event has happened, and the place has changed hands. No wonder, then, that we grew up with morbid tendencies, and a belief in a fate we were powerless to struggle against. Some dim foreshadowing of the future must, I think, have come home to our consciousness; and when at last the sombre looks of the heads of the household, which had for some time been a mystery to us, were explained, our sorrow was far greater than our surprise. When the fiat went forth that we were to leave our cherished home in a few weeks for a long sojourn in France, and that never again should we call it ours, we roamed about in a restless, objectless manner, talking with bated breath, and moving with gentle footfall, as if death were in the house. How, as the time grew nearer, we, without any arrangement, but as it were by unanimous instinct, found ourselves always in our favourite haunts in doors or out, endeared as they were by their respective associations, and filled with sweet memories often recalled now by the accidental sense of scent or sound.

How on the last morning of all we went, with brimming eyes and silent voice, from chamber to chamber, kissing the very walls we were never more to see; to the nursery, where we had often gone to sleep paralysed by terror of unknown evils; the play-room, which to this day the sight of plovers' eggs always calls up vividly before me, from the fact of our being merrily engaged boiling some we had found in a field one night, when we were suddenly arrested in the act by our governess coming to tell us of the dangerous illness of our mother. How clearly I remember the heavy hearts we four children took away with us that night! How a large, heavily-curtained bed puts me in mind of the following day, when we, awe-struck little ones, were taken into the

darkened room to say the last good-bye; from which room, thank God! our dear one feebly struggled back to life and to her children. I do not recollect if we paid a farewell visit to the schoolroom; it was only connected in our minds with most unsentimental punishments and tasks; but we plucked grasses and heather from the meadow and wood to keep as sacred things.

We immediately rushed into heroic verse, describing our agonised feelings with the minutest distinctness, talked of ourselves as aliens and exiles, hinted darkly at foreign graves, where cypress and yew would cast a shadow over broken hearts, spoke of the Channel as if it were the Pacific Ocean at the very least, and breathed forth the utmost defiance and contempt of our Gallic neighbours!

Some of these remarkable poems are still extant; but I am glad to say the feelings which dictated them have long ago given place to more Christian sentiments; that the exiles were restored, after the lapse of a few pleasantly spent years, to their native land; and that the aforesaid dismal trees were not called upon to cover the tombs of strangers.

* * * *

I had not seen the dear old place for many years, until one day, finding myself in its vicinity, I walked some distance to revisit the old haunts, and see the changes which time had wrought—time, whose loving, tender hand adds new beauty to everything it touches, and over the many enormities of art and architecture spreads a green mantle of ivy, or tones down the garish colours of ugly tints with mellow mosses or soft grey lichens.

If only *time* had wrought the change! but, alas! the place had fallen into the hands of a man possessing unlimited wealth, and his chief amusement consisted in laying out and *improving* (?) the property. He had metamorphosed it so that all the old cherished landmarks were swept away. Spacious lawns and terraces were now, where before was a wild undulating woodland, where we children used to sink knee-deep in ferns and blackberry bushes; where the green meadow in which we found the first primroses sloped down to the brook by the old saw-mill, with its fresh smell of newly-made sawdust, there was a trim vegetable garden with a high wall and straight bordered walks, through which I passed with a full heart; and in the lovely old dell stretching for miles

up through the wood, and down which tumbled and gurgled a brook over mossy rocks, sometimes screened by a confusion of greenery; the dell—the idol of our childhood—the one spot I was sure they could not spoil. Trim gravelled walks, bordered with stiff privet and box hedges, were cut by the burn-side, where lovers could walk abreast and talk politics or the state of the money market without having their tempers or attention distracted by brambles catching their dresses, instead of the rough and narrow track, wandered over here and there by woodbine trailers, or a trickling rill dropping from a green mossy rock far up on the bank, where *our* lovers—— But my imagination is running away with me, for in those days we were too young to possess such appendages, unless boy-lovers, who, I daresay, were ungallant enough to leave us to stumble as best we might over the stepping-stones, and only laughed when we missed our footing.

I looked in vain, and with a sore tugging at my heart-strings, for the scene which had “orbed into the perfect star, we saw not when we moved therein;” for even the dank pool, where the frogs croaked and the stunted alders grew, where we lowered our voices as if something eerie hung over the place, where we hastily plucked the grey cup moss with its silver and scarlet edges, and hurried on in the fast-deepening twilight, hearing the young owl’s dismal cry behind us. Where had it vanished? Most of the hill and moorland where we used to watch the timid deer bounding gracefully over the ground, or standing at a lovely picture against an open sky, was cultivated, and converted into corn and turnip fields; the pool was drained, and the water utilised for purposes of irrigation. If this be civilisation, commend me to the wild savagery of nature!

Surely, I said, with a last waning hope, where the brook widens and falls into the little lake in the pleasure-grounds, no change can have taken place. The little rustic bridges, insecure certainly, but most picturesque, must still be there, covered with those lichens, which were thus prettily described by a friend of mine—

“So tenderly, lovingly, ye clasp
The headstone lone and cold,
And your gentle arms ye fling around
The ruins grey and old.
Ye brush with your silent silver wing
The rocks by the brooklet’s side,

As ceaseless ever your task ye ply,
And onward still ye glide."

I wandered on. The beautifully rugged edges of the stream, where the water eddied among reeds and grasses into tiny hollows, where harebells stooped over to see their pale reflection, were shaved down and cut to a hideous evenness; the bridges were superseded by plain varnished planks and railings, and where before the stream divided, forming a miniature island covered with shrubs and weeds, was a mound carefully formed and surmounted by a wooden house, in shape something between a Noah's Ark and a Swiss chalet, for the abode and comfort of two black Australian swans, who were quite in keeping with the appearance of the place.

The only thing they could not touch was a group of grand old Scotch firs, standing in all their inexpressible dignity, looking so different and yet so beautiful under every aspect, whether towering above the storm, with the snow weighing down their dark branches; or with the red autumn sunset lighting up their rugged bark, and tipping with glory the ever-green pines, the only unchanged friends of my childhood. I did not ask after the ghosts; no doubt they had been improved away with other things.

I sat down to still the wild beating of my rebellious heart. Home, and yet no longer home! Why was it not still ours, who loved it so well, and to whom every stick and stone was a beloved friend and face? Ah! it is so hard to teach oneself that all *must* be for the best, that the tearing asunder of ties, and the parting from our dearest possessions, is one of life's greatest lessons.

Even now, while I write, thousands of recollections crowd upon my brain—scenes long forgotten spring into renewed and sudden life before my misty eyes—scenes so lovely, they were an idyll in themselves—the broad river on whose silvery bosom, rich with the evening tints, glided a boat before the current, it and the two unconscious happy figures seated in it, alike drifting they knew not where, wrapt in the warm light of life's summer days. The—— but if I follow further the leadings of my recollections, it might be truly said that the garrulity of old age had come to me before the allotted time,

MARTIN HAY,

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER III.

"Beheld so high upon the dreary deeps,
It seem'd in heaven—a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks."—TENNYSON.

OUR little river ran through a deep rocky ravine just before reaching the sea. Hardly could a sunbeam force its way down into the chill depths, where pale plants hung dripping from the crannies of the dark rocks over the water. The usual way to the sea led along the rocks above, but a pathway led down into the cleft to a poor little cell, where for many years a hermit had lived—some said a holy man; others, one that by terrible penances tried to purify himself from foul crime. We had heard he was gone away, but I thought that could not be, as I passed along the path at the top at noon the day following the coming of the Normans, for I saw how Herser Thorstein and two or three more had gone down to the cell with the miserable Damasus, who there, methought, sought strength for his further journey. And indeed there was something in his mien and step more assured as he came out of the low door and went swiftly on with the Northmen, as if the severe hermit had somewhat consoled him. Ah! how unlike was that soft idle Damasus to my dear brave Father Anselmo, with whom I had lingered so long that all the rest had gone before me, and now I had to run down the last steep descent to be in time on board the great ship of war. There she floated in the deep water close inshore, one dazzling glitter of many colours and gold. Thirty great oars on each side lay out on the water; and aloft they were spreading wide coloured sails on the three masts. Round the bulwarks many shining shields were hanging; in front was a high raised deck; and behind, the poop rose also, thronged with glittering figures. At the prow, with head thrown back over the forecastle, a great gilded dragon crest was seen, and its barbed tail curled over the poop. The oars seemed its legs, and the sails its wings, and it seemed to have a life of its own, like some splendid yet evil beast, or Leviathan himself of whom we chant in the Psalms. A moment only I looked, full of delight and curiosity, and then I ran over a long

plank on board, none noticing me save Thorstein, who nodded kindly as he stood on the poop; and the oars smote the water so that it foamed all around, and in a few minutes we were far from the rocks; the wind was blowing, and filled the great sails; the oars were drawn in, and we were away over the tossing grey water.

I stood in what I afterwards knew as the waist of the vessel; nor could I well have moved thence, for the movement and rolling became so brisk that I found myself more at my ease lying down under a bench close against the side of the ship, the sleeping quarters of the men, when the gurgle of water in my ears, and the noise of creaking, hauling, and trampling, all blended together in a pleasant dreaminess. It was afternoon when I woke up again. I liked now the feeling of the rolling of the ship over the waves, and would fain have talked to the great fair-bearded men who lounged about the benches, or leaned over the brightly-painted vessel's sides. But they shook their heads, saying, "No Italian," till a young fellow, Kolbiorn by name, the skald or poet, as I learned, of the crew, came with some food, which he spread between us on the bench, and by means of the Italian he had picked up, and the knowledge I had of the written Teutonic language in which the *Nibelungen Lied*, one of the treasures of our library, was written, a knowledge which was soon improved into a good acquaintance with the spoken Norse, we were ere long chatting merrily. Kolbiorn was small, slight, and handsome, and far more gaily dressed than any man on board. He wore golden armlets and various jewels, all presents received for songs, as he told me. I soon found he loved all pretty things, especially and chiefly himself, and that he was ready to put anyone's thoughts into a song for him, and yet he might laugh at those very thoughts the next day in another song. But how these rough men loved his song!—it was "Kolbiorn, sing us of the heroes," or "Kolbiorn, pray—a song about old Norway," or "Kolbiorn, sing a song for Thor," or "a song to my love Gunhild at home;" and he was ever ready.

Now, while we talked, I saw how on the poop was a clear space of raised deck, shaded from the sun by a striped curtain, red and yellow. Under it, by a table, sat among others Damasus, with his back to me, his cup in the air, like a light-hearted man-at-arms. What miracle had so cured his terror?

"Ought I not," I said to the Northman, "to go and attend on Father Damasus?"

"Nay," said he, "the merry Father does not want you. Father! he looks younger than his son, and likes his wine. I only hope he won't lure our Swend into a drinking-bout. There beside him, that tall bony man, with long red hair; that is Sea-king Swend, the lord of us all, except when he is too drunk to stand, and then Herser Thorstein takes command."

"And when Thorstein is drunk?"

"That he never is; he is rather melancholy, for his own ship was wrecked: that is why he is aboard of us. Also, we think he is in love with Hertha, and is too old for her—he was at sea before I was born. Look! there comes Hertha with her ancient maiden out from her cabin under the poop. There is our mistress, our goddess Freya. For her sake we endure her brother Swend, the red fox; for no bigger beast is he, for all he looks so tall and strong. Syades can lead him with a string. Then *he* is a wizard, or wishes to be thought one; and some say can coin the red gold Swend loves best of all things, out of baser metals. Thorstein there cares neither for gold nor wizard, but he can cow Swend, and we would all follow him to the death, for he is a first-rate warrior and sailor, and many a time he has saved our beauty, our darling—the Dragon."

The Dragon indeed! of course I thought he was going to say the lady. And so there were women on board. How should I, bred up all my whole life apart from them, comport myself towards them? Terror possessed me, and I exclaimed—"Women on board!"

"Two, and soon perhaps another. Do you know what you, or rather your gay young Father, are wanted for?"

"To ask for winter quarters at Salerno."

"Ask! does the bear ask the sheep's leave to lie down? There is not a port in the whole world where our Dragon would not come in and take what she wanted—the darling. No. But there is a lady who owns a fair castle and lands near Amalfi, and Swend's idea is to marry her and live there for the winter, and then perhaps join our Christianised cousins from Neustria, who are coming more and more to this coast, and establish a fair dominion here. The lady will not marry one of Odin's men, and so a priest must come as messenger, and if she will have Swend, christen him and marry them. If she will not have him, well—he may carry her off, unless Thorstein can prevent it; for

he is very sorry for the lady—and, by Thor's hammer! so am I. When Swend is drunk, he may treat a woman as he would a man—and that would be ill indeed; and then he has already two or three wives, and the one in Norway—Ingeborgd—is a proud woman, who would never be second."

"What! a Christian maiden marry a man with two or three wives? How little the monks knew, when they sent Damasus, what the errand was. He can't know now, or he would protest, though I fear he is but a coward."

"No," said Kolbiorn; "to my eye—and I am a fair judge—he may have mischief in him, but not cowardice. However, I daresay, Thorstein knows his way through the wood; he is like the bear, a silent tongue, and nine men's wisdom. I tell you all this because you have a good face, and have read the Saga of Sigurd. Only why they were so resolved to have you on board, the Gods and Syades alone know."

"But Damasus chose me," said I.

"Maybe, but Thorstein and Syades chose you, and no one else, which was more to the purpose," answered the other; "there they summon me. Keep your knowledge of our language to yourself, and you may find out more yet; meanwhile see who comes out from under the forecastle, Syades himself," and the youth flung himself quickly over the benches towards the poop, while one came forth from the low door under the forecastle, who at once arrested my attention, as I had seen him with Thorstein at the convent. This was a thin spare man, with high dark features, and wearing a long robe. He greeted me kindly, speaking perfect Italian, and invited me to a seat beside him on the forecastle, to which we mounted by a ladder from the waist. The sunset was now beginning to burn in the sky to seaward, and as we talked the darkness came on apace.

"And so," he said, "thou art convent bred, and sent forth to see the world in a heathen ship! What were the holy brothers dreaming of? had the seer of the monastery a vision of their novice converting Swend, or are you a runaway from discipline? how came ever such an innocent lamb among northern bears, Gaulish wolves, and Saracen leopards?"

Now I liked not the man's bitter laugh, and yet there was something that drew me towards him—some strange attraction, which led me to speak freely.

"Sir, I am sent to travel in part to perfect myself in my art; and am here, I believe chiefly because, I know not why, you wish it. Are you perhaps a master builder?" I asked, because I saw he was neither sailor nor warrior, yet a man of commanding presence.

"Thou hast guessed it, a master of many arts, though indeed to these old monks the worst of the beasts, the leopard—Syades the Saracen; Swend's slave taken in fight, and yet his master."

An unconverted Moslem. I felt a strange shudder.

"Oh, noble sir, have you then heard——"

"Ay, heard what can be heard," he said, laughing, "and I remain—like all Spain, like the East, where all learning rose—Moslem still. But indeed it is not of these matters that I chiefly concern myself, not with what is above and out of our reach, like that golden sunset cloud; not with what is future, death and what comes after, which must come whether we strive or lead easy lives, but with what is around and present, that I occupy myself now. We ask questions about the life and destiny of man, and of the purpose of the Deity, and weary ourselves in vain. One answer comes from your Christian priests, another from Kolbiorn the skald, who leans there with his harp on the bulwark; another from the bigoted followers of Mahomet. Rather do I choose to put questions to nature than to man; to the stars about the rules which guide their wanderings, to the elements which build in their endless combinations all we see and all we are. For these answer; it may be a very low and shy reply, but yet it is something—a true response; and as we grow older, we can question with more skill. Now the first look at a young face tells me what the man's qualities are, as an old face tells me character and history. I discourse so to you, my son, because I read in your face at once the quality that dares to look at nature with clear eyes, unblinded by book learning."

I had never heard words like these; and while I disputed them, they somehow charmed me. Long we sat on the forecastle; the sunset had yielded to night, but the ship steered her course by starlight. A tent was thrown over part of the waist of the ship, and many of the mariners lay down to sleep beneath it, under the rowing benches. The sounds of carousal had died away; Damascus was in a cabin beneath the poop, and now doubtless slept; and still the strange man with the

restless dark eyes talked on to me. Most interesting was it to hear him speak of the hidden power of numbers, especially as shown in the great craft of Architecture,—princess of all the arts, and of the societies of craftsmen and masons, bound together by awful vows and secrets, and possessing a knowledge and brotherhood beyond other men, from which roots sprang the fair edifices, not raised by Christians alone, but by heathen also, and Moslem, alike bound to work together in brotherhood for the glory of their craft. And he said of me, that he knew by a little birth-mark, as of a ripe fruit stain near the left eye, that great powers, of a sort he rather guessed than knew, were mine. In short, when long past midnight I lay down under the tilt in the waist, and tried to sleep amid the sleeping men around me, my head swam and my spirits danced with strange wild hopes regarding myself—I, a poor unknown orphan, brought up by the good charity of the community. It was a strange place for a Benedictine novice to be in, but I do not blame the brotherhood, who thought when my journey was settled I should go a short voyage in a well-ordered ship of Christian Normans, under the guidance of an experienced monk ; not as now, in a heathen vessel, with a Saracen sage or wizard as my chief companion. Our ship even, as I suspected, was not bound straight to port, but cruising about like a dragon indeed, seeking for prey. At last I slept, and dreamt that I rode all night in a waste land after Syades, who suddenly turned and called on me to strike spurs and leap over a wall as I thought ; but even as I rose to the leap, I saw it was Father Anselmo who looked at me like a man who has got his death-blow ; while beyond, Syades rose dilated in the air, huge and black as a threatening fiend ; and while I strove to cross myself and cry out, I suddenly woke ; and lo ! the network of ropes overhead, and the sea-birds skimming across a clear, bright, morning sky.

And like the mosaic of an angelic head with a golden halo against a clear blue background, there appeared in that morning sky a radiant vision that all the years of busy life have never since dimmed in my memory. I thought at first some blessed spirit had come to chase away my evil dream with its pure presence, but I soon perceived it was indeed the Lady Hertha, Swend's sister, whom I had as yet seen in the distance only, who was

standing near on the gangway which ran round the waist of the vessel. Her golden hair stood off round her lovely face as though blown back in a winged flight, the pure white of her forehead warmed into the colour of a pink shell on cheek and chin, her clear blue eyes caught mine as she turned to me with a radiant saluting smile, and wished me good morning in good Italian. It seemed as if my very being leapt towards her, and that I was no more my own. I stammered, and could hardly answer or raise my eyes beyond the deep blue folds that fell over her feet from the gold and brodered girdle, though I was aware even of the little dark blue and gold Greek coif on her shining hair, and the white fur that mixed with the blue on her bodice, scarcely whiter than the pretty hand with glittering rings she held out to me. "Are you yet accustomed to our ship?" she went on; "do you like it? I fear you must feel it lonely, so few talk your language."

"Nay, lady," I answered, "that dark man Syades talked to me all yesterday evening; most learned discourse."

"Yes, I saw how he held you by his talk; he used to speak to me, but I did not much like him. I wished to tell you," and her colour deepened, "that I am baptised—a Christian; also Asmund and two or three of the men; but we know very little, and you must teach us something. I hoped much when I heard a priest was coming on board, but this Damasus seems wanting in gravity and mildness; more like a jovial man-at-arms than a minister of the Church."

"Poor Damasus would be but a sorry man-at-arms; for all his big words he is an arrant coward," I answered, laughing.

"No," said Hertha, "he is a bold lad, I think; and you know I have been brought up among fighting men, and often seen combats. That priest, mark me, will go far in a fight," she said, earnestly, as I still smiled.

The lady seemed as anxious to convince me as if I were not but a poor novice, and she the chief's sister in brave apparel; but so it was always with her; she had the courage and honesty of a brave man, and the quick, subtle wit of an able woman, and with it a sort of confiding tenderness and earnest wish to please we see often in children, but seldom in people who are much in the world.

"It is a pity he is a priest," she continued; "he might

have been a brave warrior. Ah, do not you be hasty; be sure you have a vocation before the last vow is made."

"It is so difficult to tell," I answered. "With Father Anselmo, who is a saint on earth, I have a vocation; away from him, I doubt it sorely."

And so Hertha and I grew more and more friendly; last night I had thought I could never have spoken to women, and to-day it seemed they were easier to talk to than ever were men. I felt I could lay all my life before her and take her counsel, and she understood and was interested as none ever seemed before, and told me much in return as we slipped easily through the murmuring waves, not far from the purple mountains of the coast. The wind died quite away in the afternoon, and the ship was rowed close inshore and anchored. I heard we were soon to land, and most of us might sup and sleep, if we chose, on shore. I was resolved to do so, for near the sea on the lonely plain stood three great, solitary, noble buildings, ancient temples, with stately rows of columns—one of pure white, the others of red flushed marble—standing in lonely grandeur before the range of purple hills that rose in shadowy softness beyond. They moved my whole heart with wistful yearning; but while I leaned over the ship's side gazing intently at them, a harsh voice behind me shouted, "What means this, Brother Laurentio—this neglect of thy superior—this constant talk with Saracens and women? Down on thy knees, silence on thy obedience, and take the chastisement thou hast merited;" and Damasus stood over me, flourishing the cord taken off his girdle; and as, according to rule, I dropped on my knees, he caught me by the ear. This was not fair, but it was very like our Prior, who was our chief trial, so I was used to it all.

"Now," said Damasus, and stooping down he half lifted his cowl; and lo! the young face and laughing eyes of Astolfo looked forth; but I was so fortified against blows in my silence that I made neither start nor sound, though I gazed with utter wonder. "Good lad," said he, "thou hast taken it without an Oh or an Ah, so that is enough. Oh, Laurentio, but this cowl is hot—I may wear it back now. I could not think how to tell thee secretly enough, here where one is always in a crowd. So here we are, off together, as I was wont to dream; one of us at least never to return to the old nest. Stand up now!

No one but Syades and Thorstein and a few more know of the change, and I may breathe again."

"But how is all this?" I said; "where is Damasus?"

"It is all part of a plan of that wily old fellow, Herser Thorstein, a man I would follow to the end of the world. When he had talked to the real Damasus, whose fat sides never stopped quivering—ah, Renzo, how couldst thou mistake us?—Thorstein, I say, called out, 'This fellow's cowardice will ruin all. Swend will drive him mad with fear!' 'Try me, only try me,' I said; 'I am no coward, though a churchman;' for you see I am in *minor* orders, and our Thorstein knows no difference. So next day, when we passed the hermitage on the way to the ship, in we slipped, and I took Damasus' dress and left him mine; and he is there, playing the hermit"—and Astolfo laughed more and more. "Pulse brought by the country folk for him to eat, straw bed, and the discipline. It will do him a world of good. I wonder when he will dare tell who he is, and creep away; for of course if this is known, after all his talk, he can never hold up his head again. See, his very gown is all lined with satin and fur,* like any court lady; mine must feel rough after such plumage. But he may keep it, for I shall never cumber myself with it again. The saints be praised, I never took the final vows, and by St. George and the Dragon, and this dragon—who must be a better beast at heart than he looks in face, as he carries me to freedom—my cloister life is over, my Laurentio."

E. J. O.

(*To be continued.*)



The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.

ONCE more we take up our pen to describe in the pages of the *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine* the works that adorn the walls of the Royal Academy Galleries. Our painters and our poets, what a debt of gratitude do we not owe to them! Like as the welcome sun by its tardy beams dissipates the murky atmosphere that envelops our town-enforced life, so does the touch of their pencil, and

* The monks of Monte Cassino gave much scandal about this time by wearing the "habits" made in silk, instead of coarse wool, as ordered by the rule of St. Benedict.

the thought of their brain, lighten up for us this work-a-day world, and transport us, in mind and feeling, along with themselves to nature's leafy solitudes. With them we climb her loftiest mountains, we revel in her sunshine, or shrink and shiver beneath her dreadful storms. Where have not our artists wandered to? They have been north and south, east and west, and have brought back in their hands glowing transcripts of the scenes they have visited. We have here the sensuous gorgeousness of the East, and the calm loveliness of the West; the sunny radiance of the South, and also the mighty blast from the North.

From among the numerous examples that line the walls we can choose but a few. Shall we, as we pass along, point out to our readers the marvellous *technique* that in Alma Tadema's "Cleopatra" arrests the attention and excites the admiration of the entranced spectator? or shall we stop at "Our Northern Walls," and almost shrink from the fury of the mighty waves that foam and fret before us? Shall we admire the dramatic power displayed in "State Secrets," or stop in tender sympathy before the human interest of the "Turning Point"? Our own Academicians and Associates have also come powerfully to the front. Rarely have we seen finer examples of their several styles than those that are in this year's Exhibition. And before closing our preliminary remarks, we must give ourselves the gratification of calling attention to the good and true work that has come from the hands of our younger artists—they who in the future will themselves be in the van, and upon whose efforts will rest their country's place among the great artists of European fame, when those among us who now bear the heat and the burden of the day will be of the past.

We must now, however, take the Catalogue in our hand, and proceed at once to discuss a few of the pictures that hang upon the walls; bearing always in mind that although there are many we should like to call attention to, it is only the most striking amongst them that we have space to advert to.

North Octagon, No. 15—"Running Water", "by G. P. Chalmers. This is a picture of great technical skill; there is good painting here thrown away—we were about to say—upon a barren subject. We have "Running Water" most admirably painted; had Mr. Chalmers given us

something to look at in the middle distance, or a background in which there was a more tangible interest, this would have been one of the finest, as it is undoubtedly one of the cleverest, examples on the walls. No. 32—"The Warning before Flodden," by John Faed. The painting of these very ordinary-looking people is very finely executed. The faces are almost as smooth and as polished as if on ivory. But if this picture shows a vast amount of mechanical skill, it also shows a great lack of mental power. This is surely not the "wild-haired Seer" that as a sudden vision flashed before the dismayed king and lords; neither is this round-faced monarch the sad and dolorous James, who sought to make his devotions at Lithgow, "that God might send him good chance in his voyage." Mr. Faed has failed in his mental grasp of the scene that the old legend conveys. No. 53—"Il Pescatore," by Erskine Nicol. Mr. Nicol's fame as a delineator of Irish humour is too well established to suffer any diminution from the somewhat commonplace examples that he has sent of late years to these walls. This is an ordinary but well-posed figure of an Italian fisherman, intent upon his useful occupation of catching fish. No. 59—"The Covenanters' Communion," by Sir George Harvey. This is one of Sir George Harvey's early pictures, and is no doubt well known to our readers, so as to need little comment here. Suffice it to say, it is in Sir George Harvey's happiest manner. There is an earnest simplicity in the countenances of these God-fearing men and women, that tells a true tale of the stuff that our Covenanting forefathers were made of. Little recked they of danger, or of death itself, if only eternal life were gained. Their pastor and leader is well brought out in the stern and tried lines of his face; and the very significant fact that danger is near, is well and subtly told in the upraised eyes of one of the group at the Communion Table while laying his hand significantly and quietly upon the arm of the elder by his side, thus telling that the foes are at hand, without disturbing the worshipping people while partaking of the holy rite. No. 74—"The Escaped," by W. Q. Orchardson. This is a picture of considerable dramatic power. The bloodhounds tell us plainly the scent they are upon. As a piece of animal painting we, however, prefer No. 295, in Great Room, "Oscar and Bran," by the same

artist. These dogs are admirably painted. Mr. Orchardson has a fine bit of colour in No. 206, "Monsieur and Madame."

We now come to No. 77, North Octagon—"Peel Castle, Isle of Man," by Sam Bough. Who is not acquainted with this artist's unrivalled talent, and also with his equally startling defects? The atmospheric effects of broad sunshine are here capitally rendered; but look at these unhappy horses that the still more unhappy carter is endeavouring to guide in the way that horses are wont to go, while they are crossing their spindle-shank legs and jibbing about in a way that only Mr. Bough's horses would ever attempt to do. But we must look at Mr. Bough's "Peel Harbour, Isle of Man"—No. 171, Great Room. Here we have this very clever artist at his best—the dash of the waves upon the harbour, the dismantled wreck struggling amidst the storm-troubled sea—the spectators in the foreground cowering before the sweep of the wind—the lifeboat putting out amidst the tossing of the comparatively smoother water, are all given with the verve and realistic effect that Mr. Bough is so well able to convey. It is to be regretted that the general tone and colour of this spirited picture is somewhat marred in its effect by the close proximity overhead of Mr. A. D. Reid's beautiful picture of "Sea Weed," and of which the deep rich colour rather impairs, by contrast, the paler hues of Mr. Bough's "Peel Harbour."

North Octagon, No. 120—"Tak' your Auld Cloak about ye!" by John Watson Nicol, son of the great painter of Irish life. We would point to this picture, among others, in support of our remarks upon the good and true work that our younger artists are sending out into the world. The younger Nicol has in this picture taken a "firm grip" of his subject. The canty old man in the chair, with his sonsy old wife standing beside him, with the "auld cloak" in her hand, are life-like specimens of true Scottish folks.

We now come to No. 107—"Our Northern Walls," by Peter Graham. This great painting has already run the brunt of much diverse criticism from the London Press; but whatever judgment may be pronounced upon the picture as a whole, no one who has seen it can deny that here we have indeed the storm-tossed ocean, in all its sound and fury, rushing and leaping in resistless force against those black beaten rocks. We all but hear its roar, as the

foam of the waves spreads white and vapoury over the surface of the sharp jagged rocks, on which swoop down hungry and screaming cormorants—fit accompaniments of this desolate spot. It is a most powerfully painted picture, and overwhelms the spectator with a sense of the majesty and grandeur of nature in her stormiest aspects.

Great Room, No. 177—"Christ and Mary at the Sepulchre," by Sir Noel Paton. We have before now, we think, expressed the opinion that this is not the age for such a subject as this painting endeavours to realise. Our modern painters lack the unquestioning faith, the sure conviction, that gave to the Old Masters not only the imagination to conceive, but the realising hand to perform. The Saviour was to them a man who walked the earth as they did themselves, and His mother a simple-minded Israelitish woman, and they painted them as such; they endeavoured also to embody something beyond and yet within these realistic men and women—whether they succeeded or not, it is left for posterity to judge. But what is this scene before us? What does it represent? Certainly not the event as described in Holy Writ; and we do think that Sir Noel Paton's fancy plays more naturally and easily around fairy-land and folklore, than about such exalted subjects as the one before us.

We now hasten on to No. 224—"Cleopatra," by Alma Tadema. Here indeed is the hand of genius in this wonderful specimen of a master's art. In the pose of the head and shoulders, in the living expression of the eye, in the varying flesh-tints of throat and bust, in the sensuous and powerful organism, we recognise the dark Egyptian Queen who enthralled in her toils an Antony and a Cæsar.

No. 234, by W. M'Taggart, is a fine picture, excellently conceived and painted. The force of the gale driving the boat through the hissing sea, is in fine contrast to the calm courage of the men within, who are holding their own in the midst of the stormy sea, and have the boat in steady keeping. The broad expanse of angry waves in the middle distance, with the fleet of fishing-boats in the perspective, are truthfully rendered; while the general tone and colour of the scene are in fine keeping. Mr. M'Taggart has also, in No. 200—"The Fern Gatherers," a very charming bit of colour. We have rarely seen a prettier or brighter child's face than the little girl who is looking out upon us in the foreground of the picture.

Passing over some beautiful landscapes by Messrs. Beattie Brown and John Smart, we arrive at the one picture that may perhaps be called the picture of the Exhibition. We allude to No. 290—"State Secrets," by John Pettie. Mr. Pettie's fame is well established in a larger field than this, but never have we seen from his hand a more powerfully drawn figure than that of the red-robed Cardinal engaged in his treasonable occupation. Here is no exaggeration, but here is also artistic effect of the highest kind. Observe the light, how skilfully it is thrown upon every line of the figure—how the calm powerful face stands out from the carefully-studied surroundings—how good is the contrast between the dominant will of the unscrupulous priest and the scared look of the attendant friar. The ascending smoke of the half-burned papers, with the whole of the accessories, are capitally delineated, without being unnecessarily obtruded upon the spectator's attention.

We have referred by a single word to a picture which tells very sweetly and prettily a tale of domestic interest—No. 412, South Octagon—"The Turning Point," by Alexander Johnstone. The wife interceding with her wayward husband is most tenderly and pathetically drawn—the poor little girl innocently looking up at her weak-minded but obstinately-willed father; the pretty home-scene which we feel trembles in the balance, and may ere long be a scene of desolation and misery; his wicked tempters, in the shape of those evil faces looking in at the pretty casement window. We involuntarily tremble for the result, knowing as we all do the miserable weakness of human nature; and we fear that the dram-shop which looms in the distance may prove the rock of destruction to that sweet woman and child. The texture is somewhat hard, but the sad story is so delicately and finely suggested that it is impossible to pass over this very interesting picture.

No. 475 is a remarkably humorous picture by W. E. Lockhart. Don Quixote is the hero of this scene, and his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, is standing a little in the background, engaged in stuffing into his mouth huge pieces of bread-and-butter; his attitude and expression show him to be true to himself and to his master; he is feeding his inner man, and looking on with equanimity at the poor Don's mad capers among

the paste-board Moors. This inimitable scene is rendered with great and true humour; and although the painter's brush does not seem to have been wielded with the same force and precision as it was in "The Dying Matador" of last year's Exhibition, it is, nevertheless, a picture that must add considerably to the artist's fame.

For one moment we must look at a sweet pastoral scene by a foreign artist, Carl Bourle, whose name we do not recollect to have seen in our Exhibition before,—No. 615, South Room. This picture is full of sweet tender feeling, and is beautifully painted. Two children, a young girl and little boy, are seated on the ground, the young girl looking up at a butterfly; the attitudes of both children are perfectly natural and simple, and yet are full of a tender grace and beauty that our home artists do not seem able to render in the children of our own country. Probably the fault lies as much in the ruggedness of the children themselves as in the artists' rendering.

Before leaving the South Room we must call attention to two surprisingly meritorious works by young artists. One is No. 592, by W. B. Hole—"Her Wedding Day," a charmingly depicted scene, rendered with very fine feeling and in capital tone. The other is No. 635—"Near the End of the West," by J. C. Noble. This last is a picture of great merit, and recalls to recollection, both in treatment and subject, examples of Joseph Israels' admirable pictures which formerly appeared in these rooms. We have great reason this year to rejoice over our younger men. Pollok Nisbet has some admirable studies of Venice architecture and interiors, also a more ambitious picture in this room, No. 650—"Becalmed; Early Morning on the Lagunes, Venice;" but we have no space left in which to call attention to these paintings, and must pass rapidly on to the works of Messrs. John Smart, John M'Whirter, Beattie Brown, Waller Paton, Alexander Fraser, and others, whose beautiful landscapes demand most careful and attentive study. Before adverting to them, however, we must call attention to a magnificent landscape by Sir George Harvey in the Great Room, No. 198—"Scenery in the Highlands." This landscape is in Sir George Harvey's best manner. Who can paint skies to rival such a sky as this? It is a glorious picture, with mountains and valleys, water and trees—a scene that a Claude would have delighted to paint.

Mr. Smart has devoted himself to mist-painting this

season; and were it not that his mist is more than sufficiently misty, we should be well pleased that he has done so. In No. 401, South Octagon—"The Valley of Mists," we almost feel as if we could take it up in spadefuls and trundle it away. It is nevertheless a very fine picture, and worthy of this artist's rapidly-rising fame. Mr. Smart has brought home some very striking scenes from his summer sojourn in the Highlands. We would mention more especially No. 144, North Octagon—"Loch Lubnaig;" and No. 365, South Octagon—"A Bad Day for the Hairst." Mr. M'Whirter has a fine picture of a grand if gloomy subject in No. 87, North Octagon—"Glencoe." Mr. Waller Paton has several very bright and pleasing landscapes, in his usual tone and style of treatment. We, however, prefer No. 312, Great Room—"Moonlight near Dollar." This is a very characteristically treated subject; and No. 186—"On the Dee at Kirkcudbright," is a remarkably bright, pretty little picture, with a fine perspective of flowing river. Mr. Beattie Brown has some very fine landscapes; as also Mr. John Nesbitt. This last artist has a charming sea-piece in the South Room, No. 632—"Sunset Glow." Mr. Alex. Fraser is as usual true to nature and hard in texture in his several landscapes—too numerous to notice. He has a charming little thing, glowing in colour, in No. 367, South Octagon—"Thrush's Nest and Wild Flowers." We should call attention to Messrs. Wingate and Oswald as having made immense strides forward in Nos. 1 and 640 of the former, and in Nos. 75 and 433 of the latter; but however much tempted, we cannot linger over the landscapes, as we wish to say a few words, before concluding, upon the animal paintings and the water-colours.

Mr. Gourlay Steell has several fine examples on the walls. We will, however, content ourselves with examining Nos. 308 and 466. No. 308—"Rough Art Critics," is a painting full of humour. Some lively fellows of the bull species have taken it into their stupid heads to take umbrage at an unfortunate artist's paraphernalia, and during the unlucky man's absence are poking their noses into his portfolio, and examining into the meaning and use of his large sun umbrella. One of these inquisitive bulls has his slimy muzzle deep among the leaves, another is preparing to gore and rend to pieces the unlucky camp-stool, a third is kicking up his heels, and with his tail in air is evidently working himself up into a fuming rage. Their stupid

anger is quite natural, and yet most ludicrous; and we consider that Mr. Steell shows genuine humour in making these animals act according to their nature, and yet so absurdly. He does not give them human intelligence behind their animal physique, as was latterly too much the habit with the late lamented Landseer, who was too apt to put a man's ready wit and feeling behind a dog's muzzle. In No. 466—"A Warm Day in the Highlands," we have a splendid specimen of a bull standing in a pool of water. This fine animal is perfect in colour and form, and would not discredit the hand of the great Rosa herself.

A very fine example of animal-painting is to be seen in No. 387—"Noonday Rest," by Mr. Denovan Adams. This very beautiful picture is a perfect gem of animal-painting. The cattle are most exquisitely painted, and are reclining in the foreground of a very pleasing landscape. Mr. Denovan Adams has two other examples on the walls in Nos. 58 and 78—both very fine examples of animal-painting. The bull terriers in No. 78 are all that bull terriers should be in form and texture; in No. 58 we have a fine landscape with lovely deer in the foreground, coming down the stream and "Scenting Danger." Mr. Alexander also deserves notice for several very meritorious examples of animal life; he is one of our younger artists who are coming so well to the front in this year's Exhibition.

Before leaving the rooms we must for a brief space look at the water-colours. Mr. Bough has as usual one or two most effective pictures. Mr. Burton has several admirable examples in Nos. 775, 800, 864, and others. We should like to call especial attention to Mr. Pollok Nisbet's No. 818—"Sketch on the Grand Canal, Venice." The transparency of the water and the firmly-painted houses in the background are alike admirable. Our clever young townsman, Mr. Manson, has two finely-painted children in "Spring" and "Summer." We are glad to meet with Mr. J. T. Reid again in Nos. 766, 809, 863, after his long sojourn in Skye, of which these three pictures are characteristic sketches.

Mr. Houston has a fine example of his rich depth of colour in No. 1001—"The Good Captain." We have a lovely view of "Bolton Abbey" in No. 956, by William Miller. In No. 720—"The Refreshing Draught," by Sir John Gilbert, we have an idea of what can be accomplished in water-colours, in depth as well as transparency and delicacy of tint. This is a magnificent figure subject. Our lady artists are also most pleasing and successful

contributors to this delicate and lovely branch of art. The names of Mrs. Stewart Smith, Lady Dunbar, Miss Warren, Miss C. T. G. Cumming, Miss M'Whirter, Miss Ross, and Miss J. S. Lauder speak for themselves; but there are also other lady contributors, who, although they cannot take rank with these veterans in art, are entitled to much encouragement for their success in their various styles. This North Room alone, with all these lovely water-colours hanging on the walls, of which the greater portion are left unnoticed, would repay days and days of close attention. We can remember the time when water-colours were quite an unnoticed feature of Scottish art; but how different is it now that the Water-colour Room has become one of the most popular and eagerly-sought-after places in the Galleries of the Exhibition.

M. E. T.

In the Twilight.

MY love, as we sit in the twilight,
 Thy true hand clasped in mine,
 I look back, the hours recounting
 Since first my heart was thine.

The morning smiled when thou sought'st me
 In her bright and gracious hours;
 Through her dew-gemm'd paths thou ledd'st me,
 And decked me with her flowers.

At noon, when the sun shone fiercely,
 And rougher grew our way,
 Then love round each threw a shadow,
 And love to each was a stay.

As we reached the day's declining,
 Did not our souls receive
 Still deeper draughts of gladness
 In that hallow'd hush of eve?

Yet now, as we sit in the twilight,
 Thy true hand clasped in mine,
 I call this hour the sweetest
 Since first my heart was thine.

JOAN SCOTT.

Wærburga of Chester.

CHAPTER II.

ON the southern wall of Chester, and entering from the foot-way, stands an old square-built house. Situated at an angle in the wall, and facing south-west, it commands a view of the estuary of the Dee, and by its look of solidity and elderliness might almost be thought to have undertaken the supervision of all the traffic upon the river. It seems to claim the same kind of regard as that we feel for an old nurse, which is made up of placid affection without any romance in it. Could we connect any romantic association with it, it would be this, that it probably occupies the position formerly held by a Roman tower, and that a Roman soldier in the ancient Cestria may have looked from an embrasure instead of a window, over the same country, down the same river, out to the same blue sea, as the inhabitants of this house now look out upon from its windows. The only feature in the house which attracts interest for itself is a small addition to it, which runs along the lower part of the western gable. This addition has only half the depth, and two-thirds of the height, of the whole house. It is much more cheerful in aspect, however, for it has a bow-window facing south, and it can only be entered through the garden. It is, in fact, a separate dwelling, though wearing the air of an appendage.

Randall Holme had preferred a solitary walk in Chester to accompanying his mother to the school where his sister was placed. The poor boy had, at this period in his life, an insatiable thirst for solitude, caused in the first place by the want of congenial society, and in the second by the mood of mind which this want had induced. Circumstances had been cruel to Randall, in depriving him of the opportunities for improvement which other young men have. At the time of his father's death, his school education was finished. Then grief had reigned supreme in the household, and this of itself had altered the prospects of the children. The daughter had been speedily sent to school, in the hope that she might soon return to be a companion to her mother. Randall, in the meantime, had been kept at home, and subjected to neighbouring tutorial influence; while the hope had been held before him of

going to college after his sister's return. All this seemed quite wise and natural, and Mrs. Holme cannot be blamed for not wishing to be left alone; but still Randall suffered to gratify the wish. It was the mother, not the tutor, who was stern; so that Randall shirked his lessons from laziness, and his home duties from perversity. He had no inducement to learn anything thoroughly, except the wish, expressed by his mother almost daily, that he should become a clergyman. She extolled the clerical profession, spoke of his dead father, and of her hopes that Randall might live to become like him. But Randall, amid the tender and hallowed memories of his father, had other memories of long religious tasks, serious penances for slight offences, and severe punishments for graver faults. He therefore deprecated the possibility of becoming a clergyman, or if at any moment he allowed himself to contemplate it, it was with the accompanying requisite of a modified clerical temperament braced by a rarefied clerical atmosphere. And now he was in his twentieth year, with no plans formed for any future career, no active principle save that of opposition to authority, or the mental antagonism above mentioned. But the moral and sentient part of his nature was only hemmed in on one side, that it might assert itself the more vehemently on another. Hence the habit of abstraction, the yearning for some ideal mode of life, some perfect object of love, to fill and exalt the emptiness and lowness of his present state. And this secret craving of his seemed to be hindered rather than helped by the presence of others, which was to him another name for want of sympathy.

Thus it is no matter of wonder that he wished to take a solitary walk in Chester. As he passed along the "rows," many of the foot-passengers turned to look again at the tall handsome youth, who seemed quite uninterested either in the quaint ornamental gables or in the modern inhabitants of the old town. Indeed, the so-called "sights" of the town rather oppressed than attracted him; he had often seen them before, and there were so many stairs to be ascended in passing from one street to another, and so many passers-by with preoccupied or vacant faces, that Randall, weary at last of walking about in the town, betook himself to the city walls. Here the view which he had to the far horizon imaged forth the dim ideal after which his mind was craving. Slowly and dreamily he walked on, looking now away to faint outlines of hills,

streaks of grey and rosy cloud, fields with cattle browsing on them; and now into the narrow roughly-paved alleys, or in at the windows of smoky tenements, where men he knew not and cared not for were toiling and striving. He had ever the secret hope that some sight or incident would realise to him something of the ideal world he dwelt in. When he had walked more than half-way round the walls, the old house above mentioned appeared in view. The angle where the wall abruptly turns eastwards at this place forms a tempting nook for an idle passer-by to loiter in. Randall remained standing here to look into the distance. The day was warm, yet cloudy. To the south-west a vast sheet of grey cloud overhung the estuary of the Dee, making the smooth waters of the river look dim and mysterious, and extending far up into the heavens. A long lake-like rift in this cloud, near the summit of it, was filled with red light, looking almost like a sea of blood. Clear against this rift the lower edge of the cloud stood out in tower-like outlines. It looked like some enchanted castle adjoining the abode of the sun, yet unenlightened by it, and hallowing by its dimness all that was weird and unearthly. Presently the glow faded from the rift, the cloud edges closed around it, and the red light and the weird castle were lost to sight. "Is this like life?" thought Randall; "we see the beautiful, oh for how short a time! and the measure of our joy is the measure of quick-coming grief at its departure. The fairy region of the possible fades away into the grey expanse of the real."

Presently he was roused from his reverie by the sailor-like call of some men on the river bank below. He looked down, and saw two men busily hauling in a barge which had been tugged up the stream. It was laden with sacks of meal, and some half-dozen bargemen who were on board seemed revelling in rest from labour. It was a cheerful scene, and almost made Randall yearn for hard work that might be followed by such pleasant leisure.

Then from behind him there sounded a voice. It was the voice of a woman singing. It had a rich, full tone, with a bird-like clearness and simplicity. Turning round, he saw that it must come from within the room of the bow-window. The window was open, and he stepped nearer, thinking he might possibly make out some of the words. The music suddenly ceased, however, and as he stood looking up into the window, a figure appeared within it.

Half-turned from him as she stood in the window, he saw before him a woman clad in the garb of former days. A close-fitting dress of a pale yellow colour, with roses and green sprays woven into it, clothed her slender figure; while a train of the same, falling from the shoulders behind, added grace and dignity to her appearance. Her auburn hair, confined by a simple black bandeau, fell in a profusion of curls over her snowy neck. She and her companion were evidently too much preoccupied to observe Randall as he moved straight in front of the window. Then he saw the hand of a man waved as if in gesticulation; he caught sight of a man's face as it bent eagerly forward: it was Squire Trevor! And now the young woman stood facing him; she was looking straight out at the window, in the direction of the cloud-rift he had seen, but not sadly; her large, lustrous eyes seemed to promise all blessedness; her mouth was half opened, as if to speak; the whole face had a happy spiritual expression,—a something, he knew not what, such as Randall had never seen before. He was quite near her, and he stood, how long he knew not, gazing into that spiritual face, and yet unseen, for the two were quite absorbed in their conversation. Then she moved from the window.

Randall walked rapidly away. Was this, then, the business that had brought Trevor to Chester? He who seemed so absorbed in science and in other hobbies, had he leisure and inclination for sentimental scenes such as this? And supposing that he had time, had he power and soul enough to attract such a woman as that? Randall walked on, hardly knowing whither he went, hardly observing that he was retracing his footsteps. Coming within sight of the Roodee or race-course, he instinctively descended the steps that led to it, and threw himself upon the sward. Boys were playing at cricket; children were running about; elderly people were sitting on benches or on the grass. Randall saw them all as in a dream. Some birds were carolling in the sky above him, and he thought, "They are happy; their little lives have only cheerfulness to bring; but I, how different!" And through all his waking reveries he still saw the face he had seen in the window. He thought, "she is like the birds, singing for joy of heart; she is one of those who look out beyond the city walls."

He thought she must have some key to perfect happiness such as he had never even dreamt of; he thought he must and would see her again. And now he could not think of Trevor without pain, but he consoled himself by the reflection that Trevor saw him just as he would see a fish through water in distorted outline, not in his real identity. It seemed to him therefore that Squire Trevor must carry about with him a false and valuable medium, through which he could not but see the characters of all other men, and see them dimly and waveringly. It was impossible, then, that Trevor could in any length of time gain such a feeling about that woman as Randall had gained by a single glance.

How long Randall had remained thus absorbed he knew not, but people were beginning to go home. He started up, and, looking at his watch, saw that it was already half-past four. His mother would have left the Cathedral in despair of meeting him. He quickly hurried thither, but dream-life was still so strong within him that the reality of lateness impressed him but hazily.

On reaching the Cathedral, he entered it by the south porch, and would have proceeded to walk up the nave, but seeing several people leaving the building by the opposite porch, he followed them, hoping to find his friends among them. He found, however, that a gentleman whom he had mistaken for Squire Trevor was an utter stranger to him, and he was thus in the position of an appendage to a party exploring the cloisters. He was soon wrapt in the contemplation of the clustering ivy that mantled the cloisters, and the gently waving shadows which it threw in the cool sandstone recesses. Brought thus in view only of the amenities of monastic life, he thought how pleasant it must have been to be a monk long ago in the Abbey of St. Werburga, that he might have sat for a whole summer afternoon poring over romances in the cloistered alleys. When the dismantled carrels, or chambers for study, at the south-west corner of the cloisters, were pointed out, he transferred his affections to these, and chose for his occupation rather the reading of some of the disputations of the fathers, or the copying of some rare and illuminated manuscript, in the inspired seclusion of one of these monastic recesses.

Randall was not in a sight-seeing mood, however, and when he re-entered the Cathedral, it was rather to seek for his friends than to explore the wonders of the build-

ing. So he walked straight up the nave, peered along the transepts, then went straight through the choir and presbytery to the Lady Chapel. But no one was to be seen, save here and there an old woman at her prayers.

The choir was now filled with a dim religious light of many colours, that tempered the gloom of the old carved oak with motley hues. Randall, on retracing his steps down the church, paused a little west of the lectern, in front of the choristers' seats. Casting his eye over the rich stall-work, he looked at the lofty main arch east of the choir, into which the organ seemed to soar on brazen wings. Gazing then upwards beyond the arch, he felt himself dwindling into awe-struck insignificance. The warm light upon the stalls greeted him like a cheering message as he again looked around him. He was weary in body and in mind; and reassuring himself with the thought that his friends had not yet arrived, he seated himself in one of the choristers' seats, to gaze more at leisure on the wonders around him. What he gazed on in reality was the land of dreams.

Randall, on re-entering the Cathedral from the cloisters, had not failed to observe, over the porch opposite to him, a canopied niche with an antique stone figure in it. This he had supposed to be the figure of Werburga, the patron saint of the Cathedral. He had observed it mechanically and unthinkingly; yet it formed, notwithstanding, a link in the chain of his remembrances. And no sooner had he entered dreamland, than his figure came to join itself to that which was now the central image in his thoughts.

He fancied he saw the figure of Werburga float down from her niche, and glide noiselessly up the nave till she stood in front of him. The figure wore a long, almost colourless robe; her hair hung in loose ringlets over her shoulders. With a face of unearthly paleness, and eyes full of spiritual meaning, she told him that this her Cathedral was the type of her own life. Oppressed by vain and worldly suitors, she had built herself round by the walls of monastic seclusion, and fled from those who would take no denial. And thus, in a pure and saintly life, in founding religious houses, she had found the highest happiness. Her concluding words were distinct in Randall's mind when he awoke. "Should anyone cross your path who is crafty and vain as Werbode my suitor was, do not stay to contend with him; remember my words; withdraw."

Randall was rudely awakened by a sensation that made him fancy he was falling over a precipice. On opening his eyes, he found himself thrown forward upon the reading-desk, and on standing up, discovered to his surprise that the seat was so constructed as to prevent the occupant from acquiring a habit of sleeping during service; it was movable, and as soon as the head bent forward the seat did likewise. He was glad that no one was present to witness his discomfiture; and the last word of the saint, "Withdraw," which haunted him, seemed peculiarly applicable to his present situation. He reflected, however, that this was somewhat pusillanimous advice, fit only to be followed by a woman and a nun. He was even inclined to believe that had St. Werburga met with a suitor more congenial than the crafty Werbode, she might not have been so willing to withdraw from the world, and the calendar might have boasted of one saint fewer than it possessed.

Preparing now to leave the Cathedral, Randall was arrested by the sound of a voice talking. It seemed to come from the wall behind him. He looked in that direction, but an old arch which had been built up seemed to yield a double denial to the possibility of any sound penetrating it. Walking down to the north-west angle of the choir, he perceived where it joined the transept a small and ancient-looking portal. It was half open, and beyond the screen that stretched across the doorway he peeped into a small room. A row of white robes hanging along the wall, showed that this was the choristers' vestry. That it was also the music-room, was shown by the piles of music-books on the table opposite the door. Within the door, and half-hidden by the screen, was an ancient sedile of curious construction. Advancing cautiously and silently, Randall seated himself on the portion of the sedile which was hidden by the screen. Here, by bending his head forward so as to bring it into a line with the screen, he was able to see all the occupants of the chamber without being perceived by them. Six chorister boys in white surplices were seated on a bench at the further end of the room, while opposite to them, the side of her face towards Randall, stood a woman—the same he had seen in the bow-window.

Was he, then, again so near her as even to hear her speak? Were these the features he had seen in his dream? It was like another dream; he dared hardly

trust his eyesight. Her attitude was noble and natural, as, with the same flowing garment and simple tresses, she stood, with one hand slightly raised, the other hanging gracefully at her side, her eyes gazing intently before her, her lips moving eloquently.

She must have been speaking for some time already, yet Randall, by listening attentively, was able to conjecture that the words now pronounced with such clearness, and accompanied by such grace of manner, formed part of an improvised lecture on music.

PROCLA.

(To be continued.)



The late Dr. Tischendorf.

To many in this country the tidings of Dr. Tischendorf's death came with something of the pang of a personal loss. Not only was the department of scholarship in which he laboured one that has an interest for all, but his own career was marked by a brilliance of achievement, which never suffered expectation to fail till, ere yet the end had been thought of, hope was checked by the knowledge, first that failure of health, and now that death had arrested the cunning hand and brain, till then unresting. Now we can but turn to the past, and sorrowfully count the gains that, as his, can be added to no more. But it is well to do so, not only that we may know the greatness gone from us, and gratefully appreciate what this man has done, but also that, giving him his due place in the line of biblical critics, we may understand what is the work he has left behind, and, so understanding, be ready to welcome those who after him shall carry it on further towards completion. The few pages that follow cannot indeed claim to do anything towards this end; they crave indulgence merely as a feeble attempt to contribute towards making generally known the history of a scholar whose labours were for the benefit of all. Few personal details can indeed be given. This, however, seems to be of the less consequence that Tischendorf's was one of those lives which, devoted to the pursuit of a single absorbing aim, derive all meaning and interest from that aim:—nay, he may be said to have had no life apart from the central purpose that gathered to itself all his

energies, and shaped the current of his existence. What that purpose was, and how fulfilled, it shall be our object briefly to show.

Lobegott Friedrich Constantin Tischendorf was born on the 13th January 1818, at Lengenfeld in Saxony. We are told that his father was a physician, but have no particulars either of his family or of his own boyish years. He received his early education at Planen, and from the "Hohe Schule" there passed to the University of Leipzig, where he devoted himself to the study of philology and theology. While there he wrote a prize essay on the text of the New Testament, in which were enounced principles of criticism very similar to those afterwards followed out by him. The interest in biblical scholarship, of which he thus early gave proof, he further manifested by undertaking as his first literary work the preparation of a small critical edition of the New Testament, which was published in the following year. This edition does not seem to have been of great value either in itself or as compared with those which were afterwards to come from him. But in more than one respect its publication was an epoch in Tischendorf's life. The work itself fixes the point from which, theoretically, he started in his labours as a critic, and practically, as we shall see, it was instrumental in shaping his career.

In the Prolegomena which formed part of the volume, Tischendorf expressed his general adherence to the principles of one of two critics, whose theories were at this time being warmly discussed in Germany. A few words of explanation are here required.

What is known as the Received Text of the New Testament (substantially that of Erasmus, with improvements and additions from the later editions of Stephens, Beza, and the Elzevirs) has long been acknowledged by scholars to rest on utterly insufficient authority, inasmuch as the MSS. from which it was formed were both few and recent. Earlier critics, however, were content to collect various readings from fresh sources, and to append these to the text, without attempting to determine their value on any definite principles. With Griesbach may be said to have commenced the science of comparative criticism as applied to the New Testament. His editions (1st, 1774-77; 2d, 1796-1806) contained a critical text, based on an array of classified authorities; and though the soundness in some respects of his critical

principles may be matter of question, there can be no doubt as to the benefit which he conferred in definitely laying down principles by which the evidential value of the various authorities for the text might be estimated. The stage into which the discussion of the problem, now recognized as that of approximating, as far as might be, to the original text of the New Testament, next passed, was that represented by the two critics, Scholz and Lachmann, already referred to.

Scholz divided the existing MSS. and versions of the New Testament into two families, the Alexandrian and the Byzantine, which may (roughly) be said to contain, the former the more ancient, the latter the more recent, documents extant; and maintained that the text is to be determined on the authority of the Byzantine family,—i.e., of the recent, though more numerous, as opposed to the ancient, though fewer, authorities. Lachmann, on the other hand, held that the text of the New Testament should be founded exclusively on the testimony of the most ancient MSS., along with that of the Latin, as the oldest, version. The question raised by the publication of these two contending views was thus a twofold one:—

1. Given a more ancient text, say of the fourth century, is it necessarily nearer to the original than one more recent?

2. Are we in possession of the materials from which to form a fourth-century text?

Tischendorf, in common with most of the instructed, answered the first of these questions in the affirmative. As to the second, he felt strongly that Lachmann's labours were defective, in respect of the amount of materials made use of by him, and we can imagine him impressed with the necessity of a complete review and examination of the oldest existing documents, and of a thorough-going comparison of them with the earliest versions and other sources of evidence.

If we are right in supposing that Tischendorf was possessed by this conviction, and by the desire himself to fulfil a task for which he must have been conscious of his own capacity, nothing could have been more seasonable than the commission which—doubtless in consequence of the notice of the scholars of Leipzig drawn to the young aspirant by his edition of the New Testament—was at this time offered to him. This was to visit, on behalf of

the Saxon Government, the different European countries, with the view of collating and procuring MSS. The career for which of all others he was best fitted was thus opened to Tischendorf—a career on which otherwise he might not have been able to enter, for at this time so slender were his resources that he has told us himself he was unable to pay for the cloak which he took with him on his journey.

During his absence from Leipzig, Tischendorf's most lengthened stay was in Paris, where he was employed on an arduous but important task. This was the preparation for publication of the famous MS. of the Bible known as the Codex Ephræmi (C), which, since brought from Florence by Catherine de Medici, had lain in the Royal Library. This copy is supposed to have been originally made in the fifth century, but its vellum leaves have been made to do double duty, and above the first writing, present a copy of the works of Ephraim the Syrian, a celebrated saint and religious writer of the fourth century. The difficulty of deciphering the original writing may be imagined. It has been increased by the vellum having become darkened and stained through the use of chemical applications to obliterate the second writing. After much toil, Tischendorf was able to send a transcript of the MS. to Leipzig, where the New Testament portion was published in 1843, while he was still absent. Besides preparing his edition of the Codex Ephræmi, Tischendorf while in Paris examined the other uncial MSS. preserved in the Royal Library there, and brought out no less than three editions of the New Testament.

In 1842 Tischendorf visited this country, and enjoyed an opportunity of examining its MS. treasures. The following year he went to Rome. The Vatican Library is, as might be expected, rich in valuable MSS.—above all, it contains what at the time we speak of was the oldest copy of the Scriptures known to be in existence, the celebrated Codex Vaticanus (B). But such was the jealous care with which it was guarded, that, in spite of the utmost anxiety on his part, Tischendorf was not allowed to see it more than twice for three hours each time. Another Codex in which Tischendorf was interested—the only uncial copy known to exist of the Apocalypse—he was “forbidden to collate afresh, but having been permitted to make a *facsimile* of a few verses, while thus employed he so far contrived to

elude the watchful custodian as to compare the whole MS. with a modern Greek Testament."

Towards the close of 1843 Tischendorf returned to Leipzig, where the printing of the Codex Ephræmi was going on, and required his superintendence. He did not, however, remain long here, but in 1844 started on a journey to the East in search of fresh MSS. The libraries of the monasteries of the Greek Church are rich in such treasures, utterly wasted on their present possessors, who, as a rule, are too stupid and ignorant to make any use of them, or even to appreciate their value. A notable example of this we have now to relate, whereby hangs a tale, though a well-known one. The scene was the famous Monastery of St. Catherine, which since the sixth century has covered with its vast range of buildings the slopes of Jebel Musa, a peak of the Sinaitic range, and peopled, if not enlivened, the solitudes of the desert with its colony of monks. Here, among a basketful of waste-paper destined for the lighting of stoves, Tischendorf's practised eye discerned some sheets of vellum. These he rescued, and found to contain part of the Septuagint version of 1st Chronicles and Jeremiah, with the whole of Nehemiah and Esther. Having further ascertained that more of the same MS. was in the convent, he tried, in order to save it from destruction, to enlighten the monks as to its value. He would fain have carried off some of these other sheets, but was not allowed, and had to leave the monastery content with the possession of the forty-three leaves snatched from the flames.

Tischendorf found abundant occupation on his return to Leipzig in preparing for the press the results of the last few years' labours. In 1845 the Old Testament portion of the Codex Ephræmi was published; and this was followed in 1846 by the "*Monumenta Sacra Inedita*," containing transcripts of six MSS. of the Gospels, and the various readings of that of the Apocalypse, already mentioned. Also, in 1846, were printed the leaves brought from the Convent of St. Catherine, under the title of *Codex Friderico-Augustanus*. In 1850, Tischendorf, who since 1845 had held an extraordinary professorship in the University of Leipzig, received a chair in the Faculty of Theology. In the spring of 1853 he again visited Egypt in search of MSS.

The preparation of a fresh edition of the text of the New Testament occupied him between 1856 and 1859.

In the latter year a last journey was made to the East, and now Tischendorf was rewarded by the great discovery of his life. By way of aiding his researches, Tischendorf had secured, ere starting, the patronage of the Emperor of Russia as Head of the Eastern Church. Thus, on returning to the convent of St. Catherine, he was received with all due honour. His one desire was to obtain the MS. which, since the first sight of it in 1844, he had never been able to forget. Inquiries since, however, had proved unavailing, and he feared the treasure was now lost to him. One day, to his intense delight and surprise, a MS. was put into his hands, which proved to be the very one he was in search of—a complete copy of the Bible of the fourth century, as old as the Vatican Codex. He himself records that he was unable to sleep that night—that he even danced—for very joy! The monks were persuaded to present the MS. to the Emperor of Russia, and Tischendorf was himself the bearer of it to St. Petersburg, where it now lies in the Imperial Library. In 1862 it was published under his care, and is known as the Sinaitic Codex (A).

Tischendorf's position as the first biblical critic in Europe was now fully recognized, and honours flowed in upon him from all quarters. On the occasion of his last visit to this country, in 1865, the English universities conferred on him their degrees. In 1869 he was created a Count of the Russian Empire. He was in correspondence with learned men of all countries. His own life continued to be spent at Leipzig, which throughout was the centre to which from his wanderings he always returned. Here he is described as having had his home, not, as might have been expected, in one of the quaint thoroughfares of the old part of the city, but amid the open air and sunshine of the modern streets which stretch into the surrounding country. Personally, too, in the great critic, we are told that there was nothing of the book-worm or recluse. He seems to have been generally amiable and simple, willing to impart from his stores of information to all who consulted him, and entering with heartiness into the interests of others. A tincture of vanity and self-appreciation, almost innocent in the openness of its expression, seemed in harmony with a character having in it much that might be called child-like. In controversy Tischendorf fell into the usual fashion of

theological disputation; and if he got hard blows now and then, showed himself quite capable of returning them with no less force. So at least we may judge from the controversial parts of a popular work by him on the *Origin of the Four Gospels*, which passed through successive editions in 1865 and 1866, had a wide circulation in Germany, and has been translated into English. When Tischendorf entered the lists of theological controversy, it was as the champion of orthodoxy. But it was not here that his laurels were gained,—it is in the calmer region of sacred scholarship that his labours and his fame will live; and the greatest boast that can be made for him is of the incorruptible fidelity to facts which makes the value of the scholar's service to truth.

An edition of the New Testament formed the close, as it had formed the beginning, of Tischendorf's literary career. He had now examined almost every uncial MS. in existence, as well as many others. Many Codices he had published for the first time; some discovered by himself, others imperfectly known before. Above all, he had doubled the amount of the most ancient evidence, by placing beside the one already known MS. of the fourth century, another still more perfect of the same date. He had thus thoroughly prepared himself for the fulfilment of the task which had been the ideal of his life—to form a New Testament text as nearly as possible identical with that of the original writings. This final task occupied him from 1865 onwards, the text being completed in 1872, but the Prolegomena left unfinished at his death. The principles on which he worked were the same as ever. His researches had but enabled him to apply them more perfectly. The reliability of the most ancient MSS. in our possession he held to be proved by their general harmony with versions and quotations of a still earlier date. The text was therefore formed mainly on their testimony, no regard being paid to the "received text," as such, but, in cases of disagreement among the selected witnesses, later authority and internal criteria being made use of. The result remains—to be tested by time; and if standing that test, to be regarded more and more as a legacy of utmost value.

In 1873, before this work was completed, Tischendorf was seized with paralysis. Repeated attacks followed, and in the autumn of 1874 he died—prematurely in one sense, yet having within comparatively few years accomplished the labours of a long life.

SIGMA.

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER IV.

"Maids are safe upon land, they should not come on board ;
Were she Freyja of maiden, beware,
For that dimple on cheek is a pitfall for thee,
And those fair flowing tresses a snare."—*Tegnér Frithiof's Saga.*

NOR often does it happen that our sweetest waking dreams take form and more than fulfil to the eye all that the fancy pictured. Yet so it was with me the day following our arrival at Pæstum or Poseidonia. My art-dream stood on the shore, these glorious temples, with the hills behind and the desolate marsh on either side, lost in the blue to the north, and with the village of Agrapoli glimmering white to southward; and beside me was my heart's dream, the angel-apparition of Hertha. The wind was still light, so in the afternoon most of us went ashore. Half the morning I had talked with Hertha on deck. I had told her something of our sacred offices, and her sweet voice had followed me in some of our Canticles, which, alas! had never sounded to me so beautiful. And especially would she dwell on words about the sea. "*Mare vidit et fugit*," she said. "Ah! Brother Lorenzo, when you have sailed as much as I, how wonderful will it appear to you that there is a Power that can quell the sea!" She spoke of my sailing; oh, if I could but thus sail with her for ever, I thought; but I said, "The old Greeks thought its power uncurbed; see the fair temple ashore, it was raised to the power of the sea that they called Poseidon, and invoked it, not its Maker and Ruler."

"Yes," said Hertha; "He who made it can rule it; but, in a way, every free spirit is stronger than the sea. Look at Thorstein, he fears it not—it can but drown him; and as he does not mind that when it comes, the worst storms do not trouble him. When I am afraid, I like to stand near him, though he believes in Fate only, hardly in an after life. However, he did say to me that if there were one, he thought the Christian Faith must point the way, for it spoke to all; whereas the Odin Valhalla was meant only for fighting men." And she went on with the first of many entreaties that I would speak to Thorstein of our

faith, while I felt for the first time a pang of that sinful hatred which later burned into my very soul.

It was a quiet sunny afternoon when I rowed ashore with Hertha and Thorstein. Within one of the great marble temples an awning was stretched over the green marble columns, and by Thorstein's orders large fires were blazing to destroy the foul air-poison that hung like a curse over the once beautiful city. It was mostly piles of ruins, roses and autumn flowers twining and growing over them, and laughing out of black vacant windows. But a few houses were inhabited, and by poor, pale, terrified people, serving our sailors with trembling fear. However, they had brought wine, and good beef in plenty was roasting at the fires.

"Swend and the lads have been scaring the folk out of their senses as usual," said Thorstein as we landed. "I must see that this beef and wine is not all *strand-hug*, if I have to quarrel with Swend about it; or perhaps I shall wait till he has drunk."

"Oh, wait," said Hertha hastily, while I asked what *strand-hug* meant.

"It means victualling the ship without paying," said Thorstein, "and used to be the custom everywhere at home, but now it is forbidden by law in Norway."

"Thorstein says it is one of the bad things that the New Faith has put down," said Hertha.

"I don't know about putting down," he answered, "as long as King Olaf thinks it may be used against any one in Norway who belongs to the old faith."

"Yes," she said, laying her hand on his arm, and smiling at him as I could not bear to see, "King Olaf is enough to make a brave man hold on to Odin against his heart's thoughts, and I, till I sailed south, never knew what the Christian religion was like, but I see now why most men of mark in Norway and Iceland have taken it."

Now we had reached Neptune's Temple, and Thorstein and the men were piling cushions between two columns for her to sit on; for all, unless perhaps Swend, treated her like a queen. Kolbiorn the Skald drew near with Thorstein and Swend, and reclined near her feet; a little way off sat Syades, half shown by the flaring fires that after sundown glowed more bright and ruddy on the noble lines of building. The men were busy preparing a great feast, and Astolfo, ever restless, had tucked up his

gown and was working with them, chatting with the Northmen, cheering the villagers, and finding unexpected stores of fruit and corn.

Meanwhile Hertha went on telling me of their former life, the others sometimes taking up the story. She told of the long winding sea-inlet that went deep into the heart of the mountains, of the great wooden hall that stood on the knoll by the shore, with the green grass round, and the clear water reflecting all in its depths in front; of the countless crowd of sea-birds that whirled round, and our own Italian birds which built their summer nests in those cool northern solitudes. She told of great shadowy pinewoods, and rocks like diamonds of never-melting ice, and of peaceful homes, where all men were free, brave, and happy, and had enough. But the king of the country had come preaching Christianity to the free inhabitants; and if any, as must happen among freemen, needed time even to ponder before he left the old faith of his fathers, then would King Olaf burn and slay without mercy. And so Hrolf her father found one day all his great houses and barns fired by the king's men, when he would not take Christianity only because Olaf commanded him; so he fitted out his Dragon ship and sailed away into far lands on a sea-roving expedition with his wife and son and daughter, not daring to leave any behind. Now Hrolf and his wife were dead, and their kinsman Thorstein's ship had been wrecked, so he had come on board theirs. "Now I have found Christianity quite other than I thought it, and at our last winter-quarters in Spain I took baptism with several more, and Thorstein thinks rather with me, and Swend and Kolbiorn too, I believe. So I think we might now go back to my dear Norway, where King Olaf would surely make an atonement and leave us in peace."

"No, no, lady," said Kolbiorn, "another gay southern winter must lie before us," and he broke into song, as often. Now, though I had a natural power of learning languages, much exercised in the cloister, I must here stop to say that but for much help in after times from Kolbiorn the Skald I could not have written so plainly what these talks were. Also he was most ready to help in translating into our vulgar tongue any of the little songs that seem the Norseman's natural way of speaking; not that this was easy, for he spoke in no such exact measure as the Latin tongue exacts, but rather chose

words for the beginning and end of his lines of the same sound, which I partly imitated in Italian. And this new form of poetry has now become well known and popular, so it is strange to think that it was brought from the far frozen North to our flowery land, the home of ancient song.¹ But the charm lay in the rich musical voice that, aided by lightly-touched strings, chanted the little song—

“Autumn wastes the southern bowers—
Autumn fades the summer flowers—
Autumn gives the storms dominion,
And our Dragon folds her pinion.
When the spring's blithe breeze is blowing,
And the swans are northward going,
And the chains of frost are breaking,
Then, from winter dreams awaking,
Shakes her wings and sallies forth
Our brave Dragon of the North.”

“Autumn does not destroy here as in most places,” said Thorstein, who stepped back from the outer darkness into the great circle of fire-light, his hands full of sweet roses and violets, which he tumbled into Hertha's lap. “Look at all these growing still about the ruins.”

Then I told how I had read in the old poems of Italy praises of the twice-blowing roses of Pæstum, and Hertha said, “You sing of them too, Kolbiorn; sing a little soft lay, and you shall have the best rose among them for a reward.”

At once Kolbiorn sang, and sweetly too—

“Every land has a spring rose,
When the meadows are flowery sweet,
And a thousand odorous blooms
Crush we under our careless feet;
But all praise to the roses here,
Roses flourishing twice a-year.

“Every life has a spring, love—
Spring for flowers, and love for youth;
Some can give, in their latter years,
Sweeter love, and of tenderer truth;
Praise to the love so rare and dear,
Roses flourishing twice a-year.”

¹ It is fair to say that though some authorities consider that Italian rhyme was first introduced in imitation of the songs of the Northmen, Trabocchi and others maintain that the Troubadours from Provence originated it. Should this be true, we can only suppose that they revived in the 12th century a form of poetry that had died out for a few years after the date of our story.

Sidelong his eye glanced at Thorstein, whose cheeks burned, while Hertha was seeking among her roses for the best as a guerdon, when Swend's harsh voice broke in.

"Love for youth! I should think so. Come young and old to food, to wine; that mind is the joy left to you greybeards, so come and enjoy it. The squirrel and the wolf may go a-wooing with grey hair because they never were brown, but no one else, my lads. Hear my song—a truer one than yours, my Kolbiorn." And he shouted out—

"The fox, the wolf, the dog, and the bear,
Went all to woo the little brown hare :
She said to the fox, ' You are rather small ; '
She said to the bear, ' You are much too tall ; '
She said to the dog, ' You are old and grey ; '
She said to the wolf, ' My love for aye. '
The dog is brave, but grey and old ;
The wolf, tho' grey, is young and bold ;
The old grey dog is king of the wood,
But the wolf is grey before he is good.

Sing me a song like that, Skald, while we eat—a true love-song, not that feigned rose nonsense borrowed from the weaklings of the land."

By this time the meat was being served to us who sat by Hertha on silver plates, with napkins,¹ while the men mostly gathered round the roasts and cut off pieces with their daggers.

"What a noisy fool that is!" whispered Astolfo, who was now sitting by me. "Though I hardly understand a word he says, I feel sure his talk is worth no more than the howling of our new red puppy at the moon. How ever comes he to have such a sea-nymph for a sister! And he is jealous too—jealous of Thorstein's power and Kolbiorn's singing. Watch him now," for Kolbiorn was preluding on the strings; and, not without mischief in his eye, soon he dashed into another song:—

¹ The manners of the early Northmen were more refined than is always realised, or indeed than those of some of their late descendants. Thus we read, in an almost contemporary Icelandic history, of how a chief, about this date, Brenner-Frost by name, if we remember rightly, on being served at dinner with an old ragged napkin, cut off a piece of the table-cloth to use instead, and handed it on to his men.

* New fly the frost-giants,
 Snow-drifts so hoary,
 Triumph the Summer gods,
 Spring is in Norway.
 Thora the white-handed
 Weeps by the Swan's bath ;*
 Odin's wood horses †
 Bear Eystein from Norway ;
 Birds on the rigging sing,
 ' Eystein loves Thora.'

" Warm over Valland,‡
 The summer sun, glowing,
 Flames on the corn land
 And broad river flowing ;
 Wander together there
 Hero and maiden ;
 How she clings weeping when
 His ship is laden ;
 Birds on the rigging sing,
 ' Eystein loves Laura.'

" Autumn in Italy,
 Fruit-laden, glorious,
 Froths up the wine-cup bright

For the victorious ;
 There, 'neath the treloed vine,
 Raven-haired Flora
 Smiles on the hero brave,
 Her Norse adorer.
 Birds on the rigging sing,
 ' Eystein loves Flora.'

" Storm on the hill-top,
 And snow in the doorway ;
 Few of the heroes
 Have won back to Norway ;
 Wrecked on the wintry way,
 Poor in their native bay—
 Still the birds sing their lay,
 Answers them Thora,
 ' Thou wind, inconstant, light,
 Blow back the hero bright ;
 See if they welcome thee—
 Laura and Flora '
 But when he crossed the sea,
 ' Whom I love, loves but me,'
 Laughing said Laura.
 ' Shall I be one of three ?'
 ' Never !' said Flora."

Peals of laughter answered this song, in which all joined but Swend, who began at last, with a face as red as his hair, " Why not! and why not, I say?"

" Why not, indeed," laughed Thorstein; " and then this is not Norway, and Ingeborg is not here, Thor and his hammer be praised for the din we have missed."

" And as for the birds," continued Swend, " I know very well what they mean, Master Skald; and for all you think me so stupid, perhaps I may be clever enough to wring *their* necks. Why should there be maidens in Valland and here too if one may not speak to them? and there are plenty in Valhalla, as we all know."

" So there are, my Swend," said Thorstein. " Cheer up; who knows but they may think more of you than those stupid mortal maidens who are so apt to listen to birds."

" Yes, that is true," said the chief thoughtfully; " and I don't know what much else there is in Valhalla, for the fighting must be rather dull when you know you are sure to win."

* Periphrasis for the sea.

† Periphrasis for ships.

‡ The coast of France between the Seine and the Loire.

"There is always beer," said Thorstein.

"Beer! I don't believe it; it must be a mistake; the runes must mean wine, the warm wines of Italy." By this time a good deal had gone down Swend's throat. "No, no, there is nothing but beer promised—so drink the wine while you may, Sea-king, only with the more moderation, as it is costly, and we have to pay for it."

"By all the gods of Asgaard, I am not going to pay; those slaves of the Greeks are bound to victual their lords." Swend was growing fierce and noisy, but at this moment a horse's feet were heard, and the challenge of our guards, and a horseman rode rapidly into the circle of light, and flung himself down. "Help for my Master," he said, in a Teutonic tongue, "who is sore beset in the village there by the sea—Agrapoli; he is a Norman knight, and they are all Saracens."

Some of our men were always armed, and Thorstein sprang up, and putting on his helmet, gave quick directions, then swung himself on the stranger's horse, and galloped off the way he had come. After him rushed a dozen men with Astolfo, who tucked up his gown and ran with the swiftest; others, who were left, gathered up their weapons, but Swend did not move.

"Hold hard, lads!" he shouted; "enough are gone to take a town, let us stay by the drink." Nor did Hertha seem disturbed, only she told her old carline Bergliot to get ready bowls of water and bandages, "for perhaps there may be wounds, and at least the men will want to wash their hands." This she did, grumbling that if ever they had a pleasant dinner ashore, their Loki-luck brought a fight in.

"Remember you are a Christian, and don't talk of Loki," said Hertha; but the old woman muttered on, that she did not know the saints by heart, so surely the old gods would do to swear by. The messenger, who was eating busily, now looked up and said—"So you are Christians; the fellows told us you were heathen vikings, but I was sure one Northman would stand by another against blue-men whatever their faith, so I came to you for help."

"I hope our help will come in time," said Hertha.

"Oh, plenty of time, lady; my master could fight that township all night, only it was poor hungry work. He is the Norman knight, Sir Rainulf from Valland. I am his shield-bearer, Ivar. We wander about doing good,

and getting into all sorts of mischief. We have been to Rome on pilgrimage, and now we go to the war at Monte Cassino, having been lately looking for a poisonous dragon,¹ said to infest the country; which, by good luck, we cannot find. As to the Saracen village, I asked my knight for his shield, meaning to ride quietly through with the cross turned inwards, but no; of course he must display it himself and get attacked. Numbers made the townsmen bold, so I thought it best to ride for it, and give the alarm here. I left him fighting in the street, but he will soon be here," he concluded with a long draught of wine; "he has Loki's own luck."

Bergliot stopped short by the man. "Surely by your speech," she said, "you must be from England?"

"From Hvytyb, dame, in Northumbria."

"And I too, I am from Northumbria," said the old woman, seizing both his hands. "Oh, how your voice calls back the old homestead! Would I were back again instead of tossing for ever on the weary sea!"

"Dame," said Ivar, "I feel like a bear that has found honey. I am as tired of riding about the world as you can be of sailing. Sit, sit, and let us talk."

"But you speak Norse," I said; "are you Norse also in England?"

"Yes, in Northumbria—all but the thralls of the land, and our king Knut rules Denmark as well as England," they answered; and then talked eagerly together. Norsemen in England, in France, in Italy, in the far East, Norsemen everywhere, and everywhere lords of the land. Were they not rather than we the true descendants of the conquering Romans, who used to rule the world? Were they not the bravest of men, the fairest and noblest of women, while we could but serve them, and perhaps die for them? So thought I till the horses' tramp was heard returning, and Thorstein appeared, and with him the first I ever saw of these Norman Frenchmen that are now lords of this land, and have just taken Sicily also. I thought, so would I carve St. Sebastian. His armour was beautifully wrought; his belt glittered with gems; the crest of his helmet was a falcon of gold, with drooping wings, and the head advancing in front. Beneath, the knight's face, straight in feature, like an old bas-relief, shaven to the thick moustache, looked out from under the steel edge, a

¹ This dragon is historical, as I need scarcely add is Sir Raimund.

little grave, but quick and eager. He was tall, slender, and strong, and reined in his horse with a grace that made our Thorstein look a little rough. Thorstein named him, and after a general salutation he sat down at the feet of Hertha.

"They gave little trouble," said Thorstein, who, like Sir Rainulf, was washing his hands; "I could not get at more than two of them to wound."

"No," said Rainulf, speaking Norse, but, as they told me, with a French mixture, "they never came well up to me either, only crowded up the way. I was half vexed with Ivar for calling help, yet glad to see you, sir."

Now the footmen came back, breathless with running only, for the village folk had not waited for them to come up. Among them Astolfo, who told me this with many regrets, and how Thorstein charged in on the mob, and scattered it in a moment; "and what think you of the dainty French knight? There he is at Hertha's feet already. Holy Mary! how they all worship her! I never knew women were so much thought of out in the world."

Rainulf turned very respectfully to Astolfo and said, "How swiftly you ran, holy father! Had I seen you were a cloister monk, I should have offered my horse. You came of course to tend the wounded?"

"Nay, my son," said Astolfo gravely, for he had his cowl on, "know that I, Brother Damasus, but for aspirations the world cannot satisfy, was born to bear arms, therefore I ran up so fast; yet let no man be uneasy about my safety, for had there been danger, the aspirations would have carried me as fast back again."

Rainulf looked hard at him. "Brother Damasus—I should know you surely, but yet it cannot be the same." Thorstein broke in, "One more song, Kolbiorn; a good one for our guest, and let him give the subject. What you love best, Sir Rainulf—a lady—your country—arms?"

"What I most desire is renown," said the Norman, "but let it be a song a Christian knight can hear."

"Renown then, Kolbiorn," said Thorstein, "the best of subjects, but without the old gods, and without Valhalla."

"And without beer, and without the swine that run about ready roasted for the hero-ghosts,—I understand," said Kolbiorn, and sang,

"O for the gift of a lasting fame !
 O for the joy of a glorious name !
 He who sleeps to wake no more,
 What to him are his steeds of pride,
 Flocks that feed along the shore,
 Herds that graze on the mountain-side ?
 What to him are his ships so fair,
 Fine white wool and corn in store,
 When with heavy tramp they bear
 Over the threshold of his door
 Him who shall return no more ?
 What are folk in gay carouse,
 Tender touch of wife and bairn,
 When away from the fire-lit house
 Snows are drifting round his cairn,
 And the wandering winds deplore
 Him who hears their wail no more ?

"Only this that the children tell,
 How the warrior strove so well,
 That the land is the brighter for him ;
 Oh may the earth rest lightly o'er him !
 Unforgotten and loved and sung,
 A light to guide the way of the young ;
 A fair renown is the gift we implore
 When we sleep to wake no more."

With this the evening ended ; some of us went back to the ship, some slept in the ruins ; and the next day we stood out of the bay with a fair wind, and sailed past Salerno.

E. J. O.

(*To be continued.*)

Miss Thackeray's Fairy Tales.

"People here, too, are people, and not as fairy-land creatures."

THERE are two ways open to greatness as a novelist. One to create a new style—to bring some ground into subjection to the pen ; the other to raise fresh crops from fields already cultivated. Writers who come under the first category can need little arithmetic or memory for their summing-up. Richardson's puppets—representatives of a single passion, but scarcely human beings, except in the name—are insipid to us, living in places

that were likewise but names. Scott's genius discovered that places might be made realities, and so vividly described them that they almost seemed to give life to his puppets. Thackeray and Dickens first put real human nature on paper, and the puppets disappear. Thackeray places human nature before us; Dickens paints its eccentricities. These four men appear to have brought all life under dominion of the pen, and it would seem as if there were no more unreclaimed land to fence in. It would seem that, for the future, novelists must be content to aim only to improve our cultivated land. And indeed there is plenty room for invention in this narrow sphere.

Miss Thackeray is a successful worker of this sort. But in addition she can claim the merit of a great invention—the combining of the modern novel with the fairy tale. “Pamela” and “Clarissa Harlowe” are tamer to us than the tamest of modern three-volume novels. They are buried in the foundations of the building that has risen upon them. But “Jack the Giant-Killer” and “Bluebeard” seem as if they would always flourish beside their modern congeners, like a grand old cathedral alongside of a pretty painted brick iron-pillared Dissenting chapel. Lewis Carrol struck a new chord when he gave us “Alice in Wonderland,” but she too soon had a host of imitators, who seemed bent on “draining the wells of fancy dry,” and never tried to sing a song of their own invention. Kingsley's “Water Babies” appeared about the same time as our friend “Alice,” and was another fresh breath from fairy-land. This last year has brought us to a new oasis in the desert, in the shape of Miss Thackeray's book, entitled “Bluebeard's Keys, and Other Stories,” a continuation of “Five Old Friends.” Alice the dream-child and Tom the water-baby, in “Friendly Chat with Bird and Beast,” took us with them to fairy-land, but Miss Thackeray has brought fairy-land to us. She has changed Bluebeard from an ogre into a morose, conscience-stricken Italian marquis of the present day, and Fatima into a merry Irish girl. Under her touch Jack's beans change into shares in a newspaper; and instead of, as of old, having to climb up the stalk to storm the giant's castle, our modern Jack reaches Sir George Gorges (his giant) by means of his articles in the “*Excelsior*”—the newspaper he took shares in.

There are the same fairy tales that delighted our childhood, in "Five Old Friends" and "Bluebeard's Keys"—the same plot, if it may so be called; but fairy princes and princesses have changed into people whom we know and meet in every-day life. Miss Thackeray tells us in the introduction to the "Sleeping Beauty," that after reading some of the fairy tales which have charmed so many generations of children, she wonders how it is that these old stories outlive all newer rivals, and keep their place on the nursery book-shelves. How is it, she asks, that the princes and princesses never grow any older, their castles fall to ruin or need repairs? How do their dresses, including the memorable seven-leagued boots, never wear out? How is it that "Cinderella," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," "Prince Riquet," and a host more of "old friends," always remain young? The Hatter in "Wonderland," as every one knows, quarrelled with Time; and that functionary, being offended, stopped at six o'clock, and refused to "move on." Six o'clock was the Hatter's tea hour, and as the clock always pointed to six, tea-time went on for ever with the Hatter. Perhaps in the fairy tales we speak of, the children fought with Time, and he, refusing to move on, left them for ever in the nursery?

H., Miss Thackeray's friend (or rather Miss Williamson, as she calls herself in her writings), suggests that the fairy princesses are to be met with among our own acquaintances, and their history is the history of common mortals; therefore the old tales have held their own through all these years, because they assume the character of many friends we know. Then, as H. and Miss Thackeray sit by the fire, they count up who amongst their own acquaintances would suit the characters of the heroes and heroines of fairy literature. Cecilia Lulworth is transformed into the Sleeping Beauty; Cinderella we learn to love anew as Ella Ashford; Little Red Riding Hood, tramping cheerfully through the wood to her grandmother's, is changed into pretty Patty Maynard, and the Wolf is her cousin Rémé; Jack the Giant-Killer is a brave young clergyman, who fights against a giant that lives in foul sewers, and from there comes out to pounce on his prey.

Along with "Bluebeard's Keys" we have "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," "Riquet à la Houppé," and the "White Cat." The second of these is certainly the most difficult tale to

work out, and, when done, the most ingenious. Cinderellas we often see, and Sleeping Beauties too, and many fierce Bluebeards march through the world; but who now-a-days knows a Jack who climbed up a bean-stalk till he reached the giant's castle? Miss Thackeray tells of one who lived or lives in our own time, stormed the giant's castle, carried away the hen that laid the golden eggs, and the golden harp, in the shape of the giant's daughter. With much ingenuity she keeps to the well-known features of our old friend. The widow, the cow, and all are there; yet she brings them in so ingeniously that they seem to belong to the new face, although they help to recall the features of a long-forgotten friend. Hans Lefevre is Miss Thackeray's Jack. He is the son of a farmer, who died when Hans was about seventeen, leaving behind him also his widow, Hans' mother. After the farmer's death things go wrong at the farm. Sir George Gorges, the squire, is the modern ogre. He keeps a lease that Lefevre got from him, and pretending that this lease is lost, takes some valuable lands from Hans and his mother. Jack loses all interest in the farm. He sees it cannot pay without the marsh-lands that the greedy ogre has stolen from him. The cow has at last to be sold. Hans takes it to the market, and with the money he gets for it is tempted to buy shares in a local Radical newspaper—so the cow of old is sold for what appear at first sight worthless modern beans. His mother upbraids him for this seemingly foolish squandering of their money, but the investment turns out to be a profitable one. He makes his first visit to the giant's castle on the newspaper business, and bears away with him the hen that laid the golden eggs in the shape of the recovered lease of the marsh-lands, which makes the farm profitable. He carries it away when Sir George Gorges has fallen into a drunken sleep, like the ogre of old. The widow thinks now that Hans will settle to work quietly, and the farm will pay as it did in his father's time. But it is not so. Jack has seen Lina Gorges, the golden harp of Miss Thackeray's tale, and longs to possess it too. Some parliamentary business in connection with the "Excelsior" leads him again to the giant's castle. Lina is standing at one of the windows, with the golden sunlight streaming down on her. He persuades her to fly with him; Lina nearly consents, but does not like to leave the ogre (her father); and as Hans carries her off she cries, as the golden harp

did, "Papa, Papa!" The giant wakens, and while pursuing them falls against the window ledge and never recovers from the blow; and Jack transports his golden-haired bride to his mother's house.

Miss Thackeray's power does not alone lie in her portrayal of characters, but their surroundings as well. So powerful is her rendering, that we do not merely say coldly, "This is a vivid and truthful picture, but we insensibly breathe as we read the very atmosphere of the place described," says the *Times* in regard to the landscape-painting in her "Village on the Cliff," and it applies to her fairy tales as well. In them we have pictures of quiet English life, and of sleepy English villages, of shady Fontainebleau, and breezy Normandy; or, as in "Riquet à la Houppe," we lose our way, like Sylvia, in a Swiss pine forest, forgetful of everything while listening to the torrent roaring through the "green mossy glen," and watching the "shifting sunlight" shining on Mont Blanc. So vividly are all the varying scenes painted that we feel as if we had a change of air with each new story. In "Bluebeard" we are carried over the Alps to Rome itself, and see across "walled gardens and stone yards, beyond the spires and domes of the great city to the greatest dome of all, that rises like a cloud against the Campagna." We see the old palaces by moonlight as well as sunlight. We enter St. Peter's, where "dim columns stretch far away in fire and cloud to other shrines and saints, and far lights burn through a silent haze." We come out again into the glare of a "dazzling Italian day," where we meet a quaint band of Roman peasants tramping through the streets on their way to the country, and two little Italian children dance before us, and lift up "their soft monkey hands" for the silver coin that is held out for them; then they caper away with the prize to their "beautiful Albinian mother, who sits watching them, with her chin resting on her hands, and a great basket of violets shining at her feet." With many like pictures Miss Thackeray illustrates her tales, and no enchanted scenes in the fairy tales of old were more enchanting than these with which Miss Thackeray strews her stories.

Though the main features of these fairy tales are quite original, we can trace in all Miss Thackeray's stories a slight likeness to her father. No two people in this world were, are, or ever will be, exactly alike.

Wendall Holmes, in his "Guardian Angel," shows how the features, temper, or some trait of character, after lying dormant for generations, will be produced in some far-off descendant. It may be only a glance, a turn of the head, an inflection of the voice, but these features we have inherited from many different sources. We catch in Miss Thackeray's writings a mere glimpse occasionally that reminds us of some of her father's. The likeness between Thackeray and his daughter is slight certainly, but she has the same knack of giving her characters ingenious and appropriate names, and of writing as if all the people in her tales were her intimate friends, and she or rather Miss Williamson were constantly moving behind the scenes, as Pendennis and Titmarsh did in her father's works; like him, she never ends a story sadly, but only lets the curtain drop when all is in a fair way to finish off agreeably. In her remodelled fairy tales it can scarcely be otherwise, for you know how all the old friends ended, do you not? You remember how "they married and lived happily ever afterwards," as surely as they opened with "once upon a time"? Perhaps Miss Thackeray has refrained from modernising the best known and loved tale of nursery literature, the "Babes in the Wood," as she could not break through her usual rule and let the curtain drop on a murder. Perhaps it is an inherited dislike to have a dismal ending, for none of Thackeray's conclude except in sunshine. In his unfinished "Shabby-Genteel Story" it seemed as if at one time he would wander away from his usual path, for he says, "it was to have a melancholy ending—for how should it have been gay? The tale was interrupted at a sad period of the writer's own life. The colours are long since dry; the artist's hand is changed." But he could not leave so. He took up his palette and brush, after letting them lie for so many long years; and in "Philip" we again hear of Caroline Gann, the little Cinderella of the "Shabby-Genteel Story."

Miss Thackeray resembles her father, too, in the way she fills in the background of her stories with people to whom she has introduced us before, and who, though we may only see them in the distance, interest us far more than if the said background were filled in with new characters. For instance, in "Pendennis" we feel more interest in George Warrington when we know he is a descendant of Harry Esmond and the elder Virginiana,

and in the "Adventures of Philip" we meet a group of old acquaintances.

All Miss Thackeray's tales begin with an introduction by Miss Williamson, who with "Friend H." and her grandchildren we meet sometimes by their own fireside, where once they are disturbed by the Beast in the shape of Guy Griffiths. Sometimes they are visiting at Lulworth Hall. Again we join them in the "Normandy Curé's Garden," where they meet the White Cat, and pass a summer at Fontainebleau, and we are introduced to Red Riding Hood, her grandmother, and the wolf.

This happy idea of filling in their stories with old familiar faces is a very pleasant Thackeresque feature. Listen to one who is famed for telling good stories, and you will find he doubly interests his hearers by making the actors in his tale be people whom his audience already know. The Thackerays knew how to tell their stories well—knew how to keep up the attention of their readers by this trick. They knew how much pleasanter it is when ushered into a drawing-room, where you expect to meet only strange faces, to find some friend whom you thought you would never see again. You have only a few minutes' conversation with them, but in that time you recall many pleasant memories. I am glad Miss Thackeray has inherited this capacity from her father, for it gives to all her stories, as it did to his novels, not only a deeper interest, but also feeds the idea that their characters are real men and women, and not merely players got up to strut through their parts; and when the show is over, to use Thackeray's own words, we say, "Let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Miss Thackeray is fond of giving her characters appropriate and suggestive names, as her father had also a knack of doing. We remember his Lady Bareacres, "Lord Methuselah," Lady Moses, and the Honourable Misses D'Arc, "Lord Magnus Charteris, son of the Earl of Runnymede," and a host more that crop up all through his works. His daughter in her stories has tried to keep to the fairy-tale names as much as possible, without bringing in any far-fetched title that we should not expect to hear now-a-days. Cinderella would not do for a modern tale, so the two first syllables are cut off, and Ella remains. Still Miss Thackeray was not satisfied, but remembering how her heroine was associated

with a desolate fire, she has surnamed her *Ashford*. "The White Cat" is *Blanche*, *Bluebeard* is *Barbi*, and *Tom Ricket's* princess, whom he twice met wandering in a "weird fantastic forrest," is appropriately designated *Sylvia*. The names in the "*Sleeping Beauty*" all recall a sense of peaceful drowsiness, as for instance *Cecilia's* surname of *Lulworth*; and her aunt, who hovers about like a good old fairy, is *Mrs. Dormer*. Did *Miss Thackeray* intentionally call her "*Sleeping Beauty*" *Cecilia*, a name signifying blind,¹ so that when *Prince Frank the Free* kissed his cousin, he should open her eyes?

Little of *Thackeray's* sarcasm appears in his daughter's works, but once or twice we have a passage in which it seems that *Miss Thackeray* has taken up her father's pen. The description of *Mrs. de Travers* in "*Bluebeard*" is one example. How she pinches, starves, and slaves "to keep up appearances." How she grows suddenly affectionate to her before-despised daughter *Fanny* when she becomes engaged to the rich *Bluebeard*; how she revels in her daughter's prospective riches; and how she talks on every available opportunity of her father-in-law *Lord Tortillon*! On *Mrs. Ashford*, *Cinderella's* step-mother, *Miss Thackeray* again lavishes some of her father's sarcasm.

When you have read her stories, you will find that, besides renewing your acquaintance with the old tales of your childhood, you have also learnt to love a host of new faces who will be companions for you in the long winter evenings. You will always be glad to take them down from their shelf and trace in them the likeness to the "Five Old Friends" of nursery days, while the jingling of "*Bluebeard's Keys*" will play a pleasant accompaniment.

E. V. LYNNE.

Bunny's Paradise.

WORRY Loquitur.

THIS world's a pleasant place enough,
But might be much improved,
If all that I find hard or rough
Could be at once removed.

¹ *Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names."*

If little dogs were kings indeed,
Served faithfully by man,
Whose office is to tend and feed
The Dandie Dinmont clan ;

If all the whips were snapt and burnt,
Save one which should be kept
Till fellows like old Punch have learnt
To treat me with respect ;
If all the chains and collars tight
Were cast into the sea,
Save Punch's, when he wants to bite,
And grinds his teeth at me ;

If all the great big dogs that growl,
And roll me with their paws,
Were soon taught manners, made to howl,
And sentenced by the laws ;
If they were fed on barley meal
(And not too much of that !) ;
It makes me shudder when I feel
Their rude familiar pat ;

If I could run about all day,
Without a call or frown,
And make the whiskered cat my prey,
And hunt the rabbit down ;
If I, returning from the chase,
Bespattered o'er with mire,
Could take my seat without disgrace
Before a blazing fire ;

If there were always some one by
To let me out and in,
To rub my little waistcoat dry,
And make no useless din ;
If I could eat my supper there,
Outspread upon the rug ;—
(A fireside nook with dainty fare
Is exquisitely snug !)

If chickens had four gizzards each,
If curries were unknown,
Mustard and pepper out of reach,
And sauces let alone ;

If biscuits every day were baked,
Quite thin and crisp and sweet,
The cook's full credit being staked
On what *I* choose to eat;
If rich pound-cake were on the shelf,
Close by the water-bowl,
And I could always help myself
Without the least control;
If scents, and salts, and snuff, and smoke,
Could be abolished quite,
And I were free from any yoke
To roam by day or night;
If it were never broiling hot,
And never freezing cold;
If I could regulate my lot,
And keep from growing old;
If all the world were made for *me*,
And Puppy were its king,
I have no doubt that it would be
A very perfect thing.

ESTELLE.

Merburga of Chester.

CHAPTER III.

"My children," the speaker said, "in these times of devious thought and untamed imagination, where can we find a safer guide than music? Beautiful as she is, she allows herself no undue liberty on that account, but remains true to the laws that are fixed, as it were, by eternal decrees, for her guidance. Follow a phrase, or a series of phrases, in music; trace the many voices of the fugue, or the polyphony of perfect orchestration; stop at any note; instead of being confused, perplexed, disappointed, you may, if your soul be in harmony with the piece, return by a simple act of memory or of progression to the key-note, and all may be resolved into a fitting close.

"How sad it is when an artist, be he poet or musician, descends from his elevation, loses the key-note of his art, his inspiration, and becomes a mere copyist! The poet

becomes a mere writer of rhymes, the artist a sign-painter, the musician exchanges harmony for noise. Yet the poet, even should he remain a poet, is prone to wander from his theme into inextricable mazes of tangled fancies; and where is the key-note that, once struck, shall restore the theme to his memory? He may find it after a painful search; but in music, it is written legibly on the laws of the art, from which it is inalienable.

"So, too, with the life of man. That, my children, is the noblest life which has its key-note always at hand, always lending a double grace and a double euphony to every passage. 'Tell me the key-note, and I will tell you whether the phrasing is true or false,' said the great Sebastian to an aspiring young composer. And thus, tell me the key-note of your life; only then can I tell you whether your actions bear a true or a false relation to it. Ah, my children! what a pain must it be to ears used to the harmony of perfect life, to hear the discords of false sciences and philosophies that are clanging all around us! You and I, who are musicians, know that ere we write a piece of music we must know the key-note; but these philosophers have begun to frame their theories without knowing it, and expect that it will come quite naturally into its place at the close. Is not this an unwarrantable conclusion? Or if they have a key-note, it is a changeable one, which they place first high and then low, to suit the mood of their variable caprice. The true theory of the universe seems yet far away from them; may they find it at some period!

"But while they are waging war about words and things out in the cold discordant world, we have our little realm in peace. My children, let us dwell within it. How perfect is music! In her dominion there is neither summer nor winter; she is uniform, yet never tedious. And she is not more perfect in temperament than in constitution. Strength and sweetness, love and logic, science and art, dwell with her in perfectly equal proportions. Does feeling fly with her even to supernal heights, and then look around for some standard by which to test the straightness of its flight? Her exquisitely framed laws at once yield an unfailing standard, according to every note its value and its position, with regard to the whole. Where is the earthly empire that has dealt as justly by its subjects as music by the members that constitute her being? Again, does she wish to show her strength, and

by a series of resonant chords, bold leaps, abrupt movements, to assert her supremacy, and show her perfect knowledge of law by her ease in obeying it? Is feeling then appealed to, that she may sanction that which law seems proud to own? Feeling will then glory in a result by which the duality of science and art is merged into perfect unity, and by which the two are bound together by a tie so indissoluble that it seems to have existed from the very beginning of time."

She ceased speaking, and while the chorister boys were rising from their seats and proceeding to remove their white garments, she turned and saw Randall, who remained fixed to the spot, gazing at her. He suddenly became aware of the intentness of his gaze, and the unwarrantableness of his position; and, colouring deeply, he rose from his seat, bowed very low, and said in a faltering voice, "Pray forgive me; I was looking for some friends; the voice attracted me, and I could not——"

"Ah! do not apologise," said the fair lecturer, the shade of embarrassment she had felt giving way to sympathy with Randall; "our lessons are seldom honoured by the presence of visitors."

Charmed with her frank civility, Randall ventured to raise his eyes to her face, and he saw there a look of such ineffable good-humour, mingled with a degree of roguishness, that he could hardly believe the utterer of the sublime thoughts he had heard and the woman now before him to be the same person.

"You are a stranger in Chester?" she asked.

"Yes, and I had agreed to meet some friends here at four o'clock."

"Four o'clock! and it is now half-past five."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Randall, in dismay. "Ah! could you direct me to the school of Miss Langley?"

"Certainly I can, as I go there myself every day; it is one of the nicest old houses in Chester, near the bridge."

"Many thanks," said Randall, and with a low bow he hastened away from one who was now inseparably associated in his mind with the patron saint of Chester.

Miss Langley lived in one of the oldest houses in Chester. It was a house which might be said to be in its prime; old enough to have acquired the habit of being comfortable, and yet not old enough to have begun to lose it. It had a tiled roof; and its gable, which faced the street, was decorated with fine old wood carving. Randall, now

on his way thither, had no difficulty in finding the house, as his asking the way to it had been merely a saying something without knowing very well what he said. So new to him had been the glimpse he had obtained of the "power of harmony"¹ to lighten the "burthen of the mystery," that all save the speaker and the words spoken had retired into a dim background in his mind.

On reaching the abode of Miss Langley, he was shown into a parlour, pervaded by a subdued and softened light. The window, to shut out from view the row of dingy houses behind, was composed of small square panes of Belgian glass of various greenish tints, which, looked at through an imaginative medium, might give a vague idea of green fields far away, giving balmy rest to weary eyes that gaze often on stone walls. A few paintings which hung round the room increased the effect of cheerfulness. Very soon Miss Langley appeared, a tall elderly woman, with a benign smile and piercing grey eyes. She shook hands emphatically with Randall, and bade him be seated.

The poet Shelley has somewhere remarked that the love of things, such as plants, birds, or even ornaments, comes to us only as a substitute for some human love which we have lacked or lost. Hence it must be that lonely human beings have often such an inordinate love of things. Yet of such beings there are many who, instead of subsiding into the love of things and possessions of their own, are ever seeking to glean scraps of affection from the harvest-fields of others. Family affection is imperfect at its best, and constantly leaves something undone, some want unministered to, some feeling unsympathised with. Miss Langley, in her school, in all her dealings with her fellow-men, had ever sought for stray tasks like these, and had performed them with unflagging zeal. Friends of her own she had, whom it was to her a second nature to love and to esteem. But her charity was extended not only to these, but to all indiscriminately; and this it was which gave to her manner something mechanical and even spasmodic, something almost of the quality of a charitable machine, which distributes acts of kindness in a regular and systematic way, with or without any feeling to prompt them. Not that Miss Langley had any formed intention of acting in this automatal way; she only exemplified the fact that

¹ See Wordsworth "Tintern Abbey."

let the benevolent say what they will, it is impossible for even the largest human heart to contain all its fellow-creatures and continue to act naturally at the same time.

"I am very sorry indeed that your mamma has left," she said to Randall, bending her head with a jerky benignity; "she left this house with your sister some time ago, expecting to meet you at the Cathedral. But you do look so tired; allow me to order some refreshment."

This was not unwelcome to Randall, who had eaten nothing all day. He faintly thanked Miss Langley as she rang the bell, and felt inwardly grateful to her for continuing to talk to him without expecting a reply.

"You will rejoice to see your sister again, and so much improved; perhaps I ought not to say so, but, you understand, she is not under my tuition. Her French and music are all that I could wish, but English! I despair of finding a good master for English; the excellent one I had has been ordered to the south of France in bad health, and I fear he will never return."

"I am afraid I do not know of any," said Randall, in a voice so low and altered that Miss Langley started and looked at him keenly.

"Overwork?" said Miss Langley, in a grave voice.

"No, not that," said Randall; "rather the reverse."

A servant now entered with refreshments for Randall. "I fear you have had a very exhausting college session," said Miss Langley, looking sympathetically at Randall's pale face.

"Oh, no, I have not been at college at all; it is only the exhaustion of to-day."

"But you will certainly go there soon, for I hear you are to be a clergyman."

"Who can have told you that?" said Randall, starting back with an amazed look; "it is the very last profession I should choose."

"Ah, poor lad!" said Miss Langley, in her most soothing tones; "come, I did not mean to vex you. But let me tell you, you will find enough of difficulties in life without making them for yourself; a few years hence you will know what real struggles are. I know some even younger than you who are already fighting the battle manfully. For instance, there is Mademoiselle de Rehmar, or simply Werburga, as she is usually styled."

Here Randall started and reddened involuntarily. Miss Langley continued:—"Werburga de Rehmar has had a

hard life for one of her rank and prospects. She lives here with her father, a German baron, who has lost all his property in some unaccountable way. His wife was a native of these parts, and when, not long after their marriage, she fell into delicate health, he brought her to reside here, as she earnestly desired to do. Their daughter was born here, and, by her mother's wish, was named after the patron saint of Chester. The mother died soon after, and poverty for the baron and his daughter seemed to follow close upon this bereavement. Werburga can have no recollection of the elegant mansion, about two miles from Chester, where she spent the first year of her life. All her memories are centred in a humble dwelling on the southern wall of the town. The Baron de Rehmar is a literary man, who has distinguished himself more particularly in scientific pursuits. He was naturally anxious that his daughter should be well educated, and while he taught her all the solid branches himself, he sent her for accomplishments to my school. I could not avoid seeing that even this was a great tax on his resources, but my offer to take her at a more moderate charge only hurt his pride. Then the child herself came to me; I shall never forget her earnest look that day, the air of determination, almost bordering on pride, with which she said, 'Miss Langley, I will willingly teach in your school all that I already know, if you will only allow me to have lessons in piano and singing in return.' I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead; I was too much overcome to speak. Since that day we have been fast friends. I could not but marvel at her father permitting her to take this step, but she has such a winning way that no one can refuse her anything."

"And does she still give lessons here?" said Randall, with an almost vain effort to steady his voice.

"Yes," answered Miss Langley, "she has made herself quite necessary to me; I tremble to think what the school would be without her. She has even taken the place of my English master for the last three months, teaching so efficiently that the class is even more advanced than it usually is at this stage. And all this in addition to her choir duties at the Cathedral, her acting as amanuensis to her father, besides her other lessons here."

"She will break down soon," said Randall; "all this is too much for a young girl."

"That is what I fear also," said Miss Langley. "And

besides, her poor father is far from strong, and will in course of time, I fear, require all her attention. Her own character, too, gives me some anxiety. If she has any fault, it is that of caprice. Like many geniuses, she does things from impulse, and begins to work with an ardour which cannot possibly last to the end."

"It is to be hoped that you may ere long find another teacher of English," said Randall. "You may rest assured that I shall do my best to find one for you."

Miss Langley was pleased, and even a little surprised, at Randall's eagerness to assist her; but she connected it with no other idea than that of obliging civility on his part.

"I shall take the stage-coach at seven," he said, rising to take leave. Miss Langley bade him a gracious adieu, and he began his homeward journey with a mind full of new thoughts and new plans, occasioned by the events of the day.

Squire Trevor, in the meantime, in whom consideration for his horses was at all times a ruling motive, had not suffered them to remain standing at the door of the Cathedral for more than a quarter of an hour after the time appointed. During that brief space, however, he had contrived to show Mrs. Holme and her daughter some of the beauties of the Cathedral, which he was quite sure they had never remarked before. Standing beneath one of the pillars of the nave-aisles, he said, "You see how Gothic architecture carries us back to nature. The principle of the tree-stem unfolding into branches is by it invariably followed. In these pillars you observe broad mouldings, whether round or square; follow any one of these mouldings up beyond the capital, every one is there developed into three or more delicate branches, which of themselves are sufficient to form a diagonal or a cross-vaulting in the roof. We have thus the principle of a great spreading tree in this the purest of all styles of architecture. For a contrast to this, let me lead you for a moment to the cloisters." On reaching the cloisters, Trevor, with a wave of the hand meant to include their whole range of vision, said, "Here we have the lapse of the early English into the perpendicular, one of the steps towards the growing utilitarianism of modern days." Mrs. Holme, observing that the roofs of the cloisters were tiled, ventured to ask the age of the tiles. "Ah! that is a minor matter," answered Trevor; "tiles can be put on

any day; they have nothing material to do with the style of the cloisters generally. Those thin mouldings, and alternated piers and buttresses, tell of degenerate days, when British architecture began to lose the simple sublimity of the Gothic, and to choose ornament for its own sake."

Malvina Holme, though much impressed by Trevor's remarks, was in too excited a state to receive them thoroughly into her mind. The events of the day were unusual to her, as they broke the routine to which, as a school-girl, she had of late been accustomed. And her excitement was not altogether of a joyous nature; though pleased to return home, she had some cause for regret in leaving Chester. Malvina was a tall brunette, with sparkling eyes, and hair with a ripple in it. When she spoke and smiled, something of the freshness of a spring day seemed to hover about her; she was not a creature meant to grieve often or long; her disposition was too passive, and possibly too phlegmatic for that. Neither brilliant nor clever in the ordinary sense of these words, she yet had a wonderful capacity for learning by means of the affections. But even in affection she was passive, and rather accepted friendship than sought it for herself. With this passiveness, her nature had in it something plastic, which caused it to be easily moulded by those whom she loved. And now there was beginning to dawn within her some sense of the lofty and beautiful in life, which was in part a reproduction of the ideas and dreamy aspirations of Werburga de Rehmar. Unperceived by her companions, she stole round to the north-eastern angle of the cloisters; for was not all this place sacred to Werburga, and might she not here for a few moments dream of the living friend who seemed to her so much greater a saint than the ancient Saxon foundress of the abbey? On the northern walk of the cloisters, where the shadows were already creeping up the wall, she paused at a rustic seat which was a favourite haunt of her friend's. Here the young lover of nature and art had planted a beautiful white jasmine, which had twined itself round the framework of the seat, bespangling it with star-like flowers, and had begun to creep up the old sandstone wall. The little white flowers looked kindly at Malvina, and she thought they breathed the name of her friend. Presently they all turned, as if blown in one direction; a door opened close at hand, and Werburga entered and stood beside her. As Squire Trevor, very

soon after, was re-entering the Cathedral, he glanced into that dim recess, and saw two women in pale-coloured dresses clasped in each other's arms. Malvina's face, as she rejoined her friends, bore the traces of tears, and the face of Trevor was pale and almost stern as he seated himself in the carriage with Mrs. Holme and Malvina, and ordered the coachman to drive to the White House, near Glanhafon.

Mrs. Holme was profuse in her apologies for Randall's non-appearance, and even felt some anxiety about him; but Trevor seemed to think nothing of it, and was certain he would arrive at home that evening. The bright mood of the morning seemed for the time to have forsaken Trevor. A few monosyllabic remarks were all he uttered for the first few miles. The soft evening air had meanwhile soothed the spirit of Malvina, and with the volatility of youth she exchanged her feelings of regret for bright dreams of the future.

"Mamma," she said at last in a half whisper, "it would be delightful if you would invite Werburga to spend the holidays with us; she lives in such a small house, quite alone with her father, and is not going away at all."

"I should be glad to give you pleasure, my dear, and to do her a kindness; but tell me, Malvina, is she not a strong-minded person—one of those modern platform women of whom I have such a horror? It would break my heart if my dear girl were to become one of these."

"No indeed, mamma, she is best loved among women; and that, Miss Langley tells us, is a sure sign that there is nothing manly in her character."

"I will think of it, my dear; but remember, if she does come, I shall not encourage forwardness, but always call her Mademoiselle; and you, I hope, will do the same."

This dialogue had been carried on in low tones to avoid disturbing Trevor. It seemed, however, as if he had heard some not unwelcome news, for the expression of his face at once became more cheerful. He had not left Chester to-day without a keen pang of disappointment. The visit had been one of many, which, from mere visits of business, had grown into visits of business and pleasure combined. In Baron de Rehmar, as a contributor to a leading scientific journal, he had found a kindred spirit. He had introduced himself to him at first as a reader of the journal, and one anxious for enlightenment. The shy student, charmed by the genial frankness of Trevor, had met with favour his advances to intimacy, and spent

many hours in earnest discussion with him. The society of the daughter had, on these occasions, not been wanting, to listen to the talk, and to charm its intervals with music. To-day Trevor had found the daughter alone; she had sung to him, had talked with enthusiasm about music. On Rehmar's return from a special engagement, Trevor had expressed to him a wish, long cherished by him, he said, that he and his daughter should come to Glanhafon on a visit. To his amazement, the Baron had declined at once, decidedly, and without giving any reason. Trevor tried to think that the daughter looked disappointed; and on leaving the house, the pang he felt had revealed to him, that till now he had not known what those visits had been to him. But he was in the habit of working off such feelings by diverting his attention to something else; and he had at present floating in his brain a scheme which he longed to carry out, and which occupied a large space in his *El Dorado* of fancied bliss. The conversation he had overheard between Malvina and her mother threw a ray of brightness into his thoughts of the future, and imparted indirectly an increased definiteness to the mode of operations which he was endeavouring to mature in his mind.

PROCLA.

(*To be continued.*)



Balgon Days.

AN ANCIENT FAIRY-TALE.

"Blending of waters and of winds together,
Winds that were wild, and waters that were free."

—F. W. H. MYERS.

"I LOVE everything that's old!" says Goldsmith—"old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." And I venture to add to his list, old tales. Have you ever lifted the cover of an old-fashioned jar, where some ancient dame has stored up her rose-leaves, and stirring about among them, wondered at the marvellous sweetness bottled up so long in the ugly old receptacle? Just such a faint fragrant perfume of the past clings about some of the old-world stories: they have a dainty aroma of their own, pleasant even to our fastidious senses now-a-days. Here is one of the prettiest among them.

Once upon a time, long years ago, there lived in

Greece, ruler over the Trachinian country, a king named Ceyx. He and his queen Alcyone kept court at Trachis, their rocky capital, upon the shores of the Malian Gulf, close under the shadow of Ceta, the noble mountain robed in pine and oak.

Dark and sombre were the pine-groves upon Ceta; sullen was the sound of the waters upon the Malian strand; but blithe and unshadowed was Trachis, and the palace which was the home of this royal pair, for it had everything which could give it sunshine—love. No portraits of Alcyone have come down to us, but there can be no possible doubt but that she was fair—as a fairy-tale heroine ought to be; and as for her husband Ceyx, I am sure he was valiant and hero-like, for when for the first time there came a cloud to dim their wedded happiness, he behaved as a brave man should.

The sorrow was no great thing, only the necessity of a brief separation while Ceyx made a voyage across the sea to consult the oracle at Claros,—yet it cost Alcyone many bitter tears. She had a coward fear of the sea, which was unreasonable; for seeing it was so near a neighbour, she might as well have lived on friendly terms with it. Many and many attempts did she make to dissuade Ceyx from his purpose; and it is a marvel he resisted, seeing how eloquent were the words, how sweet and pretty the caresses, which were her weightiest arguments. Nevertheless Ceyx, smiling down at her from the height of his hero-stature, which made those two standing together seem as Ceta beside Trachis, held his own valiantly, and would not yield.

Then she changed her pleadings to tearful prayers, that she might at least go with him across that grand fearful sea which was her ever-present terror. But he, though his heart was all the time yearning to grant her petition, still denied himself, and, harder, her.

"Beloved!" he cried, "all things else will I share with thee; but danger, never!"

And so with a long embrace he put her from him, and departed alone.

Long now and desolate were the days to the grieving Alcyone; wakeful were the nights spent in longings for the absent; dreary her morning watch and evening vigil, as she strained her eyes to scan the far horizon for her lord's long-tarrying sail. But at last one evening the Queen's heavy-lidded eyes, weary with grieving, closed tired out upon her pale cheek; whereupon her maidens

bore her to her couch, and rejoicing, left her to slumber, lulled by the croon of waves upon the shore.

Then night—like a mother darkening the room, that her child may sleep the sounder—came and drew a curtain over all the land, and over the world of waters; yes! and with finger on her lip hushed the disturbing earth-voices only the sea still murmured on the shore.

Alcyone slept.

Slept! not knowing the long-watched-for sail had hovered in sight at last, and that Ceyx could already discern the faint far-off beacon-light which burned by day and by night upon the heights of Trachis. Slept! not knowing of the clouds driving fiercely over the firmament; of the stars veiled in awful blackness; of winds that rose sighing and sobbing; of waves that beat madly on a rocky shore.

But as she slept the dream-spirits hovered round her couch. A vision rose before her. She saw as in waking hours the waste of waters; the crested waves tossing and foaming; but oh! a helpless ship struggled in their grasp—a Laocoon done to death by cruellest serpents; and on the ship's deck stood a gallant hero facing death, with eyes fixed upon the shore!

Then the moon glided from behind a cloud, and its pale light gleamed upon the hero's face. At that sight a great cry burst from Alcyone, and with the cry she awoke.

Oh! how the winds rushed wailing through the pine groves! Oh! how the waves broke sobbing on the shore!

In the drear grey dawn, dim and mysterious as the twilight of a dream, a woman glided with swift steps out from the palace portals, down through drowsy Trachis, down, still down towards the rocky Malian strand. Alcyone! oh! never surely Alcyone the happy wife, this desolate mourner, with bended head and despairing eyes!

She had wept when Ceyx bade her farewell, but now there was no tear in her eye as she gathered her robes around her and went to meet her sorrow.

No sleeper roused for her faint footfall, but as she passed, the pines upon Ceta's friendly mountain were stirred with pity and murmured among themselves: "Alas! he comes no more!" And the river Sperchius, rushing to the sea, babbled sorrowfully, "He comes no more!" And every wave which broke upon the strand

echoed and re-echoed in its falling, "He comes no more!"

Alcyone heard, and her desponding heart caught and repeated like the refrain of a song, "He comes no more, no more!"

For in those days mortals understood the language of Nature, with its many different dialects of tree and bird and flower. Ears not deafened by meaner voices listened reverently to hers, and in their very love grew to comprehend more of her than we can ever do. Eyes not blinded by the greed of gold—by hard, practical, unworthy aims—were clear to dive into her treasures; and many a pretty conceit, and many a tender secret, did Nature, the great mother, whisper to men.

And now, oh! sorrowful Queen, avert your eyes, for you have gained the shore at last, where the treacherous sea comes fawning to kiss your feet, while the winds touch soothingly your golden hair. But what is this dark burden the sea bears upon its heaving breast? A storm-tossed form, with streaming hair, drifting ever nearer and nearer—now upborne by the swelling billows, now sinking low into deep wave-furrows. The Queen's wistful gaze, fixed ever seaward, notes it at once, and a shriek of anguish breaks from her pale lips.

O immortals! whose serene eyes look ever down from tranquil heights upon human grief and human struggle, look now, and have pity! Let that cry reach your ears!

Alcyone stretches out yearning hands towards this precious *flotsam* coming back to her embrace the wave stirs the hair upon the noble brow, ah! so like life! It seems to her as if the still white face were only waiting her welcome to kindle into smiles as in other happy home-comings, and with a mad loving impulse the desolate wife casts herself upon the waters to clasp her husband Ah! the passionless souls enthroned upon Olympus are touched at last! One puts forth a transforming hand, and lo! in the caress Alcyone and Ceyx, mortal no more, are changed into Halcyons, and hover together, once more united tender lovers, above the restless waves. They have done with grieving now.

Alcyone's raiment is a shining plumage of feathers, more lovely than any royal robe, yes! even in a fairy tale! Touching and beautiful to see is her care for her mate, as in age or sickness she upholds his feeble flight: wonderful too are the songs she sings him, poised lightly on the summer wave. But pleasantest of all must it be to watch her and the descendants who bear her name in

mid-winter days, when they make their nests upon the waters and brood over their young, for then the repentant sea, grieving for its victims, calms its restlessness for their sweet sake; the winds hold their breath, and sailors sail fearlessly, for no tempests threaten in the Halcyon days.

This is the legend of Alcyone: as true perhaps as most other fairy tales. One thing I know for certain: All that is noblest in Alcyone—her love, her tenderness, her faithful self-devotion—these at least are immortal, and ride for ever unchanging upon the waves of time.

And even in these far-off days, whenever we mortals on our way through life reach fair havens where for a time storms are hushed and every wind is tempered, remembering Ceyx and his faithful wife, we turn to one another and say, rejoicing,

"These are Halcyon Days!"

GRATIA.



OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Maid of Killeena. By WILLIAM BLACK.
Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

THIS is a pleasant book to take up when you wish to pass an agreeable hour or two. It is not a long-drawn-out three-volumed novel, but a group of short tales, each a pleasant study by itself. In the *Maid of Killeena* Mr. Black takes us up to the Western Islands, where we make the acquaintance of Ailasa Macdonald, a second "Princess of Thule," and in it we are regaled with pleasant pictures of wild coast scenery and the simple manners of the islanders. In the other tales we hear again of Tita, with whom we shared "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" a few summers ago. From the bleak coast that surrounds Killeena we are taken to the Black Forest, where we see how Queen Tita won her wager. Then we are told of the legend of the Billiard Club, in which our old friend Belle, who sang so sweetly in that long drive from London to Edinburgh of the "North Countree," plays an important part. "The Fight for a Wife" is the most amusing and the best written of these tales; and no one, I am sure, will grudge the time spent in reading this novelette, in which Mr. Black gives us so much fresh air and beautiful and varying scenery.

Our Last Musical Season.

It is now twelve years ago or more that we passed for the first time a winter in Edinburgh, fresh from a German provincial town, and with our minds well stored with the music given at its winter concerts. Had we then been asked to give a sketch of the Edinburgh Musical Season, the task would have been far easier than now, when, on our return to this town, we remark an extraordinary progress in all matters relating to the "ideal art which underlies the rest." Some German friends were here at that earlier time, and it is much to say that the romantic halo, compiled of Scott's Novels, Queen Mary's History, and Mendelssohn's *Isles of Fingal*, through which they had viewed all things Scotch, suffered no serious diminution through contact with reality. However, as regards our music, they were critical, not to say heretical. "You told us this was a musical country," they used to say reproachfully; "there seems to be only untutored melody, never sung in harmony by the people as with us; and if in chorus, with only the variations produced by half the voices being flat. Some of the airs are pretty, but you do not surely ground an assertion that the nation is musical on the raw material, the simple national songs found in many, especially mountainous countries; as the Swiss 'Jodel' songs, or the Tyrolese melodies, or the Muleteer Songs of Spain, which belong to nations who have done next to nothing in musical art. Your songs have certainly brightness of colour and a charmingly characteristic rhythm, and last and chiefly, capital words whether tender, humorous, or martial; words that no doubt have preserved you from the miserable vulgar trash in vogue among the English populace, who seem chiefly to enjoy a debased form of comic song; and yet," these misbelievers would continue, "music has been cultivated as an art in England as never in Scotland; there is a school of good and characteristic English Church music; and the English Madrigals are as delightful as original in style, only for some inscrutable reason the English people no longer sing them."

Any good Scotswomen may supply our indignant defence of the general superiority of Scotland, and our strong assertion that there was, as we do thoroughly

believe, a great deal of genuine, if latent, musical taste in the country; and the end used often to be that the Germans would remark mischievously, that as music in its highest development, the Orchestral Symphony, was apparently not to be heard in Edinburgh, no one could say whether we had strong musical susceptibilities or not, "pure music" being to us an unknown art. And when we thought of the twenty winter orchestral concerts, the daily band, the *Gesangvereins*, and cheap available opera at the above-mentioned German city, we had a suspicion that they were not quite wrong.

In those days we had here in Edinburgh, for about a month, a very fair opera company, the singers repeating some of their songs in the Music Hall, chiefly for the benefit of those who thought it wrong to listen to them in the theatre. The Choral Union, or some such society, gave occasionally an oratorio; Mr. Halle had begun his charming pianoforte recitals to small audiences in the now extinct Hopetoun Rooms; there was sometimes a very creditable chamber concert, and some very good, and a good deal of very indifferent, solo and part singing in private houses, which we only allude to as showing that then as now in our society there was a good deal of interest shown in music. There was also the "Vocal Association," a too small but otherwise good amateur choral society. Concerts of "Scotch songs" were of course not wanting, and we think this is a fair summary of our musical season at that time; we can recall no orchestral concerts, certainly an adequate orchestra was a thing unheard. What a change we have now to record! We have had this year about a dozen orchestral concerts, an advance which speaks for itself; Mr. Halle and Herr von Bülow have given the one three, the other two crowded recitals; the Professor of Music has given fortnightly organ recitals; there have been three or four so-called "Opera concerts," several oratorios, about ten operas with stars, and a few "chamber concerts." Here is, comparatively speaking, quite a feast of music; let us go a little into details about the bills of fare and the guests.

To begin with the highest music. A wandering orchestra, chiefly engaged in London, has given in Edinburgh, conjointly with Glasgow and other towns, a series of winter concerts; our share being eight, of which two were choral—namely, the ever-fresh and too seldom heard

"Seasons" of Haydn, and Benedict's picturesque if not solemn or dignified oratorio of "St. Peter." Of the latter we think it may be said that the secular music, such as the charming fisherman's chorus and storm on the lake, is more successful than the sacred parts. The other six nights we had genuine orchestral concerts, generally aided by one singer; the programmes were excellent, and once we had an opportunity of seeing Herr von Bülow as conductor, a post in which he is considered to excel, and also of hearing him in a *Concerto*, a never-to-be-forgotten treat. This concert was the best of the series, for it may be said that although the orchestra included many excellent players, it was numerically thin, and sometimes a little wanting in unity and vigour. The performance of the different numbers was seldom perhaps beyond criticism, if not sometimes faulty. It was, however, a great treat to hear so much well-selected music, even if the rendering were not always perfect.

Quite otherwise was it with the three concerts of the (Reid) Festival, conducted by Mr. Halle, when the fulness and roundness of tone produced by an adequate number of *performers*, and the perfection of the *ensemble* brought about by a sufficient number of *performances*, whether in rehearsal or not, causing the whole splendid body of sound to move like the keys of a piano under the complete control of a single intelligence, were perhaps all the more deliciously satisfying from contrast with less first-rate renderings. The light and shade, the exquisite pianissimos, the fine readings of the music, made these concerts, for those who care for pure music, a full and unalloyed delight. The programmes, too, full of good things new and old, were as satisfactory as the rest. It will be long ere we can forget the playing of Beethoven's Second Symphony, and the "Athalie" Overture at the Reid Concert, and the way the orchestra acquitted itself in Schubert's tender Symphony, or the splendour of the wind instruments in the *Rienzi* Overture. Madame Norman Neruda lent her assistance to these charming concerts, also appearing at Mr. Halle's Recitals. These, in their own line, were thoroughly good, perhaps more enjoyed than the orchestra by those who from circumstances confine themselves almost entirely to the study of pianoforte music; and besides that ever-bright and constant star, we had this year the meteor-like effulgence of Herr Hans Von Bülow darting across our

horizon; or, in ordinary language, three performances by a pianist with exceptional genius and a bent towards the most modern school of music, who, by the enthusiasm which possesses him, has a tendency to carry his hearers off with him in a whirl of sympathetic emotion. If Halle is a faultless guide and sound musician, Von Bulow is a magician, wild, original, and wayward. An imitator of the latter might probably land in eccentricity without genius. But we are tired of the comparisons between these two great performers which have been so rife of late; both are consummate artists, and to be included among the first pianists of the age; would only that we could hear them both weekly give their different readings of the same music!

If Herr von Bulow had here probably the coldest audiences he ever met with, it must have been consolatory for him to have found them among the most crowded; and at his last recital his reception was less chilling, though it did not depart far from the traditional Edinburgh immobility. We fear this well-known characteristic is not here entirely due to critical acumen, for it is often the least artistic number of a programme which most rouses the applauding part of the audience; but partly proceeds from that undemonstrative national character which makes it difficult to train a lowland Scottish child to say "Thank you," and partly from real slowness of musical perception. However, we generally pay to music here the "great homage of silence;" and as it is most cultivated by the ladies, perhaps the applause is no fair criterion of the appreciation of our audiences.

On another point we think our musical critics are hard upon us, in blaming as they do that rush to the doors of the Music Hall before the end of a concert, which, to on-lookers and would-be listeners, no doubt, seems most ill-bred and selfish. But the hall itself, and the awkward arrangements connected with it, is, after all, the great cause of this: many less pretty halls there may be, many far worse for sound, but a more thoroughly uncomfortable one for the audience it would be hard to find in a great city. The so-called "Reserved seats," where one's chance is taken among thirteen numbers, are mere upright, hard, divided benches; and should the room be full, they are so jammed together that it is fortunate if the bench in front does not cut against the knees of the people in the row behind; while the ventilation is so

imperfect, that no wonder if, at the end of a long full concert, the one idea of every man, woman, and child present, is to escape down the staircase to air and freedom of limb, while five minutes' start upstairs gives a quarter of an hour's advantage by escaping the jam at the doors.

But, allowing for all drawbacks, our audiences are growing more appreciative; musical culture is much more diffused, even among men, than formerly. Witness the good work performed by the "Sacred Harmonic Society" and the "Amateur Orchestral Society," and the evident interest which University students take in music, by no means of the most obvious kind, some of it, of the highest artistic character, performed by the Professor of Music at his organ recitals. These given once a fortnight on an organ of rare beauty and power, especially in the sweetness of its softer stops and the richness and depth of its bass, have done much to familiarise the students, to whom they are open, and the other invited hearers, with the best music. As so many of the audience consist of young men at the impressionable age, it is difficult to over-estimate their power in waking up a knowledge of and taste for really fine music among those of the hearers who have natural gifts, which in former days would probably have remained uncultivated. As it is, the University Amateur Society has just given us quite one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season, the students sustaining the choral parts with great spirit and good taste, an excellent orchestra, remarkably well conducted by Professor Oakeley, giving us specimens from the three greatest orchestral writers, and the whole concert having a kind of appropriate youthful gaiety and dash.

The so-called "Opera Concerts," consisting generally of hackneyed songs taken out of operas, deprived of their dramatic surroundings and orchestral accompaniments, we think please rather less than formerly—a sign of growing taste, partly due, no doubt, to the spirited protests which have here, in the cause of Art, been frequently made against them. They have the one advantage of allowing singers to display their voices with the least possible trouble to themselves, and at the least possible expense to the concert-giver, for almost the same programme is generally repeated at all the provincial music halls where they appear, and the so-called "conductor" accompanies on a piano. When we

remember what a number of admirable songs, written for the concert-room by the first masters, are neglected by those excellent singers, who give us merely disjointed operatic fragments, or an occasional ballad, apt to be of very poor quality, we confess that such entertainments become not only dull but tantalising. It is different at the Opera, where we have opportunities of hearing solo-singers of such excellence as to make us overlook, it must be owned, the very low standard, thought good enough for us, attained by orchestra, chorus, and scenic arrangements. Indeed, we can enjoy the performances of solo-singers more thoroughly in a small house, where every note and gesture tells, than in a vast space like Covent Garden Theatre. We certainly have seldom any novelty given us, and the last one, the "Talismano," cannot be counted as a success. No wonder the British public is anxious for the new sensation of a "Wagner" Opera.

The position of this master has been so much discussed here of late, that we venture, with much diffidence, as writing of a question on which there is division in some sections of the musical world, to make a few observations, the results of our own experience. People who are not inclined to allow the extraordinary claims of his great admirers, who call him the Weber of the age for instance—we have, indeed, heard him mentioned in the same breath with a far greater name—should not, therefore, be characterised as "not liking Wagner." There is so much we do like in his music. For instance, the first time of hearing the "Tannhäuser Overture," we were carried away by it. Afterwards, as with the "Overture to Guillaume Tell," its charms certainly diminished, perhaps from the mind being stimulated by imitations of natural sounds, or other not legitimate means, which delight more at first hearing than on repetition. Doubtless Wagner wields that mighty instrument, the modern orchestra, with great skill, and gives us lovely snatches of melody. All allow that he is a very clever man, though the self-satisfaction which mars his writing about his own music makes one suspect that it is talent rather than genius that he possesses; or if the latter, that it finds its vocation in poetry rather than in music. But before he can be ranked among the chief musicians, let him produce a symphony, or some other sustained musical work in which the music does not lean upon the drama. At present, as his admirers also say, we can only really hear him in opera. But we went to a

splendid opera-house in Munich, where everything is done to enhance effect and promote illusion. Wonderful scenery, with the costly effects of a modern pantomime, crowds of well-trained actors on the stage, real horses probably, or real swans—everything real, or, as they say technically, practicable, that can be; exquisite dresses, first-rate ballet; and like a serving-maid, assisting all this, music, which cannot be accused of thrusting itself into prominence, or in any way existing for itself—music quite subordinate, often vague, and often dull.

The followers of Wagner tell us nothing can be more unnatural than people in an opera breaking into a trio or quartette in the midst of an anxious situation: granted, but the musical drama is and must be mixed art, which permits neither art to attain its highest development. Wagner does not get rid of the absurdity, for in a desperate situation people do not even sing recitative to a full orchestra; on the contrary, we think that by subordinating the music he weakens it, so that it cannot wing us across the non-natural conditions by its own force. Take, let us say, the opening Drinking Chorus of *Robert Le Diable*; without scenery, words, and singers, it is still on the piano highly suggestive of a warlike carousal. It is significant that the words are, as far as we have seen, printed with the extracts made from Wagner's operas for the piano, and very necessary they seem generally, to show even his admirers what they are to see in the music. In fact, while other musicians lean more on the music in opera, Wagner leans more on drama and scenic effect. This may have its advantages, and be a most interesting variety of opera, but we confess we do not see in it the elements of a great discovery or a great revolution. We believe that the *highest* music can never be *equally* linked to the drama, far less subordinate to it; it is and ought to be too absorbing; it soars on its own path too high to be fettered by any necessities or laws other than its own, which it is not profane to call divine. Again, the noblest dramatic art needs no aid from music; would the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius gain by Wagner's setting it to the orchestra? Also the noblest painting can never be scene-painting. After all, suppose this stupendous modern drama of all the arts to be achieved by means of enormous outlay and trouble (no cheap joy for the million this), does it not appeal more to the lower

faculties than the pure arts do? Is there not something of the painted statue, of the wax-work about it—something like giving Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" with scenic illustrations, which has absolutely been attempted, leaving as little as possible to the imagination, and ending by cloying it, as too well-made toys do the children, who often prefer something suggestive, which excites rather than satiates the fancy? It must be conceded, however, that Wagner's operas always charm more or less from their poetry and beautiful orchestration; and we hear with consternation that "Lohengrin" is to be disguised in the conventional Italian garb in London this year. A translation, especially into Italian, can never render justly its mystical German charm. However, as the author has permitted it in Italy, perhaps he will also suffer it here.

But we must hurry from this long digression to a close; it will, we hope, be excused on the plea that it is difficult now to speak about the music anywhere without some allusion to Wagner.

Space will not permit us to tell of the pleasant chamber concerts, usually assisted by the Dreschler-Hamilton family (for we have already been crowded out of the April number of this select Magazine, and our words must be few enough to suit May), nor, indeed, will time, as some of these concerts are, as we write, yet to come. Otherwise our musical season may be considered as over, and we think we may congratulate ourselves, in spite of some drawbacks which it is only honest to notice, on its having been the most brilliant and satisfactory ever enjoyed by Edinburgh. "OUR NOTE-BOOK."

A Highland Spring.

ON gleaming loch and homestead grey
The mighty hills look down;
Stern is their aspect, and their peaks
In sombre outline frown.

No blade of grass as yet has sprung,
The sheep may crop in vain;
Each heathery brow, so dark and dead,
Might never flush again.

Those rocky ribs of granite grey,
How scarred and seamed their face,
Where winter tempests sweep, and streams
Dash down at headlong pace!

O lonely Bens, so old and hoar,
Go veil your brows in gloom,
For brooding mists and warring winds
Are yours by ancient doom.

What share is yours in all the stir
Of wakening life and power,
The sweet new life that thrills the earth
Now in spring's choicest hour?

For, lo! what wealth of bud and leaf
Hath burst from every tree;
The larches lead the joyous dance,
With birches waving free!

The plane, a leafy mass of shade,
Dreams of the summer heat;
The cherry blossoms fall, alas!
Too swiftly at our feet.

How gay the beeches' tender green,
And bronze the oak-leaf's hue!
In masses bright, the golden gorse
Lends richness to the view.

Plaintive and sweet from woodland boughs,
I hear the cuckoo's note,
Or brooding now o'er glimmering seas,
Its echoes seem to float.

Yon pearly sky of clearest blue
Looks down upon the lake,
Which straightway dimples into smiles
As dancing ripples break.

Sleeping and waking—death and life,
A contrast old as Time;
Yet ever new, and welcome still
As in Earth's vernal prime.

Then hail the genial influence
That steals through heart and brain;
That sings of youth, and hope, and love,
Till we too join the strain!

END.

The Dragon of the North.**CHAPTER V.**

"There now to him who sails

Under the shore, a few white villages,
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
And glittering through their lemon groves, announce
The region of Amalfi; then, half fallen,
A lonely watch tower on the precipice,
Their ancient land-mark, comes."—ROGER'S *Italy*.

HIGH on the hill-top were the great castle and the little township of Asile, where the Lady Valeria now lived, and watched day by day the dangers that beset her. She was heiress of great lands, but powerless to help herself; and her vassals, headed by the old Seneschal, Fazio di Forli, only cared that she should ally herself with one strong enough to protect them from Greek, Saracen, or Norse plunderers. Swend the Viking had tracked her out, and might, unless, as her people wished, she yielded peaceably to marriage with him, besiege and plunder the castle. Pandulf, the Lord of Capua, dared not protect her if he would; and also he and his brother Atenolf, Abbot of Monte Cassino, were known as treacherous even beyond the wont of the Greeks. Her wealth and her beauty were all dangers the more to her; and so the little lady, surrounded by her maidens, gazed with a heavy heart on the deep-blue sea below where the Dragon ship glittered, with many a sparkle reflected from flashing steel or burnished gold. Almost she wished that she had never been taken from the quiet convent in the cathedral city (where she had lived since, many years ago, the Saracens had taken the castle and killed her father), and reinstated in her rights by the Normans. Four years ago, a few of them, not more than forty warriors, had landed on these shores. They were Christian Normans from Valland, and were returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. So fearless were they, and withal so powerful, that men wondered if perhaps the warrior angels inspired and led them. Thousands of Saracens were at that time on the coast, demanding as usual great treasure from the inhabitants as ransom for their lives. The Castle of Asile was then one of their principal strongholds; below it they were wont to land,

there the leaders lodged, and the country all round swarmed with the turbaned warriors. But the forty Northmen from France cried shame on the trembling inhabitants; they caused the men of the cathedral city to arm, and led them themselves to victory: these forty had cleared the coast, and retaken the castle, and driven the Saracen army with great slaughter into the sea; and then, refusing all reward for their combats in the cause of Christendom, they had sailed back to Normandy. But more Normans had been invited by the inhabitants to protect them from the fury of the Saracens and the bad government of the Greeks, and several had come, Osmund and his brothers, Rainulf and others; and though in the previous year they and their ally Drogo had been overpowered by the great army of the Byzantine Emperor, and Drogo had lately been betrayed by the treacherous Abbot of Monte Cassino, and executed, yet the rumour had arisen that again the Normans were coming in force, and, aided by the army of Henry the Latin Emperor, would give order and peace to the distracted land.

The old seneschal, Fazio di Forli, stood by his lady, all in black velvet and gold chains, but pacing uneasily, and twisting his hands, as he said, "If I might but say your ladyship would marry the Norseman, willingly would I go on board."

"Say nothing," said Valeria, "except that I will see the Benedictine monks they have brought to confer with me this very afternoon. Oh! if I could but escape and hide among the ruins, they would never find me."

"Lady, lady, that would be worst of all; they would seize the castle, and us, and me, and torment me to tell where you were! and if, perhaps, I could not! Oh! holy St. Agata."

"You should not know, cowards that you all are," and she flung herself weeping on the cushions, crying out that there was neither faith nor manhood left in the land.

So we thought too, when an hour later old Fazio and his servants stood on our deck, bowing and cringing to Swend, and assuring him there would be no difficulty about the marriage, if only Swend would be baptised; yes, on the very morning of the wedding.

Our ship lay close under the great mountain cliffs that here dip straight down into the clear sea, which has washed and fretted away the red rocks at their base into

deep caverns and winding archways, where you could see the water lapping in a purple shadow, and hear the song of waves that had wandered far from the light, and were feeling round the dim hollows within, once the abode, as the old poets tell, of the witching sirens. Flowers and wild vines clung to the crevices of the rocks above, and wherever a little soil could lie, there, golden in fruit and green in foliage, stood the orange and citron trees, and their sweet scent was wafted down to us. A little fishing village was nestled among the rocks like a cluster of martins' nests; and on one side, where the great purple hills receded from the shore, you could see the white domes and spires of the cathedral city glittering round the sweep of a wide bay. In the sleepy noonday glow the Northmen lay about under the awnings, or lounged over the bulwarks, languid and silent beyond their wont, save some who swam sportively about the rocks and caverns. Swend did not rise from his cushion on the deck as he asked if Valeria had sent him a token as he expected. No, Fazio had brought him no token; the *illustrissimo* knew what ladies were, seeming averse to marriage, even when they wished it; but her vassals would see the contract fulfilled; where could they find a nobler lord, a braver protector? "Your excellency," he whined, as Swend looked fierce, "we are all your servants; if she should run away, we would find and restore her; oh! be not wroth with us."

"You will gain here a fine following of true hearts, as the cook said of the rats," said Thorstein. "Why, Swend, I would rather be lord of Westmansei, where all the people are gulls and rabbits, than live with this hare-hearted folk; let us send the monks to hear what the lady really says." And as Astolfo and I moved to go, "Say we will take her castle if she will not take me!" shouted Swend. "But no," added Thorstein as we went over the side, "as they are coming to blows at Gaeta, we must not be tangled in a fight with our allies instead of our foes. Let us just hear the answer."

So Astolfo and I were soon riding on mules with the old Fazio up a steep rocky path close by a foaming torrent, till in about an hour we had reached the gate of a strong and lordly castle. Passing through various courts and corridors, we gained a little room with small windows looking seaward, and there sat the little lady Valeria on piled-up cushions of richest embroidery left by the

Saracens. She seemed to me an elfish little creature, whose large dark eyes had a half-tender, half-artful look, whose every movement was as graceful as a bird; but in sooth her aspect and talk moved me as little as a bird's fluttering and twittering. Astolfo seemed quite at his ease as she bowed and said to him, "Holy father, or rather," with a little laugh, "Reverend brother, you come as an envoy from Swend the northern sea-king?"

"Rather, lady," he answered, "from Herser Thorstein, and I must ask to speak with you alone."

The attendants withdrew, and he continued, "As I come from him, you know already that it is not to treat of your marriage with Swend, but of helping you to avoid it, that I come to speak."

"I know, I know," and she clasped her little hands eagerly; "when Thorstein came here, something in his face made me cling to his knees and implore him to rescue me and my people from the red Swend. Then he said, Tell him to bring a priest to treat with you, and to promise he will take baptism. Thus we shall gain time, and very likely he may refuse; and, at all events, the priests will be on your side, and they have much power. And will *you* be on my side?" Her black eyes grew soft as she turned them on Astolfo, who threw himself at her feet.

"On your side, yes, heart, soul, and sword, and all I have."

"Reverend brother!" said the lady, starting up.

"No brother, but a novice who will never be a monk, whose heart and arm are all yours, whether you deign to glance at him or not. Yes, lady, Thorstein has told me all, and how Swend has a haughty wife in Norway; and he bids me tell you to refuse bravely this marriage; at the very worst he will himself quarrel with Swend in your defence, though he would be loath to challenge his kinsman; but he thinks in a few days Swend will care less for the alliance, as other things are going to happen, and all will go well. The Neustrian Normans will soon, he thinks, establish such law along this coast that the land will have peace beneath their sway."

The lady was, I could see, very timid, but Astolfo greatly assured her; and bidding her fear nothing, we took our leave, and were soon speeding together on foot down the mountain path. Two well-mounted horsemen hustled past us suddenly at a narrow turn—they were

Rainulf and his squire. He saluted us, and turned again from above. I seem now to see him, the evening sun shining full on him as he rose out of the shadowy ravine, glancing on the ripple of his armour and the gay blazon of his shield, and on his earnest, beautiful face. "Brother Damasus," he said, "tell Thorstein I am going to offer the lady Valeria my help," and turned and rode on.

"Meddling peacock," said Astolfo, and went on with the endless talk about the fair Valeria, which he had kept up the whole way, I heeding him as much as I did the torrent which brawled down alongside. But he roused me at last by saying, "And what plan can Thorstein have? the men love him, and many hate red Swend; could we not stir up a tumult and take away Swend's command? Thorstein could marry the girl his sister—I see he likes her, the ship would be her dower, and that madman put out of the way."

"Thorstein is too honest for such treachery; Hertha would never consent, and I," I said, half choked with wrath, "would fly to Swend and warn him, should you wish to carry out the plot."

"My Renzo, why so hot?" he laughed; "a comrade's chatter is not a plot. Has red Swend won your heart, or is it the stout-armed yellow-haired Hertha?"

I shut my lips tight to keep back an answer, and felt the days were gone far away when Astolfo and I were friends who shared all thoughts; but he was, as ever, frank and gay, and talked on merrily till we came down to the edge of the sea. Here, on a long strip of level sand between the high rocks and the sea, many of our men were exercising themselves by throwing spears. Midway between ship and shore floated Hertha's little skiff, a purple shadow on the emerald sea; a loose, dark cloak fell about her, and her braceleted arms gleamed white as she leant on the oars, and her golden hair seemed to reflect the glitter of the evening sky. As we appeared she shot under the shadow of the ship; Thorstein swung himself down into the boat, and she rowed him ashore. After a minute's talk low with Astolfo, he continued aloud, "Yes, father, have a fling with the spears if you will, only you must get rid of the monk's frock," and he pulled off Astolfo's silken robe, and there stood the goodly youth in his jerkin as comely as any around. "Thanks, Thorstein, for helping in very deed to unfrock me," he said, "for I am not going back again when this

business is over; indeed, I have just been thinking why should I not woo Valeria for myself—what say you?"

"That you are a brisk man, and a Lombard, so not far removed from our race; but you must learn to protect a lady before you wed her, so come to the spears."

"Astolfo," I broke in, "remember who you are, a poor Benedictine novice; how can you hope to win a lady with castles and lands?"

"Who am I? Lord Astolfo of Borca," he said, with angry mettle—"a match in nobility for any lady in the land, for all that I have been washing floors and carrying wood for a swarm of peasant monks till they have forgotten it. Dear Renzo," he went on in a softer tone, "be not vexed; but you peasants can never tell how hard that service is to gentlemen; and I could not please them either,—it was all rebukes and the discipline; but now, *eviva la guerra, viva Valeria!*" and he tossed a spear high in the air and caught it again. Thorstein laughed as he said, "You must be one of us; but as to work, we say in Norway, the freeman does with one hand what the thrall does with two. It is not idleness that makes a free lord, but being his own master, doing what he thinks right, and fearing neither foe nor fate." And they went to the spear-throwing and left me alone feeling I was not one of them. But then a soft voice sounded near, "Come, Fra Lorenzo, and let us watch the casting," said Hertha; and the spell was round me again, and I stood by her in perfect happiness, seeing what marvels Thorstein could do with the spears that seemed, when cast from his hand, to have a life of their own like birds, and alight just where he willed it, while Astolfo proved an apt pupil. Anon Swend came striding hastily up, and asked what news from Valeria. And when Astolfo stood forth and said frankly that she refused to have him, I saw, indeed, it was well he had not Damasus to deal with. For he flashed into wild fury; he seized Astolfo by the collar and shook him violently—"And you dare to bring this message!" he shouted.

"I dare all things in their right places," said Astolfo, steadily, while Thorstein tore them apart; but he could not prevent Swend from levelling the spear he carried at Astolfo, while he shouted, "Then die, thou false messenger!" Our novice faced him and never blenched—it saved him, for Swend, lowering the spear, turned next on Thorstein. "Thou here, as ever, thwarting! this must have an end."

"A bad end, kinsman," said Thorstein. "What now? turning on a monk with a message. If you must fight, challenge Rainulf; he has given the protection of our friends to lady and castle; he is one of the forty who saved the land; he is an excellent fighter; he would give you glory or death."

"Kinsman, ay, you remind me of that, but you may strain the bond too far; at least, my lads," and Swend turned to the men, "you shall get plunder in that castle to-morrow."

"An ill way that with a worse end, as the salmon said of the net," answered Thorstein, "so we should be counted pirates by the men we came to aid!"

I saw, meanwhile, with terror, how Swend still fingered his spear; his red hair stood up round his purple face, he looked like a wild mad bull. Right in front stood Thorstein, not touching him now, but watching, with his hand slipping towards his sword hilt. All the men gazed anxiously and silently, and I saw how they feared Swend, if they did not love him; and in another moment the storm must have burst, when Syades glided up and whispered in Swend's ear. He gained his attention, for the Viking turned slowly away with him, and the danger was passed for the time.

The men began to talk and laugh again as if nothing strange had happened, only Astolfo muttered between his teeth, "If I could but fight him, I would give ten years of life to fight him." Now the stars were coming out all over the deep-blue sky, and men began to turn shipwards. Hertha, who walked with Thorstein, turned and said, "Come with us, Fra Lorenzo;" but he added carelessly, "Oh, there will be plenty of boats." And so they passed on together and the others went also, till I found myself left alone. I was too restless to follow, but kept wandering up and down in the starlit darkness between the wild rocks near the cavern and the little fishing village that lay all asleep half a mile down the coast. A white church gleamed on a little hillock at the entrance, and I mounted to it. Midnight was past, and the door was locked. Had the church been open, that might not have happened which did happen, for then I sorely longed to kneel at the altar, and feel round me again the holy presence which nerves to duty and self-renunciation. But it was shut, and I sat without in body as in mind among the chill graveyard crosses thinking of Hertha with a kind of wild possession,

as if my whole being had but one goal. Hertha—Hertha to be mine for all time, now and always. But, oh! good heavens—what could I do! If I broke from the cloister, what was I but a nameless beggar, not even trained to the arms which might win her, my sea-princess? And yet I felt she liked to have me near her, and her last word, *vieni*, sang sweetly in my heart. As I thus thought, the voices of two fishermen moving towards the boats came up to me. “And why does Fra Lucio stand up there always grinning unburied among the skulls?” “Because he was a saint, and the people still like to see him.”

“Then would I not be a saint for the night wind to whistle among my poor dry bones. Nay, and they say he walks; he is somewhat restless for a saint; perhaps he seeks now some of the good things he threw away in life.”

“Hush, blaspheme not the saints. Holy Virgin! what is that?—the cowed shadow near the mortuary,” and their voices died into terrified whispers, and their steps were lost in the distance, while I, the shadow, gazed into the mortuary near which I stood. Within the grating I could just discern the glimmer of skulls and bones, and a dark figure standing upright in a corner. All the joys of life he had laid down before he had joined that grisly company. Oh, why? Why not enjoy life, and love, and sunshine, and beauty before the dry, desolate end? As I dreamt on, I was aware of one beside me, and saw it was Syades the Saracen. “The night is cold,” he said; “autumn draws on apace, and a heavy heart chills even a young frame. See, I read your heart, and I can cure its pain, only trust me and follow me.”

Now I trusted him not, but yet I followed him.

E. J. O.

(To be continued.)

Literary Merit tested by Popularity.

It is said that the Welsh Bards laid down, as a rule, one thousand years ago, that every composition should be for the increase of delight, the increase of understanding, or the increase of goodness. There could hardly be worthier motives for writing, and it would be well if all authors would bear them in mind, especially in these later days,

when of making many books there is no end; and it would be well also if the world could summarily get rid of works which flagrantly violate those principles. In the following brief consideration of whether an author's popularity can be taken as affording any proof of his literary excellence, we shall, I think, find the old Welsh principles of composition of some use in forming a judgment. First of all, what do we mean by popularity? Speaking roughly and generally, I suppose we mean a certain appreciation or recognition of merit called forth by some persons or things in the minds of the many, felt by the greater number almost instinctively, and often subject to no rules or due to any causes which can be assigned with distinctness by those who feel it. Some kinds of admiration are valuable because we know that they can only proceed from a trained eye and intelligence; the excellence which calls such admiration forth is below the surface, and cannot be found except by those who know how to look for it. This is necessarily the admiration of the few, and is confined to a limited circle. But excellence connected with the hopes and fears, joys and griefs, strength and weakness of ordinary human nature, appeals to a very much wider one, and if we find in any writer a power of touching those chords, and a response true and clear from many hearts, I think we must acknowledge in him the hand of a master of his art, and in his power a real proof of literary excellence. Of course it must not be forgotten that there are different kinds and degrees of popularity. There is a baser as well as a nobler side of human nature, and the response which comes from thence may be just as genuine of its kind; but I exclude it from our definition of popularity, for I believe that in the long-run it will be overpowered by the silent, gentle, gradual victory of things really pure, true, lovely, and of good report. There is one test which will generally, I think, distinguish true and deserved popularity from that which is false; namely, lastingness, if we may coin such a word. The test cannot of course be applied to living and modern writers, but we may certainly believe, in their case, that the appreciation which is wide and general in their own generation for what they have done towards the increase of delight, of knowledge, or of goodness, will be endorsed by those who come after. There are many instances in the past of this tribute of appreciation being granted by a writer's immediate contemporaries, withdrawn, more often through

neglect than by deliberate judgment, by the generation just after, and then being lavished once more on the man and his works centuries after the busy hand and brain have ceased their labour. Shall we say that his popularity has failed to stand the test—that his excellence was over-rated? Not so, surely. Have we not rather an additional proof that the approval of the many testified to his real literary excellence? Passing clouds obscured it for a time, manners changed, modes and subjects of thought took a different turn, a host of noisier and nearer claimants for attention arose; but there was that in his writings which finds an echo in many hearts; they are read once more, praised once more, and he is recognised again as “one of those rare souls whose thoughts enrich the life-blood of the world.” There is perhaps hardly a great writer in the world of literature whose glory has not thus resembled the moon among the drifting clouds; she is steadfast though she seems to waver, and so is his merit unchanged though public opinion may fluctuate concerning it, or pass him by for a time unnoticed; and the recollection that such partial eclipses are not uncommon, might often console the risen generation for the disregard with which it sometimes sees the favourites of its own youth treated by the rising one.

Let us glance hastily at a few works which have earned undying fame, and I think we shall see that it is closely connected with what the writers did for the increase of delight, understanding, and goodness. Of Shakespeare, whose name will at once occur to every one as having fulfilled all the old Welsh conditions, and interwoven himself, his thoughts, his very words in the minds of his countrymen, who oftentimes talk Shakespeare without knowing it, of him we will only say that he is an instance of appreciation but partially enjoyed in life—so partially that the man and all his surroundings have almost passed beyond the ken of those later generations which have done such ample justice to the imperishable works of his genius. A master's hand has sketched the contrast for us in that brief scene in *Kenilworth* at the Privy Council Chamber door:—“The player bowed, and the earl nodded and passed on—so that age would have told the tale: in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal.”

That great novelist himself shall be our next instance of true popularity extending far and wide. There can

be no doubt about the estimation in which his own generation held the works which for years excited the wonder, admiration, and curiosity of every class of society, which are known wherever the English tongue is spoken; yes, and in foreign lands as well; which have increased delight, knowledge, and goodness for every reader, old or young, prince or peasant, and not a line in which would cause the great author one moment's self-reproach as he lay awaiting death. He made the dead past live again, and many a one might say of his tales, as the great Duke of Marlborough is reported to have done of Shakespeare's chronicle plays, "They are all the history I ever knew." How happily and neatly have two worthy comrades in the rolls of literary fame touched off the spell which the mighty enchanter cast over the most unlikely minds, where in the *Ayrshire Legatees* the honest minister of Garnock (who would as soon have kissed the Pope's toe as touched a "novelle") beguiles the tedium of the steam-boat journey from Greenock to Glasgow with the fascinating pages of a History of the Jacobite Troubles, "anent the hand that an English gentleman of the name of Waverley had in it, and finds it 'wonderful interesting.'" And again, where, in Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance*, Uncle Adam, of rugged exterior and tender heart, constant to the romance of his youth, finds refuge from the uncongenial society of Rossville Castle in the company of Dandy Dinmont and Meg Merilees, and would burn the book if the scoundrel Glossin did not meet with his due reward.

Sir Walter's popularity has suffered some eclipse within the last few years; a younger rival has for the time dethroned him, and enjoys at present a larger amount of enthusiastic and not always discriminating praise. But though the rising generation does not know its Scott as well as it knows its Dickens, time will re-establish the one in his rightful place without detracting from the just estimation in which the other is held. Charles Dickens is deservedly a popular writer, and in spite of faults and weaknesses, his works have contributed very largely indeed to innocent pleasure, to the opening of men's eyes to the existence of many social abuses, and, best of all, to that sense of brotherhood between high and low, the want of which would make society fall to pieces. Our next illustrations of the testimony borne to literary excellence by the appreciation of the many shall be drawn from a

graver class of works. Fourteen centuries ago, one of the greatest souls that ever lived was struggling through long years from darkness to light, and has left behind him the record of his spiritual experience. Why have the Confessions of St. Augustine such a fascination and value to this day? Why, but because all humanity re-echoes consciously or unconsciously the cry which he has put into words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts find rest in nothing out of Thee;" and that wonderful revelation of the great mind which he has laid bare, has been a guiding light, a helping hand to many other souls tempest-tost on the waves of this troublesome world, teaching them how they may "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." There is another book stamped for all time with the appreciation of thousands who have learnt from its gentle teaching the secret of inward peace. It may or may not be the work of its reputed author—the name of the writer may have passed into utter oblivion; but his voice, whether it be that of Thomas à Kempis or of another, is "the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience out of the far-off middle ages." There is, I think, no passage more touching, more true, or powerful in all George Eliot's marvellous writings than that from which I have just quoted, describing the strange chance which brought the stormy, passionate, hungering soul of poor Maggie Tulliver into contact with the *Imitation of Christ*. You will forgive me for recalling the very words to your memory.

"She took up the little old clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now for ever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed." To her as to many others it came as an unquestioned message, and, continues our great novelist, "I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are

treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who ages ago felt and suffered and renounced, in the cloister perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same stirrings, the same failures, the same weariness."—(*Mill on the Floss*, p. 266.) To the last example I shall give, the word popularity applies with perhaps greater propriety than to either of the two preceding, for it has earned the love of the poor and ignorant—of those whom we call the masses—to a greater degree than any other book that ever was written, probably. It is more than 200 years since one of themselves, a man of the people, "walked through the wilderness of this world, and lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid him down in that place to sleep, and as he slept he dreamed a dream." The truth embodied in the story of that dream, told in quaint, picturesque, vigorous language, has indeed "entered in at lowly doors," and goodness, knowledge, and delight owe much of their increase among the humble and the ignorant to John Bunyan's immortal parable. It has its faults, but we need not stop to criticise them; in spite of them all it has fascinated childhood and age ever since it was given to the world, and has been a key to the understanding by the lowly and uneducated of a divine book and a yet diviner life, of which it is written in words applicable to the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself,

"That he may read who binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef."—*In Memoriam*.

One word more and I have done. If popularity or recognition of merit is really a proof of true excellence in literature, some may be disposed to ask whether it should be consciously striven after. Certainly not; and it is through doing so that many have failed to earn undying honour. The author should labour, like every one else, with his might, and even if earthly fame is denied him, or if he does no more than serve his own generation, the evening is coming, and then—"Alles lobt der Meister."

T. H. W.

DREAMS.

WHAT are they, that come to us at dead of night,
When o'er our wearied eyes sleep's soothing veil is drawn?
What are they, that flood our darkened sense with light?
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

Have we through the dreary day been sad and worn?
Have we felt life's burden all too great to bear?
They wait to comfort us, on wings of peace upborne,
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

What are they, that come to us when on the deep?
Far parted from our loved ones, ne'er to meet again,
What mingle, softly, haunting tones with waves that
sweep?
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

Around us, only the lone sea that hath no shore,
Above us, only the cold stars that guide our way,
Yet, instant, to our home they bear us back once more,
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

And what are they, that come to us when life is old?
When we like sheep have gone astray, yet grieved for sin,
What shadow solemn forth the far-off sheltering fold?
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

They come to us in youth, our soaring hopes to crown,
They come to us in age, to give back what is lost,
They come to us at death, our trembling fears to drown,
Dreams, Heaven-sent dreams!

MELENSA.



Merburga of Chester.

CHAPTER IV.

"PRAY come here, Randall, and help me to tie up this geranium, it is drooping so sadly."

Randall walked across the room to where his sister, in a light summer dress, stood in the window tending some hot-house plants. It was the morning after the expedition to Chester, and Randall, after a late breakfast, had

just entered his mother's parlour. Here he found not only his mother and sister, but Squire Trevor, who had come thus early to call.

"Do you think," said Malvina in a low voice to her brother while he was helping her—"do you think it would be possible to train some white jasmine outside this window? I should like it *so* much."

"You girls are all so fond of white things," said Randall; "why not rather have a passion-flower, or something with meaning in it, instead of that unpleasantly scented jasmine? But, Malvina, you are not crying? Oh dear! I did not mean to vex you; I will help you to train it; come, I will do it now."

"Randall," said Mrs Holme, "pray come and sit by me for a little. Squire Trevor has something to say to you; and you, Malvina, pray be good enough to go and see that the new rose-trees are properly pruned."

Malvina left the room, while Randall, prepared for something trying, seated himself in a resigned manner beside his mother.

Trevor opened the conversation. "Still in dreamland, Randall? In what region of the world do you intend to wander and lose yourself to-day? I am glad to see, however, that you succeeded in arriving at home."

Randall never had anything to say to Trevor; his ideas, his courage, almost his identity, seemed to evaporate in the presence of that individual. So he sat silent, and allowed his mother to remark, "Randall will learn in time, I hope, to save his friends anxiety."

"I should like," said Trevor, "to help him to learn that lesson now. It is for this that I have come this morning. Trust me, Randall, I would fain be of use to you; and let me tell you that you can be of great service to me. I am in want of an amanuensis; will you undertake the task?"

Twenty-four hours before, Randall, in spite of timidity, would have given a decided refusal. But much had happened since then; the day in Chester had formed a crisis in his history. Before, it seemed as if cold precept and stern example had held him aloof, and awed him into isolation; now, some higher spirit had surely come near to him, and taken him encouragingly by the hand. All last evening the words of Miss Langley had haunted him: "There are some even younger than you, who are already fighting the battle manfully;" and these words, together

with many of those he had heard in the music-room of the Cathedral, and which, he felt sure, had been better understood by him than by those for whom they were intended, had set themselves to a kind of melody, which had kept time with the motion of the stage-coach, melting into tenderness with the glow of the sunset, and gaining a hallowed intensity from the light of the moon and stars. At the close he had added this refrain, which now reached through his whole being, leading captive both will and affections: "The first task that offers itself to me, I will accept and perform." And now this refrain had grown into a vow, so solemn and uncompromising, that it left no room for choice or hesitation.

"Yes, I will undertake it," said Randall, promptly, and with such firmness and gravity that Mrs Holme involuntarily turned her head and looked at him keenly. He saw a slight raising of both eyebrows and shoulders, and a tremulous movement of the eyelids, as if they were trying vainly to keep guard over the actions of her son. All this seemed to say, "How can you, without consulting me, agree at once to go with a man of whom you have heard me say that his influence is doubtful?" Mrs Holme might succeed in expressing all this to her son by a momentary look; it was but momentary, however, and quickly checking all signs of perturbation, she turned to Trevor and said—

"Mr Trevor, you have already explained to me how you think the work will benefit both yourself and Randall, by assisting the one and stimulating the other; but," and here the widow smiled with her lips, "will you allow me, as Randall's mother, to ask you, of what nature are the manuscripts which it will be his task to write out for you?"

"My dear madam," said Trevor, in a low, confidential tone, "let me suppose for a moment that you distrust me as an intellectual guide for your son, On the other hand, you have perfect reliance on his rectitude and independence of mind; your admirable training, his own character, warrant such a feeling on your part. The manuscripts, I will confide to you, which I intend, with his help, to prepare, are destined to exercise their full influence only over the extremely young and the uneducated. Now, your son is to be classed among neither of these; he cannot, therefore, be subject to the influence of the writings in question."

The plausible way in which Trevor thus substituted flattery for satisfactory explanation, led Mrs. Holme to overlook the hitch in his reasoning. The possibility of a smaller degree of influence had not been contemplated; yet such a possibility left room for much that might be hurtful. The adroit way in which Trevor had praised her for her training of Randall, induced her, for the time, at least, to look upon her son as fully equipped with all the weapons of truth, and with no vulnerable part where the shaft of error might pierce to harm him. If physical invulnerability has never yet existed but in the pages of legendary lore, where is its mental counterpart to be found? Mrs. Holme, as we have previously observed, arrived at her conclusions quickly, generally taking the short cut of either feeling or prejudice, to save a long stretch of the road of reason; on this occasion it was gratified feeling which supplied her with an unusually short route to the goal desired by Trevor.

"I understand," she said, "and I feel much flattered by the confidence you place in my son; I trust he may fulfil your expectations."

If Randall felt any gratification at all, it was in a much less degree than his mother; he did not falter, however, in his purpose. The refrain and the vow were still dominant in his brain, like some solemn chant that seemed to express life's noblest aspirations, and to raise him to a height from which the opinions of Trevor seemed to him as insignificant as a grain of sand to an eagle soaring in the air. Should the grain of sand, however, enter the eagle's eye and disturb its vision, it would acquire a great and unwished-for significance.

"I am ready to do as you wish," said Randall, in a low but firm voice. "To-morrow morning, if you choose, I will begin the work."

Trevor was more than satisfied with Randall's frank acquiescence, and it was agreed that, during the next six weeks, Randall should reside at Glanhafon, only spending the Sundays at home with his mother and sister, as a compensation for parting from the latter so soon after her return from school.

Trevor returned home well pleased with the result of his expedition. He should have assistance; his work would make progress; but was this the chief source of his gratification? There was another secret cause, which he hardly dared name to himself, and the power of which

he would not consciously acknowledge, for it hinged upon the question, had Randall been left to spend some weeks at home in the society of a certain visitor who might arrive, what would have been the result? But Randall would be absent, while the circumstance of his being at Glanhafon would form a connecting link between Glanhafon and the White House, with all its occupants and visitors, whoever these might happen to be.

On the following morning, Randall, after a tender farewell from his sister, and an admonition from his mother, is driving slowly, with somewhat melancholy thoughts, up the long winding avenue, where the beech, lime, and ash mingled their variously tinted leaves overhead, and ever and anon bent their branches lovingly over the little stream that gently laved the bank beneath. The sighing and whispering of the wind through the trees is accompanied by the soft rushing sound of the brook and the carol of birds; and while the sun darts now and then a fitful gleam across the shady path, Randall has mysterious dreams of a chequered future, full of uncertainty and agitation, dread and longing, with a little gleam of happiness to lighten it here and there. But there is a steady purpose in his mind, and it is with compressed lips and a calm, if not cheerful look, that he nimbly alights, and ascends the stone steps at the door of the mansion-house of Glanhafon.

The door which is now opened forms the entrance to a large building in the modern baronial style, the massive front of which, with its turreted gables, almost hides from view the ancient mansion-house, which modestly nestles beside it, like a wren beneath the pinion of a swan. That relic of bygone simplicity, which forms the right wing of the house, has dwindled down into a mere adjunct; and yet it is to the larger structure something of what the soul is to the body; for its largest room, the old hall, has now become the library, and has been made the receptacle of all the dearest heirlooms left by former generations to their descendants. From its walls and shelves the heart and intellect of the departed speak plainly. And it seems that Trevor likes to hear these voices of the past, for he almost lives here, leaving to fade unused the elegant furnishings of the more modern apartments. With his taste for the real antique, however, he combines a love for its imitation in art; and he has shown it here.

All round the room, the walls, to the height of five feet, are of finely-carved oak, which, at the end opposite the window, rises to the ceiling, and stands forth in the form of bookshelves. The remaining walls have the space between the oak and ceiling hung with tapestry. Through the broad low window, which runs along the wall at about six feet from the floor, only the sky and tree-tops are visible; but a flood of light falls on the writing-table and centre of the room, as if to say, Here is abundant light to work by, with no outer view to distract the attention. The rafters of the ceiling are supported by broad beams of carved oak going transversely, and upheld at the corners by stone corbels, on which are carved fleurs de lis, crosses, and stars. The fireplace, which rises to within two feet of the roof, has its front decorated with elaborate oak carving, with the Trevor arms blazoned on oaken shields and banners; the inner part is of stone. But here this Flemish fourteenth century work is at an end; in the other furnishings of the room, modern comfort has supplanted antique stiffness; the thick Turkey carpet and inviting easy-chairs tell of the march of luxury.

In one of these chairs Trevor is reclining at the moment of Randall's arrival. With one hand dangling carelessly over the arm of the chair, he is with the other drawing back the hair from his forehead. He starts up in his chair when Randall is shown into the room. "Ah! you have come just in time; my ideas were growing too numerous to remember, and I had no one to commit them to paper, a task which I dislike performing myself. Can you begin now?"

"At once," said Randall, and seated himself without further invitation at the writing-table. Trevor, with the abstracted air of an inspired prophet, stood upright, and looked steadily at Randall for nearly a minute, without thinking of him in the least. He then began to walk very rapidly to and fro in the room, with an air which seemed to say, Something important is coming now. How any amount of thought, even the smallest, could be compatible with such rapid bodily movement, was to Randall a problem he could not solve. After about half-a-dozen turns through the room, Trevor remained standing in the far corner, where the light from the high window was faintest, and gave forth, in a slow and sententious manner, the following words: "What I

now wish you to write out for me, consists of thoughts on a new system of education. These are suggested chiefly by a German work which I have been perusing; it was recommended to me by Baron de Rehmar, and is entitled, *Neuere Ausichten über die Erziehung*; von August Lobegott Zinnthaler, Professor der Künste und Wissenschaften am Hofe seiner Durchlaucht Christians des Grossherzogs zu Unterthorgau. This Zinnthaler, as he tells us in the preface to his work, was one morning smoking quietly in his study, the windows of which overlook the street, when he saw some children pass by on their way to school. He threw a few pfennigs among them, and called out, 'Here, my little Liebchens, come in, and I will teach you something much better than what you learn at school.' They came flocking in, and the Professor chalked upon a black board some rhymes, which I have, to the best of my ability, rendered into English. Here are the words:—

'When chaos opened wide its chasm,
Out flew a wondrous protoplasm,
And out of this, and this alone,
All animals and plants have grown ;
Thus whales, potatoes, turnips, bees,
Poppies and tadpoles, men and geese,
The reptile, saurian, toad, and worm,
All sprung from one primordial form.
Thus, when I take my walks abroad,
See pumpkins springing from the sod,
See men and beasts, and creeping things,
Web-footed birds, and birds with wings,
And many creatures great and small,
Living as plant or animal ;—
I think, with awe too deep to tell,
Of that strange nucleated cell,
Within primeval fungus hid,
Which was the one primordial form
That held all living things in germ.'

There is much more in the same style, but I shall quote no more at present. This simple method of Zinnthaler's delights me, as it delighted the children, who said it over and over till they knew it by heart; and very soon the streets of the capital of Oberthorgau re-echoed with these Darwinian rhymes, if they may be so called.

"What I shall now add, pray be kind enough to write down.

"The knowledge which man has about himself has hitherto been too psychological; education has begun at the wrong end. The spiritual has been all in all, while the material has been disregarded as of inferior importance. And not content with occupying itself about the soul while resident in this state of being, imagination has even dared to assert definitely what becomes of it when it leaves the body. Passing over the primitive form of this belief, which declares that departed spirits haunt the earth, I come to the Asiatic, Vedic, and Buddhist theories of emanation and absorption. These culminate with the Alexandrian Greeks, among whom I am amazed to find Proclus presuming to tell us the exact mode of the soul's reabsorption into the divine source. But, returning to this mortal scene, I find that, taking it alone into consideration, education has been beginning at the wrong end. It has been branding itself with a stigma of ingratitude, contempt, disregard, towards Matter, the universal mother of us all, the untiring, indefatigable producer of all things, whether tangible and mundane, or intangible and ethereal.

"It is therefore my earnest desire to elaborate a system of education, beginning at the right end. I intend to plant my heel on the neck of imagination, and to hold it writhing in the dust till the chariot-wheels of sober fact and clearly ascertained truth have passed over. This intention bears on the very face of it, that my maxim must be, Look outwards. We are all too self-conscious; we begin by asking, Who am I? when that is the question we should end with. I shall restrict the infant mind, therefore, to the study of external nature, making the facts of natural history and science take precedence even of the history of man. This may come later, when the importance of facts has begun to be clearly seen. Not till the mind is well advanced shall I suffer poetry to be read, and even then this must be done with caution. And here I enter upon a wide field in my scheme of education. Devoted to poetry as I am, I cannot but feel solicitude about the erroneous ideas which even our best poets have suffered themselves to entertain with regard to the origin of man, and his relation to other existences. I see, therefore, that emendated editions of our best classics, with copious notes, are imperatively called for. Here, for instance, is a case in point. In *Hamlet*, Act I, scene 1, when Horatio is asked, 'Who is there?' he answers,

'A piece of him.' Now, by this answer Horatio errs in calling his body 'a piece of him,' as if it were possible for his mind to be separate from it. He ought to have said, 'Horatio is here present in totality, as a result of evolution.' For the object I have in view, I should think an annotated edition, not only of *Hamlet*, but of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, would be eminently useful, specially for the interest about Caliban. For it would show how Shakspeare erred in his idea of the half-brute, half-man, by making Caliban show a highly-developed feeling for nature, while his other powers were still in the semi-brutal condition. Yet to perform such a task it would be necessary to work out from observation and experience the true idea of a missing link, which we should find to be far removed from Shakspeare's idea (if, indeed, that writer ever contemplated the possibility of such a ligament being sought for), and still further from Browning's speculative philosopher in fishes' clothing.

"But let us pause now; I will not weary you to-day. That you may, however, better understand the subjects with which I am occupied, so as to be more able to assist me, I shall advise you to read some of those scientific volumes which I am procuring in monthly parts, and which, though in a popular form, contain really all that is necessary for our purpose."

Randall was not sorry when Trevor thus released him from further work for that day. Wonder was for the present so strong within him, that doubt had scarcely begun to assert itself. It was now only two o'clock, and he was his own master till seven. He took his hat and strolled out. The sun was at its height, and he mechanically chose a path where shade and solitude combined their charms. The high beechen hedge gave a broad enough shade for one person to walk in; and when it ended, he found himself in a plantation of young trees. Here a flight of rustic steps led up to a charming Swiss chalet. Ascending a stair to a gallery running round the upper storey of this rustic edifice, he seated himself on a bench, and began to gaze around him. Trees were on every side, save in front, where a stretch of grass sloped downwards to the river Alyn, and formed a pleasant haunt for a herd of roe-deer. Some white clouds were slowly sailing with the gentle breeze that rustled the leaves on the trees. Such a tranquil scene might well have chased away care from a mind more perturbed than Randall's. With

him it seemed to have power, not only to soothe, but to stimulate to reflection. Opening a volume he had brought with him, he was soon deeply engrossed in its contents; and from the deep earnestness of his expression, it was evidently not a book of an amusing kind. For the next three weeks at least, almost every day found him again at the chalet, employed in the same way. Every morning he wrote for three hours to Trevor's dictation; occasionally he rode or drove with him in the afternoon, but more usually he was left to his own devices. What led him to spend so many quiet hours in reading? Had the spirit of study at length possessed him, after tarrying so long? Had he some private end in view? Time will show; but, in the mean time, we do not think that he is working out the views upheld by Trevor.

It was late one afternoon in July, about three weeks after Randall had gone to reside at Glanhafon, that he was sitting as usual on the bench at the chalet, when he heard a panting sound close at hand, and looking up, saw his dear Newfoundland dog, come to see him all the way from the White House. The dog ran up to him, licked his hand, wagged its tail violently, and made other demonstrations of extreme joy at seeing its master. "Ah, Bodo!" said Randall, "so you have found me out at last;" and here followed a long affectionate address to the dog, which we will not repeat, as our readers are probably acquainted, from their own experience, with the things which are usually said on these occasions. At the end of this philo-zoic rhapsody, however, he remarked, "Ah, you are looking towards the house, Bodo! Is some one there whom you have brought with you?" He rose from his seat, and followed the dog as it bounded along the footpath by which it had come.

As he comes nearer the mansion-house, whom does Randall see walking towards it from another direction? Squire Trevor, with Mrs. Holme on his right hand, and on his left,—not the patron saint of Chester, but her name-

PROCLA.

(To be continued.)

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER VI.

“Choose the darkest part o' the grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love,
Dig a trench and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie ;
Altars raised of turf or stone,
Will th' infernal powers have none ;
Answer me if this be done !
‘Tis done.’”—**DRYDEN.**

WE turned inland towards the mountains, and as we moved among the shattered rocks, I found myself confiding all my grief to Syades. Far overhead I could see a spark of light shining from the watch-tower of Castle Asile, and anon Syades, pushing aside some bushes, discovered a built entrance in the steep cliff-side. Here we knocked, and there came a woman to the door, quiet and well apparelled, not young nor old, but silent and sad. We entered, and sat in a small yet high room, the roof being the living rock, and a great fire burning at one end ; over it hung a caldron, and beyond, the low-arched blackness stretched away without bounds.

“And so, poor youth, thou art pining away from fierce longing to fulfil thy life. Well, thy heart shows thee the way to walk in, the only goal of happiness for thee. Walk on bravely, then, and fear nothing : how say the Northmen ? ‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’”

“It is cruel mockery to speak thus to me !” I exclaimed : but Syades seemed, as he answered, to grow taller and more commanding. “Listen, boy. Did I not tell you that, renouncing joy, I had followed wisdom and power only ? The joy I have relinquished for myself I can give to others. I can give you all you desire ; I know how you can win wealth, power, and Hertha. I know also how you may lose them all. I scorn to deceive you in aught ; there must be a compact between us : I shall give you happiness ; you must increase my power. I have cast your horoscope, and know both the hopes and the dangers. First, you have taken no binding life-vows.”

“No,” I said ; “even the time of my novitiate has expired.”
: “Then the first step is to renounce the cloister and vow obedience to me.”

“To you, a Saracen ! I dare not, I cannot.”

"Listen, fool. This vow in no way interferes with your religion, with which I desire not to meddle. Many Christians have taken it; it more concerns your joining a society of craftsmen of our Art, who may greatly aid you, than anything else. You shall be one of a band of brothers sworn in all things lawful to help each other; you shall help me to a lost treasure, indeed my own; and when these promises are made, I give you at once wealth, power——"

"And Hertha——?"

"And Hertha—but for one obstacle which needs a further step. The Stars, the Intelligences round, who know more than we, all give the same rede. That obstacle is Herser Thorstein. Not that Hertha loves him, but that he loves her, with all the strength of his fierce, uncurbed soul. He will win her or kill her; he is far too strong for thee, my poor Laurentio, without my aid; with it we may subdue him. But for that to come to pass thou must take a further oath of enmity against Thorstein. Swear neither to forgive nor spare him, and all is done."

"But," I faltered, "such an oath is not allowed to a Christian man."

"I thought some monkish scruple might come in the way," said Syades, contemptuously, "therefore I told thee all, not to entrap thy delicate fancies. But if, indeed, thy Christianity permits this wild heathen to seize thy Christian bride, to treat her cruelly when he has her—for fierce love and indifference never are happy together—it is not the Christianity of your knights and champions who swear to destroy the enemies of your faith, not the Christianity of your offices, where you chaunt—*Qui odérunt te, Dómine, óderam, Perfécto ódio óderam illos: et inimici facti sunt mihi.*"

"I will—I will oppose him to the death; but an oath of enmity—I dare not take it; and he has only been kind to me, though I hate him. Oh! Heaven forgive me! I hate him!"

"His kindness would soon go, did he not despise you too thoroughly to care for your adoration of Hertha. Credit me, if he thought of you as a rival he would have you scourged out of the ship. Do you know what a man of blood he is, outlawed from Norway for manslaughter? they call his sword Death's-touch, they call him Killing-Thorstein. No, there is but one good use for him in the

world, which I will now show thee. Vivia," he said, turning to the woman, "canst thou find nothing further; is all still in the Cento Colonne?"

"All is still," she said. "Methinks the Dragon has wandered forth, or gone deeper down, for I have thrown down many a torch, which has gone out before there was the glimmer of a scale."

"Or it may be the foul vapour rises," he said. "Never heed; we will look for ourselves, Laurentio, if, indeed, thou art not too weary, for the way is long, and the fetid air is dangerous."

Syades, the strange woman, and I walked a long way, first in underground cavernous passages, then for awhile in the night air, following some trace the woman only knew through the darkness, for a heavy fog had blotted out the stars. At last we came where a faint sky-reflection showed the glimmer of a waste of waters, shallow, as I judged from the black fringes of sedges that stood out of them here and there.

"Beware here of the air," said Syades, giving me a little box of strongly aromatic spice to hold to my nostrils. Now again we turned underground, carrying torches, one alight, and descended some steps into a huge black space, the depth below and the walls around being equally impenetrable to our feeble light. But within the circle of its rays I saw a few columns, stately, shapely, and perfect, telling of endless vistas of them leading away and away, melting into the darkness. The place was to me most awful, a still portal to the Infernal regions, like an unhallowed death, presaging a terrible awaking. It seemed not less so when Syades called for more light, kindled several torches, and flung them far, illuminating for an instant a forest of pillars, and then falling, instantaneously extinguished below.

"Is there water down there?" I asked.

"No," said Vivia, "poison—poisoned air. You would die like that fire were you to descend the steps further."

"You know," said Syades, "how Castle Asile had long been held by my people, and how four years ago it was torn from them by these Northmen, of whom Rainulf was one. May the curse of the Prophet light on him! El Arish, who ruled in Asile, had gathered together great treasures, and hidden them; so when they slew him, no man knew where to find them. My art points to this spot, but they are guarded by a familiar spirit he had

evoked, it may be, in the form of a dragon; it may be that the dragon, who has been seen here, is but a strange accident. Certain it is that one sacrifice, one human sacrifice, the spirit must have, before mortal man can touch the treasure.¹ Here, then, lies your way with Thorstein; I will aid you to contrive that he should be this sacrifice. Nothing easier; it is only to show him how he can win from Rainulf the honour of killing the dragon, and then all will go well. If we find the treasure, you are absolved from your oath to me, for I shall go into far lands for life; and as for Thorstein, the world will be none the worse for having a bloody heathen pirate the less in it. I show your course; you need not decide now to follow it."

He turned from the fearful place, and soon I breathed more freely, even in the heavy night air, without the caverns. "Who would think now how fair a region this was in the time of the old gods, before the Christians held the land," said Syades. "See, all this dreary overflow of the little river yonder has only come because the way of the water into the great cistern has been blocked up; so it settles and stagnates into this foul marsh, and the poisoned air has settled in the cistern below, where the clear water used once to lie stored for baths and water-supply for the glorious Romans. It has become, as your prophets say, an abode of satyrs, an habitation of dragons; yet half a day's labour with an axe, and the water would run into its old channel; the poison would be gone, but the treasure would be lost for ever. Ah! how the land smiled when Pallas and Aphrodite were honoured here—wisdom and beauty, instead of ignorance and foulness! How is it cursed beneath the sway of your unwashed saints!"

We were climbing as he spoke over rougher, wilder ground in a rocky gorge, which let little of the faint star-light penetrate its depths, till I was aware of a square doorway with sloping jambs and a narrow lintel, such as often leads into ancient tombs, cut in the rock. The door yielded to the touch of Syades, and gave admission to a fair chamber with columns on either side, and stone seats running round what might have been called the apse, before which stood a tripod or altar. All was empty and silent, shown by a strangely diffused bluish light. Syades

¹ Even within the present century it was popularly supposed that such a treasure existed concealed in a grotto near Naples, which could only be found by means of a human sacrifice, and the unpopular old King Ferdinand was accused of intending to sacrifice a new-born child for this purpose.

pointed to a stone seat near the entrance, and as I sat down,—“Once more,” he said, “quiet thy scruples; wealth and Hertha are offered to thee; thy religion is left unassailed; art thou willing?”

“I am,” I answered; and Syades said—

“Look then on this talisman; look steadily, and never cease to wish for her it dimly figures forth.”

He put into my hand a gold coin; on it was embossed a fair head, very like Hertha, and I gazed on and on. I cannot describe how all my being seemed drawn into one narrow line, till even that dwindled, and I only knew of the face, and that Syades stood by and waved and wound his hands, as though weaving some web around me. I know not how long it was ere, at a signal, I looked up with dazzled eyes, and saw Hertha herself, as it seemed, floating in air, yet stooping like an angel out of the dim blue light, and smiling sweetly on me. And this vision haunted me through all that followed that night.

Then Syades spoke, but his voice sounded far and faint, “Swear to obey me, as a vassal his lord, as a squire his knight, as a monk his abbot,—*Giuro*.”

“*Giuro*,” I said, and “*E giurato*” sounded in deep chorus all round the room; and I became aware, but, as in a dream, with no surprise, that in every seat was a black-robed form, and where the tripod had stood a fire was burning on the ground.

“Thou hast sworn it on Cross and Koran; is it well sworn?” said Syades, who now grasped both my hands.

I answered, “Yes,” and again the echo came in startling force from the veiled figures.

And now began the strange servitude to Syades the Saracen, which so marred my life. Where he beckoned, there I followed; what he commanded, that I did: save with a strong effort, all choice for me seemed gone. When he fixed his black eyes on me, I read in them his commands, and he seemed aware of my inmost thoughts. Alas! when I hardly knew if he were man or fiend, the bondage seemed closest, the chain most firmly riveted. And now he led me forwards towards the fire, round which lay weapons, and squares, and triangles; and I can tell little more, for some of the oaths which I swore one after another, invoking terrible imprecations on their betrayal, as they concerned not me, but the Society to which they admitted me, I can never be absolved from. Suffice to say that I learnt to know, and swore to serve, many per-

sons thus bound together, and in some sort connected with various crafts, chiefly my own of building. There came also an oath not to reveal aught of what I had seen that night of the Dragon's Lair, save and only when permitted by Syades. And again, at his command, I renounced the cloister, and he drew off my novice's gown, and with my own hands I thrust it into that unhallowed fire, already burning dimly with blood of victims.

Then Syades spoke—"Brethren, is there an enemy for this neophyte to guard against, to fight against—who should perish by his hands?"

And the answer came—"Thorstein Sigurdson, his foe and ours."

"Swear, then," said Syades, "never to spare him by land or sea; swear to save from him his helpless victim; swear not to be reconciled to him, save in word, and to wait only time and place to destroy him as you would an evil beast of prey; and burn this in token of the oath." And he gave me two sticks bound together in a cross by a scroll, on which I could trace the words *Thorstein Sigurdson*.

I held it in my hand. As I said, I was like a man half asleep, yet some echo of old days struggled through the evil dream which oppressed me, and there was silence. My hand held the cross above the fire, when from very far away came the faint clang of some convent bell ringing for *Nocturnæ Vigilæ*, and the Cloister—the pure, calm Cloister—seemed for a moment to close round me, when Syades suddenly struck my hand so that the cross dropped into the fire, and the wild voices shouted, "*E giurato!*"

"No, no," I said, and strove to clutch the cross, but caught only yielding scorching flame. A shriek seemed to rend the roof, the fire blazed high, and as I fell to earth, wild forms seemed whirling and blackening round me, and shapes of horror rose through the gloom, which darkened as my senses left me, and a long insensibility followed.

When I woke, I at first could recall nothing. I was in a fair chamber, a high window let in daylight, and I lay on a soft bed. The walls were painted with bright devices of genii and dancing girls; vases of ancient shape and a marble bath and a shining mirror I could see; all was of a luxury I had only before seen in passing glimpses of rich men's chambers. As I turned, my hand struck a little bell, the sudden tinkle of which was answered by a young serving-man, who entered, saying—

"Does it please my lord to rise, or shall I bring refreshments first?"

"I shall rise, nothing ails me; but where am I, what place is this?"

"This is your own Castle of Asile, my lord; but all questions, I was told, should be answered by the sage Syades, who waits his excellency's pleasure."

And then it all rushed back to me, and I directed that as soon as I was dressed Syades might come. And so I took the perfumed bath, and found ready for me secular garments—the surcoat of rich dark velvet, a nobleman's jewelled cap and plume. Even my crucifix was gone; but round my neck I found the gold medal with Hertha's face, and left it there. I glanced round the room, half fearing that my eyes should meet some heathen emblem, but was so relieved at seeing a silver crucifix over the bed that I put off till I was dressed the orison that was yet not said, when Syades entered the room. The servant followed with food, of which I now felt the want.

"A fair greeting, my Lord Laurentio," said Syades, as the man left the room. "Yes, you have much to ask—but eat first. That long ceremony of which we shall now speak no more tries young nerves. Know you how long you have slept? From Tuesday at dawn till Wednesday afternoon! Eat—all is well over, and then come to the friends who await you." Syades spoke courteously and respectfully, but I felt his strange power over me from the moment he entered the room. I was trained in obedience, no doubt; but never to the Prior nor to Fra Anselmo, nor to the Superior himself, had my obedience been as prompt and easy as to Syades. And so I ate while he continued his discourse, letting me know about myself without exactly relating anything.

"It was no small joy to me when I went back to your convent at Caserta, under whose walls I was wrecked more than twenty years ago, to see what a fine young man you had grown, you, the beautiful child, the only son of the Marquis, whom I had saved at the storming of this castle. Had you been a poor spiritless monkling, I would have left all this alone, but now you can prosper; all is at your feet; nor is this a face and form that fair ladies are wont to scorn." As he spoke, he held to me a mirror, and in the dark-eyed youth, clad in a lordly dress, I could hardly recognise the humble novice of Caserta.

How was it with myself?—did I indeed cast off my former life as lightly as Astolfo? As yet I hardly knew; I seemed still to dream, but yet the thought came with a tumult of joy, that I was now in some ways the equal of Hertha. I said little, however, and I believe I slept again beneath Syades' waving hands, for it seemed quite dark when he beckoned me to follow him, and we left the room together, passing through long empty corridors. Now high doors opened on wide valves, and a great hall, all glittering with torches, appeared before me, thronged with people. All the brilliant figures bowed, every plumed hat was doffed, as I advanced down the hall. Music pealed from the galleries above; who was it?—Old Fazio di Forli, who advanced towards me reverently bowing, and offering golden keys on a brodered cushion said, "These to our long-lost lord, the Marquis Lorenzo d'Asile." It was Valeria herself, who came forward with a shy sweet smile, saying, "Brother, all the weary weight of land and power I give back so willingly to the real lord, only give me a little love;" and she embraced me before them all. It was Astolfo, dressed like a nobleman, who seized my hand, saying, "Let me first greet the Marquis;" continuing in an undertone, "and so, my Laurentio, the monks told Syades thou wert the boy who was wrecked with him after their storming of this castle—the boy Syades was carrying off to his own land; and Thorstein knew Swend would never trouble Valeria more, if her brother were found and she were not the heiress, and so he aided thee: but Valeria is better than an heiress; she is the sweetest lady that ever resigned a coronet."

Now I returned their greetings silently, for again a dream, but quite another one, came over me. I knew that great hall again, but I seemed to see it larger and wider, filled with as great a multitude, but rushing to and fro with shouting and shrieking, and blood and flame. Above the high seat where the escutcheon was carved in stone, I seemed to be aware of a lady, doubtless my mother, who then carried me in her arms, who moved or hid something; and as I mounted the steps, I laid my hand on the sculptured stone just where she did so many years before—a spring yielded to my finger, which slipped in, and on it sparkled, as I withdrew it, a ring of one great emerald, and graven on it my father's device, for it was his signet-ring, lost from the day the castle was taken; and as I held it up, the old retainers

knew it, and shouted for joy; and I felt within myself that it was all true, and that I was indeed the Marquis d'Asile. Yes, it was no dream, it was true, that at the banquet I sat on the high seat, with Swend the sea-king on my right hand, and Kolbiorn next, translating what he said.

"So Syades says thou wouldst fain wed Hertha, and art ready with a gift for me. Well, thou shalt have her. He told me a few days ago thou wert the undoubted lord of the castle. Our women are subject to their fathers or to the head of the father's house till marriage; then, indeed, they are free, and will live with no man who does not suit them. Mind thou that, and please her well, brother-in-law, and make her love thee," and he struck me gaily on the shoulder, "and we will hold the marriage feast next week, for I am off to the war, and wish for no woman on board." And so, in festival and rejoicing and song, the evening sped away; and yet to me how far more joyous than the carousal of the night was the anticipation of the morrow!

E. J. O.

(To be continued.)

C n i g m a.

I SLEEP on the mountain, I rise with the sun,
And swift to the valley I noiselessly run;
I wander in forests beneath the green trees,
And follow the birds as they sport in the breeze.
When day is advancing and noontide is hot
I love the seclusion of some retired spot,
Where, hid in a sheltered and cool airy nook,
On the landscape in sunshine I pensively look,
And tinge with my pencil each object so bright,
To soften the radiance of Sol's dazzling light.
Though homely in aspect, and sombre in hue,
My touch will give beauty and charm to the view;
A scion of darkness, a daughter of night,
My figure must spring from the rays of the light.
Claiming half of the world, I am modest withal,
Contented to follow the great and the small;
This arrangement, however, I sometimes resent,
And venture to herald a coming event!

The forms I assume are most varied and strange,
 Every person and thing I include in my range—
 The hut and the palace alike I may storm,
 So noiseless my footstep, so subtle my form.
 I look very charming when loyally seen
 Behind a fair Princess, and robed like a Queen.
 Anon, I'm a monkey, and then I'm a bee,
 At one time a carriage, another a tree!
 I strut with a dandy, and walk with a grace
 When I follow a lady in jewels and lace;
 I run on four legs, and a tail I unfold,
 And personate freely the young and the old.
 Half hidden by willows, I bathe in the stream,
 Illumined at night by the moon's silvery beam;
 Then under the oak-tree I calmly repose,
 Or hide from the night breezes under the rose!
 To resemble each thing is my birthright and dower
 I imitate all to the best of my power.
 I resemble the good, but no laurels have won;
 My head is quite empty, and heart I have none.
 I resemble the bad amid evil and strife,
 Yet never did wrong in the course of my life.
 One object of dread I am called to precede,
 Fulfilling my mission with sorrow indeed—
 To the bed of the dying I cautiously steal,
 And there my sad errand in silence reveal.
 I rest on the brow ere the spirit has passed,
 And Death follows me o'er the threshold at last.
 I visit the churchyard, and add to the gloom
 Of the cedar and cypress o'erhanging the tomb;
 I lean on the gravestones, and mourn for the dead
 Who now from my empire for ever have fled.
 While they enter regions of glory and light,
 I hasten away to the confines of night!

JANE B. BALLANTYNE.



IONA.

"I mo chridhe, I mo ghraidh."

(Iona the home of my heart, Iona the abode of my love.)

THE *Pioneer* lay opposite Staffa, rolling heavily, and few of her cargo of tourists were willing to trust themselves

in the boats and go ashore over the Atlantic swell. There was no rowing into Fingal's Cave this boisterous day, nor even landing near its entrance. We were landed at the other end of the little island, and scrambled first over an expanse of rocks covered with slippery seaweed, then along a terrace or series of terraces fringing the shore, composed of innumerable broken-off shafts of basaltic columns. The short pillars at the side of the island soon increased in height, and turning the corner, we beheld the magnificent entrance of Fingal's Cave, that glorious vestibule fronting the ocean, where the lofty, massive, brown, symmetrical colonnades support the superincumbent mass of rock, glowing with golden lichen. No crowds of unsympathetic tourists, no familiarity produced by frequent visits, can weaken the impression made by that pillared front of Staffa. Under the new aspect of this day we had all that we missed in the halcyon calm of our previous visit. For we enjoyed in perfection the sound referred to by Scott in the well-known passage—

' Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise.
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend :
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
The mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still between each solemn pause
From the deep vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody."

That was truly a "new sensation." Each wave thundered up the cave, rolling on to its extremity, and as it receded—ere the next followed—there was a moment's hush, and then, drawn from the fretted roof, came that long, deep, musical, tremendous boom, thrilling one like the deepest stop of the grandest organ ever built. It was the sublimest sound I ever heard. Every time the surf rolled up, it seemed to shake the cave, which was dim with spray. I stood in a niche between two columns, and I could have stood for hours to listen to that wonderful anthem, which, at regular intervals swelled through the "temple not made with hands." Looking out seaward

over the tumbling waves, there was the far-famed island of Iona, the cathedral tower rising lonely from the bleak shore. Thither we were soon making our plunging, rolling way, and on all accounts I rejoiced to approach the white sandy extremity of Iona. Its green hills, yellow barley fields, tall cathedral, and white cottages, came successively into sight, and we gladly anchored in the comparatively calm waters of the Sound, about a mile wide, which divides Iona from Mull.

Though among all the islands which fringe the west coast of Scotland, few are less striking in outline, less distinguished in natural features, than this little one, dear to all Christendom for its memories; yet it has a sweet, homely charm of its own, even at first sight. On this sheltered side it has a cheerful, peaceful, inviting aspect, very unlike the character of its western shore, exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic. This is especially felt when it smiles its welcome to storm-tossed voyagers, who see in it, as we did, a haven of rest after an unpleasant passage. We landed, and before an hour had passed we watched from the door of our cottage on the shore the *Pioneer* steaming away with her passengers. Then we triumphantly felt that we were monarchs of all we surveyed, and our right there was none to dispute. The ruins of the Nunnery were near our house, and behind them a green and rocky hill tempted us at once to a climb. The air was cold and pure; the evening sunshine brilliant, giving a more vivid green to the grass and a brighter purple to the patches of heather that bloomed among the grey crags. On reaching a cairn, marking the top of the hill, we sat down to study the whole island, now spread before us. It is only three miles long, and its breadth varies from a mile to a mile and a-half. The greater part seemed to be a rocky desert. It was a wild, strange view, as the sun sank into the Atlantic. The full moon rose in splendour, and later a broad stream of light lay across the tossing waters of the Sound.

The following morning was beautiful. Everything looked bright and joyous, the sunlight bathing green grass and wave-worn rocks, craggy hills and gaunt ruins, white-washed cottages and stranded boats, the blue waves of the Sound, and the warm-tinted granite of the opposite coast of Mull. Our first stroll after breakfast was along the shore to Martyrs' Bay, where for ages it has been the custom for funerals to land. The coffins were always

placed on a little grassy eminence, while the procession formed to convey the dead to "*Reilig Oran*." Up this sandy shore, to this smooth green mound, and thence along the "Street of the Dead," multitudes of the great of their day have been borne, from distant regions, to sleep in the holy soil of Iona. Thus King Duncan was

"Carried to Colm's Kail,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

I spent the whole morning in the Martyrs' Bay. The exquisitely clear water assumed hues of vivid green and violet as it ran up the pure white sand. These smooth glittering sands are composed of shells ground finely by the sea, and are strewn with marine treasures, lovely delicate seaweeds, and fairy shells so minute that if it were not for their bright tints the eye could scarcely detect them.

We devoted the afternoon to a leisurely survey of the ruins, through which previously we had been hurried with a throng of tourists. The Cathedral, built chiefly in the early part of the thirteenth century, had of course no connection with the most soul-stirring period of Iona's history. The oldest edifice is St. Oran's Chapel, dating from the end of the eleventh century; but no building now remaining in the isle can claim to have sheltered Columba or his disciples. This heroic missionary, as is well known, arrived in Iona from Ireland in the year 563, with twelve companions. From the end of the sixth to the end of the eighth century, this little island was an illustrious seat of learning, and centre of missionary operations which extended over Britain, and even to the continent of Europe. The zeal of the "Culdees" for the dissemination of Christianity carried them as far north as Orkney, and as far south as Italy. The localities associated traditionally with that brilliant era are quite out of the reach of tourists, who are landed here for one short hour, few of them knowing what they have come to see, or what history attaches to the bleak ruins through which the guide hastens them. From the sixth to the seventeenth century, Iona was called "I," "Ii," "Ia," "Io," "Eo," "Hy," "Hi," "His," "Y," or "Yi," simply the *Island*, or "Icolmkill," "I-Columb-Kill," "Hii-Columb-Kille," the "*Island of Columba's Cell*." When one passes a few days in Iona with the companionship of Reeve's

edition of Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, the early history, standing out so clear amid the mists of the sixth century, becomes wonderfully real and vivid and near. And the isle itself, crowded with memories and places of interest, seems to expand into a country. Every creek in the shore, every knoll, every hollow, almost every crag, has a name and a story.

Another glorious moonlight night allured us to visit *Reilig Oran* between nine and ten o'clock. Passing the ruins of the Nunnery, passing Maclean's Cross, standing beside the way glistening in the moonlight, we entered surreptitiously by a gap we had noticed in the afternoon, and stood within the hallowed enclosure,

"Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles."

"Where, beneath the showery west,

The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid."

Forty-eight kings of Scotland, eight kings of Norway, and four kings of Ireland, are said to have been buried here. But of the ancient royal tombs no trace remains, except certain heaps which mark the foundations of the chapels erected over them, and which are called still *Iomaire nan Rìgh*, "Ridge of the Kings." Strange in the pale light looked the grim figures lying in effigy on flat tombstones, chieftains whose names made the isles tremble, their galleys carved above their heads, gigantic swords at their sides, the sculpture and the Latin inscriptions fresh as if done yesterday. Among the crowded slabs which commemorate warriors, abbots of "Y," and great men of many ages, one or two plain modern tombs stand erect, with the names of a Mackay or a Macdonald, "Tenant in Ioolmkill." What an impressive scene! I stood among the dust of centuries, looking on the moonlit Sound of Iona. A resplendent glitter stretched across its restless waters; beyond, in dark outline, rose the low rocky hills of Mull, and to the left the ruins of the Cathedral were black against the shining waves. No sound broke the solemn silence, except the distant crash of the sea among the cluster of rocky islets off the point of the Ross of Mull. On entering the roofless chapel of St. Oran, I was startled. It was very dark inside, and a figure, with sword by his side and galley over his head, stood up against the wall, white in a stream of moonlight. Such an "ærie" feeling came over me that I scarcely dared

to go forward and satisfy myself that the apparition was solid stone.

The next day was the perfection of beauty. Iona did not look "placed far amid the melancholy main," but a "precious stone set in the silver sea"—one of "the green islands of glittering seas." The serene water was streaked with brilliant green and lilac, and *Eileanura*, "the Isle of Storms," seemed tied to the north point of Iona by a band of deep purple. We had the amusement to-day of seeing the tourists come and go, and we appreciated our delightful solitude all the more after the hour of stir and commotion which brings all Iona to the neighbourhood of the landing-place. The *Pioneer* was leaving, and we watched her steaming away over the summer sea, tracking with white its intense blue, ere we started for a long expedition. We had the great advantage of having for our guide a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the history of the island, a native of Iona, who for some years had been a missionary in India, and was now at home on a visit. The day had reached its culmination of loveliness, the granite shores of Mull glowed with their warmest pink, the Sound wore its most enchanting blue, the cliffs of Burgh, the isles of Ulva and Gometra, and the towering peak of Benmore, were all steeped in the richest azure. Mr — led us southwards by a road through level barley-fields, possessing no interest except that which attaches to every foot of Iona, and no beauty except the lavish sunshine that poured down on them. But it was here, doubtless, that Columba and his associates (who were as practical as heroic) worked with their hands, and taught the inhabitants how to cultivate the soil. As we walked, our friend read to us the pathetic narrative of the last hours of the saint, by his disciple and successor, Adamnan. The road, straight as a Roman "street," at last turned off towards the west, and we had a view of the boundless Atlantic on the other side of the island. The first of the objects of our walk was "*Cnoc-an-Aingel*" in Gaelic, "*Colliculus Angelorum*" in Latin, in English "The Angels' Hill," where legend says Columba used to converse with angels when he went forth to pray and meditate at eventide. It is a lovely spot, a softly-swelling, smooth, green eminence, covered with close, fine, lawn-like grass, spangled with wild flowers, large geraniums, eyebright, scabius, and milkwort. The contrast is

remarkable between this sweet mound and the rough, rocky character of the Iona hills in general. It seems as if the "Footprints of Angels" had left a blessing there. Reclining on the soft flowery slope, we drank some delicious milk brought to us from an adjacent farm, and dreamed of the past. One can well believe this was a favourite resort of Columba, who was a poet as well as a saint, and can imagine him watching from here many a sunset over that illimitable ocean. The sea view is very grand, and we had as a foreground a beautiful level green plain,

"The grassy *Macchar*,
Soft and smooth, Iona's pride."

Rugged, craggy hills rise out of this green plain, like isles out of the sea, and north and south of it the coast is rocky and fantastic, tortured into the strangest forms by the force of the Atlantic. Between the rocky headlands there are tiny bays, with shores of pure white sand. In one wild iron-bound bay is the celebrated "Spouting Cave." We had not time to go down to it, but we could see the jets of spray shooting high into the air at intervals, as the waves rushed into the cave, and were forced upwards through the aperture in its roof.

Leaving the sweet *Cnoc-an-Aingel* behind, we crossed one more field of ripe barley, and, turning from the cultivated region, we struck into a huddled mass of rough wild hills and bald crags. Soon we found ourselves in a very singular glen, a long, level hollow, neatly walled in by steep hills on all sides but one, where it sloped down towards the sea. There was something weird about the look of this place, and its complete solitude and silence. It is *Gleann an Teampull*, "The Glen of the Temple," where the Culdees are said to have built a place of worship. Some say it was the site of a monastery, destroyed in 1203. Our guide now led us in and out, up and down, among hills and crags. It was a wilderness, a labyrinth, where a stranger would need a compass to guide him, or he might wander round and round, and imagine the island to be ten times the size it really is, so strangely is it tossed up, the hills are so like each other, and there is no semblance of a path anywhere. We had still occasional glimpses of the sea, but clouds were rising out of it; the sky was already half overcast, and the wind began to whistle. At last we came to a lonely dell, high up among

the hills, and Mr. —, stopping short, said, "Here is the celebrated *Cathan Cuildich*." This is the most interesting spot in Iona, the "Culdees' Cell," pointed out by tradition for ages as the place where Columba and his associates first set up Christian worship. Fantastic rocks enclose the green hollow except on one side, where the opening is filled up by the grand view of the Atlantic, with a few islands in the distance. It is strikingly wild, secluded, and picturesque, just such a place as would be chosen for the celebration of a Highland communion. In the middle is a circle of masonry, overgrown with grass. Here, probably on the site of Druidical rites, those apostolic men worshipped God. These crags must have echoed back their hymns of praise: they must have looked on that sea. Here was first planted the standard of the Cross which was upheld so bravely; here was first kindled the light which burned so brightly and shone so far. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

We left *Cathan Cuildich* very reluctantly, ascended and descended many little hills, crossed many bogs, climbed many dykes, and at last saw the top of the cathedral tower rising as a landmark by which to steer our course. Dunii, the highest hill in Iona, was now on our left. A broad, grassy, level causeway, known as "the Bishop's Walk," soon brought us to the familiar road, a little beyond the Cathedral. The sky by this time was black with clouds, the wind was blowing in heavy gusts, and the Sound was strangely changed from the brilliant blue of the morning. We had scarcely reached our cottage before the storm began, and it raged furiously all night.

When we looked out in the morning, we felt indeed "Placed far amid the melancholy main!" The Sound was covered with foaming, rolling waves, and the rain was driving wildly from the south-west. The tempest howled through the cottage, and as the day went on, the screeching under the doors and through the keyholes became so intolerable that, for the sake of peace, we set all the doors open, and allowed the wind free passage. It had been arranged that this day should be spent in an expedition to *Port-a-Churraich*, "The Bay of the Coracle," or of the "Wicker Boat"—the scene of Columba's landing—at the south end of the island. Till late in the afternoon, we hoped the weather might improve and allow us

to go there by land, though not by boat ; but the storm increased in violence every hour, and we were obliged to give it up. This was very disappointing, for, next to *Cathan Cuilich*, the bay where Columba first set foot on this shore is the most interesting place in Iona.

We had a second wild night. I can understand what an old resident in Iona said to me, that often during a winter hurricane at night, with everything quivering, and the spray flying from shore to shore, she felt as if the little island must break from its moorings, and be half-way to America before morning ! The gale, however, moderated considerably about noon, and soon all was blue and bright again. I found the Martyrs' Bay strewn with seaweeds of enormous size, three colossal specimens of which I dragged with toil and labour to our cottage. I determined to turn the short time that remained to us in Iona to good account by climbing Dun-ii. Though this hill is only 330 feet high, it is a steep and difficult climb, as it rises very abruptly, and is almost entirely a mass of bare rock. I sat long, leaning against the cairn on its top, to take in at leisure the wild and glorious view. Scott's lines were ringing in my head—

"The Abbot comes !" they cry at once,
 "The holy man, whose favoured glance
 Hath sainted visions known.
 Angels have met him on the way,
 Beside the blessed Martyrs' Bay,
 And by Columba's Stone.
 His monks have heard their hymnings high
 Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,
 To cheer his penance lone."

Thirty islands are visible from Dun-ii—from Skye in the north to Islay in the south. Looking west and south, the vast Atlantic stretched, blue, but still agitated and foamy, chafing the sterile shores of Iona, breaking over its rocky points in clouds of spray, burying in white surf its attendant islets, and raging in the bay that contains the Spouting Cave, where the jets seemed shooting up to a height of sixty or seventy feet. North, I saw Staffa with the white breakers at its base, and the strange chain of the Treshnish Isles, and on the east the narrow Sound parted Iona from Mull. I looked over the whole of the little isle, which has attracted for so long the interest of Christendom—an interest growing still. Except the fer-

tile "Machar," it looked a craggy wilderness, one of the wildest of the "hoarse Hebrides." What a history lay mapped out below me! There, at the south end, was the locality where Columba landed, and made this tempest-nursed island "the glory of the West." There, near the bay, was the hill, to the top of which Columba, after coming ashore, sent one of his friends, to ascertain whether any trace of the Irish coast was yet visible on the horizon, for on this point depended his remaining in Hy. Being assured that Ireland was finally out of sight, the great missionary, turning his back for ever on the native country that was too dear to him, ordered his vessel to be buried, keel upwards, deep under the white beach, and set his face to the solemn life-work he had chosen. Hence that hill is called *Carn-Cul-n'-Erin*—"Hill of the Back to Ireland." Not far from the base of Dun-ii, I could trace the hollow where the *Cathan Cuilidich* remains still, sole monument of the pure worship established in 563. On the other side, there was the Martyrs' Bay, and the road along which, century after century, when the memory of Columba had given sanctity to the very soil, funeral processions had passed from thence to *Reilig Oran*. I thought of the succession of zealous missionaries who, during the golden age of Hy, had left these grey shores, to evangelise not only the British Isles, but France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; and then of the darkening days which set in at the end of the 8th century, when again and again the Norse rovers descended here, ravaging, burning, and slaughtering—

"They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's Church
In the temple of God lie slain."

The Cathedral and the other ecclesiastical buildings suggested to me a new period in the history of Iona, after the obliteration of the Culdee order. The two plain Presbyterian kirks were significant of a later era; and thus, looking from the top of Dun-ii over this little sea-girt space three miles long, thirteen centuries seemed to unroll themselves. It would have been easy to spend hours in that eloquent solitude, but I saw the *Pioneer* in the distance, just making her way round Staffa—an unwelcome object, warning me to descend.

When I returned to our cottage I found groups already formed on the beach to wait the coming of the steamer.

She had only seven or eight passengers to-day, and her trip had been a very rough one. We did not get on board without much tossing and difficulty, for the *Monk's wave* was rolling heavily between the shore and the anchorage. We were soon away. The cheerful village passed out of sight, last of all the tall Cathedral tower; and then the rugged shore, where wind and spray leave scarcely a trace of green, looked like an uninhabitable island. The pitching of the steamer increased every minute as we approached the open Atlantic. No sooner had we emerged from the Sound of Iona than we encountered a wild sea in getting round the point of the Ross of Mull. We were in an archipelago—rocky islets on all sides, the sea raging among them: they were one moment buried in the snowy surf, the next showing again their dark shapes, the water pouring down them like an infinity of cataracts. The coast of Mull here consists of huge blocks and slabs of reddish granite, thrown one upon another, with hardly a vestige of vegetation. High up these the sea rushed, bursting into clouds of spray. There are a multitude of sunken rocks, in addition to the visible ones, and the *Pioneer's* course lay close to the shore—so close that one imagined that each wave, as it came on, must hurl her on those savage crags. It was an exciting scene. The “floods clapped their hands;” the *Pioneer* rolled so that no passenger could pretend to keep his footing; and amid flying spray, and dazzling foam, and the sunlight glinting on the enormous waves, and a general joyous uproar of waters, we had our last view of Iona. Once round the southernmost point of Mull, we were in a quieter sea.

This was my first visit to Iona, but not my last. I have been no exception to the ancient rule—

“There never yet came one to Ee,
But he did come times three.”

H. A. B.

WISMAN'S WORK.

INTRODUCTION.

IN former generations, when the proper sphere of woman was discussed, the question was generally decided by the

consideration of any course of action being "womanly" or "unwomanly." There was and is no fixed standard by which this term can be applied, but this did not render it the less decisive; and under shelter of it, strange inconsistencies were tolerated. It was "womanly" to dance or sing before assembled thousands, but it was "unwomanly" to speak to a small number, even in behalf of the oppressed or wronged; it was "womanly" to write weak or sentimental novels, but "unwomanly" to approach grave and important subjects; it was "womanly" to appear in the hunting-field, and to be present at the death of the fox, but "unwomanly" to come to the help of the sick and wounded; it was "womanly" to use the needle, but not the graver's style; it was "womanly" to starve for want of food, but "unwomanly," or at least unlady-like, to work for self-support.

Between the past and present of what is expected from woman, many points of contact exist. Now, as then, she is considered as by nature the guardian of infancy, childhood, and youth; now, as then, it must be she who so regulates and overlooks domestic matters as to make the wheels of life roll smoothly under her care; now, as then, she must represent and defend the highest form of Christian morality, of self-denying religion, of all-pervading godliness; and should she ever withdraw from one or other of these high functions, it will be well neither for herself nor for society. But while this is so, and some would greatly limit woman's field of action, many have now wider views regarding them. Statesmen refer to the number of women necessarily thrown on their own resources as a "grave social fact," and remark that among the questions which we have to answer are, "How to manage, when from year to year more and more of our women are becoming self-dependent members of the community? how to secure to labour its due honour? how are we to make ourselves believe, and bring the country to believe, that in the sight of God and of man labour is honourable and idleness is contemptible?"

This change has been brought about by various causes: some ascribe it to the greatly increased and rapidly increasing wants of high civilisation, which make it difficult for the exertion of one to supply the needs of all that are connected with him even by family ties; others take a more gratifying view of the change, and consider that it has arisen from the higher estimate now made of

woman, in her intellectual nature as well as social position, which would afford her varied powers full scope for development. Some importance is also to be attached to the progress of machinery, which has greatly interfered with the domestic character of female industry. We must admit, too, that we sometimes look in vain for the chivalrous feelings of the middle ages, when men shielded and cared for all who were less strong than themselves. Experience also has shown that "capability" in various directions is not a question between *men* and *women*, but between *individuals* of either half of the human race; so that the question now arising in many quarters should not be, What *can* women do? but, What is it wise or expedient that women should do?

The conviction is now widely spread that it is neither wise nor expedient that a woman should leave unemployed any powers which she can exercise with comfort to herself and with advantage to others; nor is it now considered wise that she should exhaust her strength and injure her health by a continuance and excess of frivolous occupations aiming at nothing higher than amusement. With this conviction comes the enquiry how she can be more worthily employed? To this question various answers will be suggested by the mere names of Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, and Florence Nightingale in philanthropy; of Maria Edgeworth, George Eliot, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in literature; and of Miss Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, and Elizabeth Thompson in art.

These departments, in their higher aspects, are not however to engage us at present; we propose to consider woman's work on what may be termed its prosaic side—i. e., as a means of providing a livelihood—"gaining money," some would call it; "being independent" is its definition by others.

Many of those whom we have named have made their way through difficulties and in spite of opposition which few could overcome; nor is it needful that this should be the only entrance to a successful career. With the view of assisting those who propose to qualify themselves for self-support, a series of papers will be published in this Magazine, each of which will furnish particulars of one or other of the industries and employments open to educated women—the opportunities of preparing for them, the probable outlay both of time and money, with the results that may be expected when the time of preparation is

past. Papers have already been secured, from those whose experience gives weight to what they say, upon the Higher Education of Women—on Sick-Nursing, Medicine, and Engraving; and others will be provided on Art Employments, Offices in Public Institutions, and Home Employments. The importance of such information must be apparent to all who have noted the rapid changes of circumstances through which many pass in a commercial country like our own; and how often, from sickness or other causes, women are required to be not only self-supporting, but helpful in maintaining others.

Even when such a necessity never occurs, those who qualify themselves to meet it have a great advantage in the calmness with which they can look forward to coming years, in the higher health they enjoy from having regular and interesting instead of desultory and aimless occupation, and in the firmness and elevation of character they acquire from pursuing a definite aim for a prolonged period of time.

The fitness of woman for mission work has not been adverted to, simply because the many bright examples of women engaged in this work have long made it a recognised field of exertion for them—as it must continue to be. While many other avenues for employment are open to women, none is so lofty an exercise of whatever her powers may be, at home or abroad, in the privacy of the home circle or in the wider sphere of public work, as that by which she seeks to win new subjects to the kingdom of God, or to lead others on to more loyal allegiance to the Prince of Peace, who “by His divine power hath given,” to woman as well as to man, “all things that pertain to life and godliness.”

PHOEBE BLYTH.

Werburga of Chester.

CHAPTER V.

THE patron saint of Chester moving towards him in bodily form would not have caused Randall more surprise than did this young lady, now clad in pale blue, who walked between his mother and Trevor. For though he had spent all his Sundays at home, the reserve which Mrs. Holme habitually maintained towards her children, had caused her to withhold from him the fact of the approaching visit of Werburga.

"Randall," said Trevor, "let me introduce you to Mlle. de Rehmar. I met the ladies just within the gates, and persuaded them to walk so far with me, by promising to show them the hot-houses, and send them home in the waggonette."

In vain did Randall try either to speak or to raise his eyes to Mlle. de Rehmar's face; he had a nervous twitching about the mouth, and a gulping sensation in his throat. Werburga, however, seemed quite at her ease, and in the height of enjoyment. "Ah!" she said, "we have met before, in the Cathedral. I hope you found your friends that day?" Randall had recovered himself so far as to say "Yes." Then turning to Trevor, she said, "Oh! it is delightful to breathe this air; I could sit on the grass here and breathe it for ever."

Mrs. Holme looked disapproval, but Trevor answered gaily: "Well, I shall allow you three more breaths of this excellent air, and then I shall beg you to tear yourself away from it, and to inhale a little of the air in my drawing-room. My piano is longing to be heard again; it is suffering as severely as a novice under the vow of silence. Grant us one little song."

"Willingly," said Werburga. "I owe you one at least in return for this charming walk." When they had entered the drawing-room, and she was seated at the piano, she said, "What shall I sing? First something sad, and then a merry song to end with?"

"By all means," said Trevor, "make us weep bitterly, and then make us laugh afterwards."

"Then I shall sing you papa's favourite melancholy song, called 'Vergebliche Sehnsucht.'"

Preluding with a few grave chords, she sang the song, of which the first and last verses are here given:—

"Mir träumt', du wolltest kommen
Und sitzen neben mir;
Da stand eine grosse Scheidewand,
Zwischen mir und dir.
Gibt's denn kein Wiedersehen,
Wo Liebe nie erbleicht?
Geister die mich umwehen,
Die flüstern nur 'vielleicht!'"

While she sang this song, Rand was thinking all the time that he had heard that voice one, singing before him.

strain. He liked it even better now. But to look at her, and to hear her sing and talk, it was too much; he could not realise it. How was it that Trevor could hear all, and yet seem so unconcerned? To Randall this was an unsolved mystery.

"That is beautiful," said Trevor, when she had finished; "but please let us have the gay song at once; if you keep us waiting for it, I shall go mad with melancholy."

"Then I shall sing what papa calls my Summer Ballad, because it is somewhat in the style of a ballad, and he thinks it is meant as a rejoicing at the coming of summer. To a graceful and lively strain she then sang these words:—

"I have walked 'neath silent stars,
Asking dewy night to tell
Where her fair abode she hath
Whom I loved, and love so well.

One by one they sink from sight,
Comes with dewy step the day,
Shows me in her blessed light
Her I loved, and love for aye.

Walking in the woods, I said,
O ye birds of dawn, I pray,
Carol till with airy tread
Comes the maid I love for aye.

Chanted loud the little thrush,
Rang the lark her silver bell,
Till from out a flowering bush
Came the maid I love so well.

Then I took her by the hand,
Thinking only, all the day,
I am walking with the maid
Whom I loved, and love for aye."

"Ah!" said Trevor, at the close of this song, "that is very different; I feel quite cheerful now."

Mrs. Holme tried to make Randall talk to her, and tell her something of his life at Glanhafon, but without success; she could gain only monosyllabic answers. Neither was Trevor in a talking humour after the ladies had left; so, to escape a dull evening, Randall, under the plea of a headache, retired early to rest, and lay awake half the night thinking of Werburga, and also, it must be

owned, feeling somewhat angry with his mother and Trevor for not having informed him of the approaching visit of that young lady. Had he been of a suspicious nature, he might have fancied that they had planned his absence at this time. But he dismissed that idea at once from his mind, as unworthy of consideration.

The next morning, after the writing was finished, Trevor said to Randall, "Really it is a mistake to shut ourselves up in this glorious weather, letting the sun peep at us, instead of going out to look him in the face. A truce to writing for one day at least; to-morrow we will let the sun shine upon us all day. Do you know Castell y Waen?"

"Yes," said Randall.

"I shall send Jones down to the White House with a request that the three ladies may accompany us thither, and we will call for them to-morrow forenoon."

Randall did not study much that afternoon; the thought of a whole day in the society of Werburga was like an immense wave that filled his mind and carried everything else out of it.

When the message arrived at the White House, Mrs. Holme and Malvina received it with composure. Werburga, however, clasped her hands, and exclaimed in a delighted manner, "Oh! how charming, to see the interesting old castle, and to have another talk with the clever squirrel!" Mrs. Holme looked as if on the point of reproving a naughty child. Werburga, however, without seeming to observe this, continued in a low voice to Malvina, "and then to think that we shall escape the visit of Mr. Bernard Wood to-morrow evening; it is too delightful." Mrs. Holme heard this distinctly. "Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed solemnly. But Mademoiselle was already in the midst of another burst of delight, expressed in undertones to Malvina; so the word and the look were alike thrown away upon her. Mrs. Holme was an enemy to the unrestrained expression of feeling; she thought that all tidings, whether pleasant or otherwise, should be met with an appearance, at least, of undisturbed equanimity. Werburga, on the other hand, had been trained by her father to a frank expression of all her thoughts and feelings; she had learned to mistrust any mood of mind which would not bear such expression, and to banish it accordingly. But that surface equanimity, which formed one of the articles in Mrs. Holme's creed of conduct, might be only like the

smooth surface of a lake, that at the same time is hiding storms in its bosom, all the more violent because forbidden to appear. The feelings of disapproval now frequently expressed by Mrs. Holme both in word and look towards Werburga, had no hurtful effect upon her brave and courteous nature. Finding that sympathy between them was not to be looked for, she treated Mrs. Holme with civility, and even deference. In her intercourse with others, however, the consciousness that she was being inwardly commented on by that lady, did not impose the slightest check on the expression of her thoughts; it seemed, on the contrary, rather to encourage it. Malvina enjoyed the society of her friend most when her mother was not present. The announcement of an intended visit from Mr. Bernard Wood on the evening of the following day had caused Mrs. Holme some uneasiness, for he was not a visitor whom she wished to see frequently at her house. She had been trying to find some pretext for declining the honour of his company, when Trevor's invitation arrived and removed the difficulty. The gratification of Werburga at escaping this visit raised a new wonder in Mrs. Holme's mind. What cause could Mademoiselle have to dislike the man? That, for the present, remained a mystery.

It was a pleasant party that drove, the next morning, between leafy hedgerows, past green fields and under shady branches, away to the south-west of Stretton. The road was level and easy enough at first; the talk was lively; and great amusement was caused by the efforts of Werburga to pick up a few words of Welsh. "I always like to learn languages," she said; "but this Welsh is so outlandish; I am afraid of it."

"Ah!" said Trevor, "I can teach you a simple enough phrase. It was the first remark of Gryffith when he arrived in Wales,—Gryffith, the frequently baffled, the manacled prisoner, and finally the king of North Wales,—when he landed at Aber Menai from the shores of Ireland, weary and warm and thirsty, he called out to an old long-bearded Druid in white vestments, "*Cwrw da!*"

"It is like the cry of a crow or a sea-gull!" said Werburga. "What does it mean? God bless you! or It is a fine day!"

"No indeed; something of a much more mundane character; it means 'good ale.'"

"Gryffith was a sensible man, to ask at once for what

he wanted," said Werburga; "and I hope all his descendants do the same."

The road now began to ascend gradually, and soon became very steep. It was cut out of the side of a mountain, and overlooked a precipitous bank. Mrs. Holme looked slightly nervous, and clutched Randall's arm. Werburga, looking up, saw three tall beech-trees, growing at the top of the mountain, on the verge of the precipice. "Those beeches remind me of the solitary pine-tree in Heine's poem," she said; "what can they be dreaming of?"

"They do not require to dream of anything," said Trevor, "when they have such a fine view constantly before them. Look there! Do you see that grand range of northern hills, with little white houses nestling here and there in the woods on their skirts? And now, look straight down; there is the river Dee, a thousand feet below you, brawling past the famous bridge. Were it only a little clearer we might see the sea to the north-west."

Descending the hill on the southern side, the scenery became very beautiful, with hill and dale, meadow and forest intermingled. After passing a lake on which a number of swans were calmly floating, they came in sight of Castell-y-Waen.

"What is the meaning of the name?" said Werburga; "'wean' in Scotch means a child."

"Yes!" said Trevor; "but 'gwaen' in the Cumbrian language signifies a meadow or unenclosed space."

"Well, it is certainly not childish in its appearance. What a noble building, with five towers in front, a large one in the middle, by which we enter! But—oh, horrible!"

They had suddenly turned an angle in the avenue to the castle, and beheld, on the level turf close to the road, a table-cloth spread, and covered with viands in abundance. Round it were seen, some sitting, some reclining on the grass, a party, among whom were Mrs. Williams and her daughter Jane, with the two nephews, Miss Columbine Watteau, and—his face enlivened by a broad grin—Mr. Bernard Wood.

"He is the inevitable!" said Werburga, in a whisper to Malvina. Then she said aloud, "Ah! there is Mr. Bernard Wood! can he have known that we were coming? But to put table-cloths down in this delightful scenery! It is profane!"

Trevor was amused, and ordered the coachman to stop while they exchanged salutations with the party. When they drove on, he said with a resigned air, "They are going to follow us up to the castle immediately."

Accordingly, when they obtained admission, Trevor acted as if he were determined to see everything worth seeing before the other party should appear. Begging the ladies not to waste time over the pictures and armour in the large hall on the ground-floor, he hurried them upstairs to the principal drawing-room. Here portraits of kings, queens, and other great personages, hung round the walls. Trevor, pointing to one, said, "There is that brave Sir Thomas to whom this house owes its warlike fame; he stood out boldly against Cromwell and Lambert his general. A little further on we have his grandson, whose hospitality has been sung by the bard Huw Morris. It must have been after a handsome entertainment at the castle that Huw composed the penill, where he says that its halls flow with rivers of beer, and that it has mountains of bread and beef for all who choose to partake. Poets, after all, like good living; they will praise good wine rather than a sharp sword; at least such seems to have been the case with Huw Morris."

"Ah! you are too severe," said Werburga; "I believe that starvation and sentiment go together, sometimes at least."

"If you think the poets such ethereal beings, let me show you the portrait of a poet's wife. She was the daughter of our hospitable hero, and the widow of an earl when she married Addison. Yet she never forgot her first husband so far as to look on her second as an equal."

"Then she was quite unworthy of him," said Werburga. "Was it not as great an honour for her to be the wife of a man of genius as to be a countess?"

"Ah! I fear you are literary-mad. Think of the position she held; she could not possibly exalt her husband to it."

"Position!" said Werburga; "I hate position. It is a tyrant which cheats us of our better selves."

"It is conventionality you mean," said Trevor; "that is a different thing."

"Yes, but in her case the two went hand in hand; and I despise this conventionality so much, that were it the way to Paradise, I should prefer not to go there."

"So you are a worshipper of nature and genius," said Trevor; "who would have thought it? And may I ask, is it the fine arts alone that you would thus exalt on a pedestal for universal homage?"

"Yes," said Werburga, "the arts alone; your beloved science should be condemned," she added quietly.

"Ah, then you are at open warfare with your father and myself. You dislike scientific studies?"

"I dislike the theories to which they lead," she answered; "they are so many and so groundless. I cannot bear this Darwinism and evolution theory which papa is continually writing about, and which you also seem to dote upon. I have an idea of my own on these subjects, which is sufficient for me."

"And pray what may that be?"

"The leather theory," answered Werburga.

"The leather theory!" said Trevor in amazement. "I must beg you to explain yourself."

"Why, the idea that we are all developed out of old leather. What is more likely? I am sure Darwinism is not."

"Ah! you are making fun of us," said Trevor. "But here they come!"

Mr. Wood and his party now entered the spacious drawing-room. Mrs. Holme advanced to meet them, and was speedily occupied in assisting Mrs. and Miss Williams to admire the view from the windows. Presently Mr. Bernard Wood was to be seen in an earnest *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Holme. Had he come here to-day to fulfil the purpose of his evening visit? Evidently his talk was of a grave nature, for he knitted his brows, and gave side-long downward glances with his dull grey eyes, as much as to say, This is a serious matter, but I have it on good authority. When Mrs. Holme rejoined the others afterwards she held her head a little more erect than usual, and looked sharply at her son, who at the moment was conversing with Werburga. Randall and Werburga had not talked much together, they had merely interchanged sentiments of dislike with regard to such subjects as Randall was engaged in writing upon to Trevor's dictation, when Mr. Bernard Wood came up to them.

"Admiring the scenery, Mademoiselle?" he said, seeing that Werburga had turned from him to look out at the window. Then, with a bland deferential air, he added, "I see you are a person of good taste."

"Indeed I hope so, Mr. Wood," said Werburga, coldly.

"No one brought up by such a father as yours could fail to be so."

Werburga could not answer this; coming from another person, it might have been a pleasant remark, but the way in which Mr. Wood spoke gave her an instinctive sense that he was insincere. But then the question rose in her mind, "If he felt no friendship for her or her father, why persist in trying to show it, as he had always done? Why not act in accordance with his real feelings, if they were feelings of indifference? If of dislike, what then?" She was thankful when Malvina approached and began to talk with her. They were speedily joined by Trevor; and Randall and Bernard Wood moved off together.

"What a nice person Mlle. de Rehmar is!" said Mr. Wood; "do you know the baron her father?"

"I have not the honour," said Randall.

"Then let me give you a piece of friendly advice; do not know him. There is about him, I will confide to you, a mystery which I have never been able to fathom; some ugly secret, I suspect, hushed up at home, and which he fears may overtake him here."

"You do not mean it," said Randall, in an agitated manner, his eyes flashing fire.

"I would it were not so," said his companion, glancing coldly at Randall's flushed face; "but there is something in the presence of that man that tells me he cannot be innocent. If he be so, why shut himself up as he does?"

"He is a student," said Randall, "and all students love seclusion. Mr. Wood, I consider it utterly unnecessary for you to spread this calumny; let me beg that you will do so no more; and for myself, I decline the honour of your society any further." With this he bowed slightly, and, turning from Mr. Wood, walked back in the direction in which they had come. He descended the stairs, and going out into the court, found Miss Columbine Watteau there, seated on a brass cannon; she had a headache, and preferred the air. He stood by her, and tried to amuse her by conversation. But he was not in the mood for it, and when the others appeared, he followed his inclination, and wandered away into the woods alone.

He threw himself down at the foot of a spreading beech-tree, put his hat over his eyes, and tried to think. The feeling of displeasure with his mother and Trevor had now given place to a stronger feeling against another. The words of Bernard Wood, like a sudden and violent blast, had brought to its height the tempest that raged

his soul. Was he not like Orpheus, but without the lute, willing to descend even into Hades to seek the one he loved, and finding himself debarred thence by a three-headed monster that glared on him with cruel eyes, and showed its greedy fangs? There was the head of doubt and debate; this was the obstacle which represented Trevor and his opinions. Such reflections as these raised in his mind seemed to belong to quite a different sphere from the holy imaginings called forth by the love which he felt. That was a thing which could exalt him to the seventh heaven in self-forgetting adoration, or bid him cast himself into the sea with joy at the bidding of the object of his love. There she sat, enthroned like an angel amid the images which artistic genius had called up around her; while here—! These grovelling conjectures about the nature and origin of man were not to be mentioned in her presence; it was desecration to assert that they were true of a race to which she belonged; he could not think of her and of these things together without an aversion to the latter which must inevitably give them the lie; for was not love another name for truth? But if these guesses were true, what then?—a careless, aimless existence like that of the brutes, fit only to be cast into the dust-bin of material waste at its close. If this were all, a truce to higher aspirations.

But the monster had two other heads. Alas! one of them had green eyes. Some one was always coming between; Trevor was always there. If she bestowed a few words on him, Trevor was ready, like the lion, to take his share, to take all. And lastly, the insinuations of Bernard Wood. Oh! he knew it was wrong, but he hated that man. The distrust of him which he had always felt had now reached its climax. Henceforward he should meet with nothing but indifference from Randall, possibly something worse. He involuntarily clenched his fist. There was a rustling sound in the tall ferns near him; he looked up, and saw a stray fawn that turned towards him its timid, innocent eyes; so tame was the animal. "You are better than some men," said Randall, starting up, and thus frightening the fawn away while he turned to rejoin his party. The desponding fit was over for the present, and he felt comforted by the reflection, that he should spend the following Sunday at home in the society of his mother and sister and Werburga, while neither Trevor nor Mr Wood would be at hand to exert their disturbing influence.

PROCHA.

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER VII.

"Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek —
In thy place—ah, well a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To day"—SHELLEY.

It may be well for our novices, who sometimes deem that in laying down this world's goods they lay down this world's joy, that I should relate something of the vexations and troubles of the morrow of that festive night. I had wealth, and the consciousness of noble birth—a strange pleasure to one hitherto regarded as a foundling; and the bride of my heart was promised me; but yet the day would not go smoothly, even without the weight of the secret vows I did my best to forget. It was Michael's Day, and we heard mass said by a grim-looking chaplain in the castle chapel; and then, as the wind was crisp and the sky clear, Valeria wished me to go with her out hunting. But I, who only waited for Swend to awake to go on board ship, excused myself as being too busy. Then she said, might she go attended by Signor Astolfo; but before they started, she prayed me to dismiss the cowardly old Fazio from his office of seneschal. This I did, appointing Syades, as he desired, in his stead; whereupon the chaplain appeared, and said he would stay in no household where a Saracen bore office, and so went his way; while Valeria told me how Thorstein had before said that Syades wished for that office, and counselled it should not be given him, as it was dangerous to give power to Saracens on this coast. I reproached Valeria for not telling me this in time, but she, laughing gaily, said it mattered little; and then she and Astolfo, like two light-hearted children, rode off together, with huntsmen, hounds, and horn, leaving me to wait the waking of Swend from the heavy sleep which had followed the deep drinking of the past night. It was not till high noon that we reached the ship together, where an unwonted stir prevailed. Men were caulking her sides, getting in stores, and furbishing arms. Thorstein was giving orders and Hertha was not to be seen. Had she gone away?

thought, while my heart drew all together with a pang. No; Thorstein, who clasped my hands with kindly words on my new fortune, saying he had known it long, and believed me worthy of it, added that Hertha had gone early to high mass at the Cathedral City, escorted by Sir Rainulf, but would be here anon.

"And the lady has my horse," said Ivar, who was talking with old Bergliot down below. "He will carry her well if you like to buy him, now she is to leave the ship. A worse will serve me, as I don't mean to drag after my knight any further, but turn squire to Dame Bergliot here till we reach England."

"What! Bergliot off to England!" said Swend.

"Ay, sir," said the old woman. "Now my lady is to go ashore, she may choose among fair maidens for her women. I am too old and homely, so I go with my countryman here, first to Rome, to get rid of any sins one may have picked up by the way, then back to rest at home."

"We are both too old to worry about sins and long rides to mass, like my master. Here he comes with the lady," said Ivar, as indeed Rainulf and Hertha appeared, with some attendants on horseback, on the narrow strip of sand. Thence Hertha was fetched by a boat, and came on board, looking more lovely than ever as she saluted me, and wished me all joy of my recovered lands.

"After her," said Swend, "and urge your suit." And after Hertha I sped to the end of the deserted poop, where the curled tail of the Dragon now supported a silken awning. What I said I know not—at least it was fervent—but Hertha was cold, far colder than when she said *Vieni* a few days before, and her words fell on my heart as a few large hailstones fall into the heat of a thundrous summer day.

"Marquis Lorenzo, I know that I must leave my home, the ship, and that you can make me a great lady in this land. I think also you really care for me; but hear a few calm, true words. I have only thought of you hitherto as a monk who could not marry, and I did like you then; now you seem to me a stranger. I have always hoped to be able to give my love when I gave my hand, and I cannot give it to you."

"Because I am a stranger, as you say. Give me but hope you will love me some day."

"I cannot tell," said Hertha; "let me go in peace,

when my brother sails, to the Convent of Amalfi, and then——”

“And then I may see you, and you will learn to love me?”

“I dare not say so; let us end this,” and Hertha turned round and swept by me, summoning Thorstein to her side. She was nobler, greater, stronger in all ways as a woman than I as a man, I felt. I was, however, now so determined to bend her will to mine that anger began to mingle with the love I bore her. Later, we all sat together on deck, with fruit and wine before us, but an unwonted silence and constraint weighed down all our spirits, till Hertha asked Kolbiorn to sing. As she spoke, a bright ray fell on us from the westering sun.

“A greeting from Frey,” he said, and sang—

“ Oh, Frey in the Northlands,
Thou sweetest of powers,
Thy kiss on the mountains
Turns ice into flowers.
Thy smile on the meadow
Is joy to the fold,
Thy touch on the maid's hair
Turns flaxen to gold.

“ Oh, Frey in the Southlands,
How dread is thine ire !
Thou lord of the death bow,
Thine arrows are fire !
Thy light touch is madness,
Thy warm kiss is death ;
Thy smile on the marshes
The pestilence breath.”

“It is ever thus with thee, Kolbiorn,” said Thorstein; “what is true here is false there for thee. Is it not the same life-giving sun here as in the cool north, kindly everywhere, though in different ways?”

“Thorstein, methinks, is lost in the wood altogether,” said Kolbiorn; “he hopes Frey has power here too, because the sun has, but then his name here perhaps is Apollo, or St. Sebastian shall we say?” and his word flowed into song—

“When Thorstein goes his sires to greet,
The death-shoes bound about his feet,

Where all must go when called by fate—

Where will he wander desolate ?

He cannot find Valhalla.

The old gods live no more for him ;

The new faith is unknown and dim ,

All paths are hidden from his eyes,

Nor found the way to paradise—

Though lost the old Valhalla."

"Everything is but a game to thee," said Thorstein, sadly; "hast thou, then, never felt how the beautiful Christian Sagas might be the best things in life, if they were true? But were they so, the people here, who believe them, would be better than our countrymen, instead of worse."

"Not all of them," said Hertha, with glowing cheeks; "and these people are of a conquered race, ours are brave and strong; and when the grey dawn of the faith has risen to full day, you will see what a noble nation ours will become."

"Our old Sagas cannot be mere fables," said he; "and what great difference there is between what we thought right before, and what the new faith commands, I for one cannot see."

"Yes, one thing at least," said Hertha, turning to me with a smile; "*we* are told to forgive our enemies: is it not so, Marquis D'Asile?"

A tumult of thoughts made my cheeks burn, while Thorstein said, "Forgive those who do harm—nay, there would be no living in such a world. Down with the evil people that are our enemies!" and "Down with them!"—"Serve them up as a banquet to the crows!"—"Make the young wolves drunk with their blood!" echoed from others, while all the men drank the pledge.

"Nay," said Hertha, "forgive them, love them, keep them from hurting you, but conquer evil with good. Speak, Marquis, you who are so learned."

But I (though longing in all ways to please Hertha) had nothing I could say. Soon I rose to take leave, after bidding them all to a banquet in my castle on the morrow. Swend went a little way with Syades and me up the hill.

"There is more meal shaken into the porridge," he said. "Bergiot tells me Hertha has just told Thorstein she will only marry a Christian, and they have had quite a quarrel, so your way is cleared. Thorstein, indeed, with

ship and gold gone to Rän!¹ he is no match for her. But our Hertha is a shy bird, so make no slight move to scare her; clutch her once for all, and hold fast; never mind maids' coy fancies. Syades will tell thee our plan, if she does not consent to hold the marriage-feast on board, on Thursday. We will have a priest up at a lonely chapel in the woods he knows of—thither will I bring Hertha, and thou shalt take her away, will she, nil she. So courage; I shall say nothing yet, but if I do speak, it shall be so thoroughly to the purpose that our Hertha will be glad to leave my guardianship for yours."

Astolfo and Valeria were just alighting in the castle court as I returned, and talking to a ragged, miserable-looking monk, in whose hanging cheeks and wrinkled face I did not at once recognise the formerly pompous Fra Damasus. But his voice was as gay as ever, as he said—

"So here is the young lord,—a thousand greetings to him; St. Agata herself must have kept him from taking the vows; I can see her saying of you two—'No, no, you shall have them, brother George, they are far too warlike and spirited for me. I won't be so hard on the mortal maidens, too, as to take them for myself.'"

She might have said it of Astolfo, but never of me, who in sooth was but a shy backward cavalier; but I was pleased with Damasus' words, and with the new respect he now showed me. "Don't ask me of my life at the hermitage," he went on; "oh, boys, boys, may I never again be taken for a holy hermit and treated as such! Once I made off, and the people brought me back again. At last I wandered here on my way to poor Monte Cassino, which I hear is encompassed by armies."

"And don't you go there, father," said Astolfo; "your aspirations would be carrying you into the thick of the fight, and your wind would never serve to get you out again. Here is the Marquis in want of a chaplain—in great want, weddings are in the air;" and he looked inquiringly at me, who, nothing loath, bade the monk stay for the time at least as chaplain in my castle. Then we all busied ourselves with preparations for the feast of the morrow. It was not difficult to make the halls and galleries splendid, as the Saracens had left quantities

¹ Goddess of the Sea and the Drowned.

of rich stuffs and gilded vessels and silver lamps; and the austere Norman pilgrims had not plundered, when they took the castle. Yet the rooms, when all was ready, seemed, however brilliant, more like the palace chambers of some Eastern magician than the halls of a baronial castle. And the same underlying touch of Saracenic magic disturbed my pleasure. Syades dared to say to me, "Now, mark me, Hertha, unless protected by Thorstein, will consent to this alliance with content, which will deepen into love. But he wishes to mar all, and he may succeed. It is only letting him know to-night the haunt of the Dragon, and he will be eager to get the honour of killing it—it is but showing him the way, and he vanishes from your path for ever." Now, though I repelled his horrible whispers, I felt with terror the new power he had over me. I was aware of his presence without seeing him; I knew when he drew near of his approach; it was ever as if two wills struggled within me—his and my own.

But all these sombre thoughts were forgotten in the gaiety of the festival. Valeria had collected many gay cavaliers and fair ladies from the country round; after the banquet, the tables were cleared and the dance began, and sweet music pealed from the richly hung galleries far into the quiet of the autumnal night. The young hostess was brilliant and winning; the Northmen gave themselves up to the joys of the time before returning to the wintry sea, and the Italian ladies were only too willing to listen to the sweet speeches that meant the less, as their ship was seaward bound. Though indeed the whisper went round that the goodliest man in all the rooms was the Neustrian Norman Rainulf, even as all agreed that, whoever came second, the Lady Hertha was queen of the festival. For me, wherever I chose to cast my eyes, answering smiles and softest words greeted me, till I began to think my cold and distant Hertha was foolishly insensible of her great good luck in having won the heart of the rich young marquis. Towards the end of the feast I had succeeded in leading her away under pretext of showing her some choice art-treasures, when, on passing a window-seat in the lonely gallery, she saw Thorstein sitting gazing down at the sea, and stopt short, laying her hand on his shoulder. He started at her touch, but neither spoke nor rose. "Ah, dear sea," she murmured, with tears in

her eyes; "oh my Norway, shall I never see you more? Bear them my greetings, Thorstein."

"Dear lady," he answered, "I and my men leave the Dragon-ship to-morrow. You know Swend and I have of late been like fire and water; I only stayed for your sake. I go by land to the war with Rainulf."

"And you too leave me, kinsman," she said, with bitter pectulence; while he replied, gently, "I am always ready to serve you when you desire it, kinswoman." Hertha wrapped her head in her veil, shook off my hand, and left us hastily, while Thorstein laid his hand on mine to detain me, and said, "And so you love Hertha truly, and care for all your possessions chiefly that you may give them to her. I do not wonder, for, besides her beauty, she is about the most gracious maiden that ever lived on earth. To a brave man the happiness of his lady is dearer than his own." He paused, and I thought, "Is he going to ask me to resign her?" But I answered, "You too care much for Hertha?"

"Yes, I care more for her happiness than for anything but honour in the world. You have only seen her lately, but I loved her when she was a little maiden of seven, and used to run down to the landing-place when my boat came in with her pretty greeting. And when she was older, and I saved her from the burning homestead, and rode all night over the fells with her fair head nestled on my shoulder, lest they should make my little girl a king's captive, did I not care for her welfare then, as now, above all things?" He paused, and the music swelled up sweetly in the silence. Then he went on: "This change of faith has made some change between us, but still I am her true friend. She may learn to love you—you can give her so much. What can I give her but a rough boat on the barren sea? But look you, my young lord, you must not hurry her. We men do not altogether understand maidens—sometimes they hardly understand themselves. Give her time; let her rest awhile in the Convent of Amalfi, as she wishes, so she may learn to think of you as a young champion, and not merely as a monk: and, take my advice, send away that Saracen; he is not fit to be about an honest man's house."

"It is Swend who arranges for Hertha," I answered, coldly.

"Swend," said Thorstein; "you know what he is—his wits are all drowned in ale—he can only drive before

wind and tide. He is no guardian for a lady of birth."

"At least he is her brother, and you have hardly a right to interfere."

"I am her kinsman," said Thorstein, with undiminished gentleness, "and I will not see her wronged." He turned again to the window and looked out as before, as Syades approached, and whispered to me, "Remember." But I, feeling a deep shame aroused by the word, went rapidly back to the hall, where my guests were now taking leave.

"In two days, then—the mountain chapel of St. Christopher," said Swend, with his wild laugh. "Bring no one but the priest, and I shall bring only the lady and a trusty guard. I asked her just now, and she won't fix a day, so we will settle it all for her, brother-in-law."

And so he and the rest took leave, and Syades escorted me to my chamber, saying the evening had not gone so ill. Hertha had not actually refused to have me, and would have to submit to Swend's way of doing so. "And if we had only sent Thorstein to Hela, as Kolbiorn has it, it would have been better still; but there your nerve failed you, my lord."

The cool grey-green olive woods seemed full of mysterious promise as I rode through them two days later in the dewy morning, with only Damasus, as I had kept my purpose a secret from all. We left the horses at a farm, and thence wandered about a mile on foot to the lonely chapel. The silver-stemmed trees surrounded it closely on all sides, except where a little clear space at the west door let in a glimpse of the distant sea, and there a small stream glanced in sunshine for a minute as it sped from the forest above to the forest below. The little chapel was empty, but fragrant with the orange twigs which strewed the floor. Damasus entered the little sacristy by a low door to the east, and left me sitting in the western porch, till I heard the sound of voices, and an armed Northman, Eric by name, ran past me with a nod. "I am to guard the door behind," he said, "and Hacon watches the path below;" and he disappeared behind the chapel, while Swend, with Hertha on a mule, appeared in front. She started on seeing me, and said, "Have you deceived me, brother? do the nuns not wait for me here, then?"

"No, your husband waits for you," he said, lifting her off the mule, and sending it with a blow down into the

woods. "The Marquis, like a true lover, ready to overlook all your vagaries. Here is chapel and priest—the real Damasus this time—and, mark me, unwedded hence you do not go," for Hertha had drawn up her head like an angry swan, half defiant, half alarmed.

"Not thus," she said, "shall Rolf's daughter be wedded. I have told this gentleman I would not marry him now."

Swend interrupted. "You must; our honour is pledged. He has given me for you the money needed for the war."

"I am then bought and sold. Marquis, I will be forced into no wedlock; I will not marry you."

Then Swend broke into fury; in vain I interposed, and implored Hertha only to trust and take me. Swend continued to say even bitterer things in Norse, which enraged me even while I did not fully understand them. At last he seized her roughly by the arms, and thrust her over towards me; and then, looking round in real terror, she cried, "Let me go, let me go alone to the chapel, and speak to the priest. He will hear what I have to say; he will help me."

"Let her go!" I exclaimed, and glancing reproachfully at her bruised arm, she moved slowly into the chapel where Damasus stood, and closed the door.

Swend burst into a loud laugh. "Why, Marquis, you look quite scared; the wild bird can only flutter, don't let her go—and when once her word is given, you will have a tender bride. I know them well, our free maidens. As they say at the farms, To-day the whip and to-morrow the oats for the wild mare."

I was very angry with Hertha for so scorning me, and more so with Swend for his violence, and paced uneasily about, till after many minutes had passed, Swend said, "Well, they have had time for their talk now. Art thou resolute? If she resists I will hold her at the altar."

"Yes," I said, "she belongs to me now, and for her own weal I will take her away with me." And so saying, I opened the chapel door. Straight in front I saw Damasus sitting on the ground, gagged and tied to the altar-rails; behind me Swend shouted, "Call Eric!" while at the same moment some one rushed past me and flew upon him. I ran through the sacristy to the east door calling on Eric, but there was no answer, and the door was locked. Back to the west door only in time to see two wrestling men fall heavily into the brook, and that the one who struggled on to his knees on Swend's chest

was Thorstein. Rapid footsteps now sounded on the path, and Hakon appeared. Thorstein, who held Swend's throat with his left hand, while his face was under water, slipped his right hand up to his own side. Hakon, with drawn sword, rushed upon him, but Thorstein's axe was out; there was a deafening clash of weapons; the sword flew into the air, and Hakon rolled backwards, his head streaming with blood, and lay. I was utterly bewildered, though I had drawn my sword; but no time for thought was given me, for Thorstein now leapt out of the brook upon me, wrenched the sword from my hand, and dragged me into the chapel. I felt at once I was a child in his hands of iron, and, more quickly than I can tell, he had bound my hands, and strapped me with my own belts tight to a pillar, and then he darted off to where he had left Swend. Him he now dragged into the chapel almost insensible, and bound him, too, securely to a pillar, but seated on the ground, as indeed he was unable to stand. Then he disappeared, but soon returned dragging Eric, also bound hand and foot, gagged and bleeding. He left him on the floor, and carefully searched us for weapons, all of which he took away out of the chapel; and then returning, looked reproachfully at Swend.

"I was almost ashamed to suspect you enough to follow you through the woods, Swend," he began; "but it is well that dogs' ears are pricked when wolves prowl. Be thankful I have not sent you this time into another world, where Rolf would hardly welcome a son who came out of a brawl for ill-treating his daughter. For you, Marquis, you had better go back to your convent, as it appears you can neither fight men nor guard ladies. And you, priest—be quiet, I am not going to cut your throat—;" for Damasus' face was distorted with terror as Thorstein went up to him with a drawn dagger. "I will treat you better than the rest; I will give you back *your* weapon, your tongue;" and he cut away the gag, doing the same for Eric, with the words, "I am sorry I had to hit you without warning, but you are not much the worse, I think; Hakon, I fear, is finished."

"No, no, Herser Thorstein, I am none the worse," said Eric; "and you had to do it, as there were five against you."

"Only three," said Thorstein; "two do not count. Now," he continued, looking round on us from the door, "you may stay here for awhile; I will see you are not disturbed. It is a good fast trap you have set, only as

it happens you have caught your own fingers in it. What says the saw?

'A bird in the net
Is not taken yet'—

and Hertha is safe. Better luck to you when you better deserve it;" and with a quiet laugh he went out, locking and barring the door behind him. We all gazed at each other; Swend, who looked like a hideous gargoyle, his red dripping hair hanging in straight lines over his furious face, was muttering vows of vengeance; Damasus was trembling all over; while Eric, who lay like a log on the floor, burst into a loud laugh.

"How did he manage you all?" he asked, "for, after all, we were four armed men, and two on guard. He knocked me on the head so soundly as he came up that I knew nothing more till this minute, but no doubt the lady went straight out at my door, and got a good start. Well, I call it manfully done: I always said he was the quickest, briskest man on board; and," he added, examining his bound arms and feet, "how thoroughly well he has made the knots, like the true sailor that he is; ah! we shall miss him badly on board the Dragon-ship." E. J. O.

(To be continued.)

Bonnie Little Mary.

BONNIE little Mary was all the world to me;
Bonnie little Mary, who so blythe as she,
Singing in the forest, or laughing by the fire,
No one, in her presence, of life could ever tire!

Happy in the sunlight, or happy in the gloom,
Merry by the sea-shore, or in the darkened room,
She carried in her bosom the source of all delight,
And all things seemed so bright to her, because her eye
was bright.

Bonnie little Mary! her gleeful heart has gone,
My sunlight set and darkened in the eyes where once
it shone;
My life is fled, the world is dead, for she has gone away,
And there's no more light nor music in the dulness of
my day!

LUTHA REKHA.

Woman's Work.

II.—GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

AMONG the many fields of remunerative labour which are now beginning to be thrown more or less unreservedly open to women, the profession of Teaching offers almost without question the highest advantages. This was, as we know, far from being the case formerly; and it is to the reformation which the education of girls is even now undergoing that both the present change in the profession and the large possibilities of development in store for it in the future are due. Few people surely will deny, whatever may be said for or against a woman's entering other professions, that the teaching of her own sex at least is one which seems stamped by nature as most unmistakably hers. And yet women are only now beginning to claim their full share in, if not exclusive right to, one of its most important and certainly most honourable branches, school-teaching. That this has hitherto been to a surprising extent in the hands of men, cannot be gainsaid; indeed, the ordinary phrases with which we are all familiar in school prospectuses, "the advantage of the best masters," "first-rate masters," &c., sufficiently prove how universally women have been ousted from a province which it seems the merest truism to say is theirs. But public opinion is at last changing, and people are beginning to admit the, one would fancy, self-evident truth that a woman is the proper instructor of women, and that she is capable of undertaking every branch, elementary or advanced, of education. The day, then, cannot be far distant when teaching will claim a new place in the estimation of society, and will be recognised to be a profession as honourable for women as it already is for men, demanding in their case, too, special, careful, prolonged, and very probably expensive preliminary training; no longer, as formerly, to be taken up hastily, in an ill-prepared amateur sort of way, or, as it sometimes is in later life, because prospects more congenial have failed; but ensuring, on the other hand, in full return for the time and money so spent, rewards far richer than were ever dreamed of under the old system.

I shall not attempt fully to enter into the causes which

led to the system of entrusting so much of a girl's education to masters; it will be sufficient to mention at once the most evident and the most important,—the fact that women have been, and still to a great extent are, incompetent to teach advanced subjects, or indeed too often any subject, thoroughly. This sounds harsh, and of course I gladly admit not only that there are many exceptions, but also that mere custom, justified very likely in former days by the scarcity of lady-teachers, still exerts a strong influence on a school-mistress, and leads her, in deference to the foolish prejudices of parents, very often to employ a master where a lady would be amply competent to do the work required. The incompetence of governesses, too, as we all know, is due rather to their misfortune than their fault, the means of obtaining a really good education having been hitherto within the reach of comparatively few. Many of them, moreover, are already in London and elsewhere energetically availing themselves of the new sources of improvement so lately opened to them. Employers, too, are to blame in still persistently demanding from a governess an amount of varied knowledge incompatible with depth and thoroughness, especially when we consider the early age at which she generally begins her work. Supply, of course, meets demand, and absurd requirements on one side are answered by absurd professions on the other; while employers and employed alike, in sheer ignorance of what real mastery and real teaching of a subject mean, are probably serenely self-satisfied. But society, representing the rough-and-ready common sense of the world, pronounces that the education of a girl must be, as the phrase goes, “finished,” and the resource is generally school for a year or two. Here most of the teaching is in the hands of men, “professors” of different branches, and society is forthwith satisfied that *their* pupil must be thoroughly “accomplished.” Zealous reformers tell us that the education of our boys stands in need of great improvement. What in Heaven's name shall we say, then, of that of our girls?

What we can truly say has been already said in the report of the Schools Enquiry Commission, which I shall presently quote; and relying on such unquestionable authority, we may without hesitation pronounce the results of the present system of education by means of “first-rate”—at all events, as we know to our cost,

expensive—masters to be lamentably bad. And without wishing to say one word against masters as a class, except that they are by no fault of theirs in a position which does not properly belong to them, I cannot but question whether the rather common theory, that it is desirable for girls of sixteen or seventeen to be taught by a man, on the ground that they are thus more interested and more stimulated to excel than they would be were the teacher of their own sex, is a true or safe one. No doubt, did men and women mix more freely and simply together than they now do, and in relations not of amusement only, but of common interests, studies, cares, pursuits, among many happy results this too would follow, that it would be a matter of little moment whether a girl or boy either up to any age were taught by a man or a woman. The question whether he or she was a good teacher would be all-important: but can any one assert that this is commonly the case in the close, hot-house sort of moral atmosphere which prevails in so many girls' boarding-schools? Separated more or less inevitably from the outer world, ill-provided with facilities for active physical exercise, the safe outlet which nature herself points out for high animal spirits (indeed, to the shameful neglect of the average girl's healthy physical development doctors bear ample testimony, and might do so yet more strongly if they would), under strict surveillance, the supposition apparently being, in this as in several other matters in a girl's life, that if she is not carefully trained, repressed, guarded, guided, forced into shape, as it were, like some clipped yew-tree in an old garden, she is sure to become something utterly unwomanly, as if womanliness were some toilsomely acquired virtue, and not nature's own free gift—what wonder if a girl, whether high-spirited and fun-loving or dreamy and romantic, is from different motives ever on the watch for any possible chance of diversion from the monotony of boarding-school life, and if the result is the sentimental or simply nonsensical folly which has made the very name of school-girl a reproach? Under such influences, is not the "stimulus" given by the master apt to be of a mixed and not altogether wholesome sort? I cannot but suspect, too, that it is difficult for a master, from his more imperfect understanding of his pupils' characters, to be so interested in them as a lady teacher would be, or, perhaps, so impartial. Here, however, I reach mere guessing, and stop.

The system is indeed sufficiently condemned by its results. Of course it would be most unjust to lay the blame entirely on masters. Everybody, we may assume, has had the best intentions, but there has been no organisation; things have been left entirely to hap-hazard. Long ago, in 1841, Dr. Arnold felt this, and wrote as follows to Mr. Justice Coleridge: "I feel quite as strongly as you do the extreme difficulty of giving to girls what really deserves the name of education intellectually. . . . There is nothing for girls like the Degree examination, which concentrates one's reading so beautifully, and makes one master a certain number of books perfectly. And unless we had a domestic examination for young ladies to be passed before they came out, and another like the great go before they come of age, I do not see how the thing can ever be effected. Seriously, I do not see how we can supply sufficient encouragement for systematic and laborious reading, or how we can ensure many things being retained at once fully in the mind, when we are wholly without the machinery which we have for our boys."

Evidently the country recognises the education of its sons to be a matter of national importance. To say nothing of its universities, which, with all their learning, their wealth, their venerable beauty, and storied memories of the past, remain still jealously shut against women, spite of their own large debts to wise and wealthy women of the olden time, schools are provided in unstinted abundance for boys; some perhaps, as reformers tell us, sorely in need of change, but still there they are, actually in existence, not requiring to be with infinite care and pinching economy nursed into life. Munificent endowments, time-honoured buildings, scholarships to encourage learning and help the poor—all, in a word, that can be devised to kindle the zeal and loyal affection of the schoolboy for his school, are theirs. What has the nation done for its daughters? Where are the stately schools, with their little settlement of pleasant boarding-houses clustering round them, which we might expect to find for girls? A change for the better has, indeed, begun. Some girls' schools already exist, and soon it is to be hoped there will be more, which are better able to stand the comparison with those of the boys, though a great Harrow or Rugby for girls is still a thing of the far-off future. But the majority of the schools for the daughters

of our upper classes cannot stand this comparison in any respect. They are things of a day, they have no name, no prestige; neither socially nor intellectually, to speak generally, can their teaching staff compare with that of the schools where boys of the same rank in society are educated. And even when, under a wise and liberal mistress, a school is really good, it endures but one lifetime and passes away, or, it may be, undergoes in new hands an entire change: as it inherited no noble tradition from a venerable past, so it leaves no tradition as an heirloom to the future.

How is it that we, so eager, if not overwise, about the education of our boys, have till lately been so careless about our girls? For a reason very simple and extremely cogent to the British mind, shortly expressed thus: "It doesn't pay to educate a girl highly." Now, it is useless to declaim against this as an unworthy view of education. Comforting ourselves with the belief that a large and enlightened minority exists, let us try to meet the majority on their own ground, be that high or low.

It does not pay, or has not paid. Granted, and why not? Because the education of girls has hitherto been conducted in a make-shift sort of way, superficial schools "finishing"—by the help, too, for the most part of men, not women—a structure whose foundations have too often no existence save in imagination: because there have been no richly endowed schools with highly paid assistant-mistress-ships, and whose head mistress-ships constitute valuable prizes for scholarship, experience, and general moral and intellectual power, well worth the winning of any lady either compelled to work from straitened means, or embracing her profession from the pure love of it. This admits of no question. Granting even that some school-mistresses make large fortunes, this is true only of comparatively few; and in any case, when we compare these ladies with the recognised heads of the profession among men, the head-masters of the great public schools, men who hold indisputably so high a position both intellectually and socially, we cannot deny that the latter are, in the world's estimation at any rate, superior. And if we compare further the staff of the former with that of the latter, the inequality will strike us still more forcibly. On the one side we find ill-paid, imperfectly educated governesses; on the other, cultured, highly-salaried gentlemen, qualified for their work, the im-

portance of which is thus practically recognised by long years of school and university training.

We may be loath to admit that this is a true picture, and may each perhaps be able to recall some school or schools of which the above would be a grossly exaggerated description. Still, I think, if we face facts fairly, we must admit that in the main it is correct. And though better days have dawned, there is still ample room for further progress. The work has, however, been vigorously begun. Besides the Endowed Schools Commissioners, to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude for their enlightened and liberal action in this matter, several companies or associations of private individuals, particularly the Girls' Public Day-School Company, are now at work. Here, as elsewhere, I feel with regret that, owing to my ignorance of the state of educational affairs in Scotland, I can only speak of England. This, I hope, will be understood once for all. Nor can I state even approximately the number of such companies in existence. Girton College does not, of course, come under our notice here, nor the University Extension, or any of the other lecture or correspondence schemes, our subject being strictly schools.

Now, wherein do the new schools endowed by Government, or under the management of public companies, differ from the old? This question will be best answered by quoting the Report for 1874 of the Manchester High School Committee: "If the question be asked, 'What is the peculiar and special merit and claim of this school?' the Committee reply that the special merit and claim lie in the security offered by public governors of the school, and an independent and frank yearly report of the school, and in the moderation of the terms on which such high education is offered."

The Girls' Public Day-School Company thus describe their aim: "The school system will be specially adapted to meet and correct the defects pointed out in the Report of the Schools Enquiry Commission: Want of thoroughness and foundation; want of system; slovenliness and showy superficiality; inattention to rudiments; undue time given to accomplishments, and these not taught intelligently or in any scientific manner; want of organisation. Serious endeavours will be made to train the pupils for the practical business and duties of life."

To enlarge further upon this would be idle. The need of thorough reform is plain, and in this, as in everything else, publicity means security; while the fact that the government of the school is in every case in the hands of a council, secures a permanent, not a mere transitory good.

But that neither in Manchester nor anywhere else is public opinion yet ripe for a reformation in girls' education as thorough as those who are alive to its defects would wish, is clear from the reports both of the Manchester Committee and of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. The former, in applying for subscriptions, write: "The Committee say, further, that such a school for girls has become manifestly a requirement of the times in all large towns, that women's interests in education have, hitherto not had justice and fair play, and that such a school is a pressing need in this city in particular, and would still only scantily provide for Manchester's daughters what has been provided without stint for Manchester's sons."

The latter in their report for this year say: "We have endeavoured to give substantial effect to the direction of section 12 of Endowed Schools Act, 1869, which requires us to provide, as far as conveniently may be, for the extension to girls of the benefit of educational endowments. Something we have been able to effect in this way, and we only regret that our success has not been greater. This provision of the Act has been found in many cases to be unacceptable to those concerned in the management of the endowments. Even where an endowment was large, and had improved, or was likely to improve, greatly in value, our proposal to apply a portion of it to female education has frequently encountered determined opposition, and seldom received active support from the locality. Under such circumstances, it requires much firmness of purpose on the part of those concerned in the administration of the Endowed Schools Acts, to give adequate effect to the intentions of Parliament in this matter."

A melancholy account of English public opinion! Time, however, may be trusted to overcome this "determined opposition," whether it chance to spring from mere clownish dulness, from selfishness, or from a vague dread of the effect to be produced by the new system on the character of girls. For an honest dread of this

sort undoubtedly exists. To many who set, and rightly set, a high value on refinement of manners, the very words "college" or "public school" convey, when applied to girls, an unpleasant shock. It is well-nigh impossible for them to believe that girls may be just as refined, as lady-like, in a public as in a private school. I would venture even to say *more* dignified; and dignity is of the very essence of womanliness. But it would be absurd to waste words in trying to prove this by argument. Were but the fashion of supporting the new schools once set by a few sensible and public-spirited people, of whose social rank there could be no question, these prejudices of class and fancy would melt away like snow in spring. And, certainly, unless the upper classes are content to see their daughters outstripped in the race of knowledge and culture by those of the lower, they will have to reconcile themselves to its changed conditions. Even now we hear reiterated complaints that governesses are not to be got, or that their claims are far higher than they used to be. And this is but the beginning. Soon we shall find that those ladies, comparatively few in number, who are competent to teach well, and prefer becoming private governesses to undertaking school work, will require higher salaries and higher social consideration than we have ever been in the habit of granting. And thus the increased cost of home education will drive people to have recourse to schools; and as high-grade public schools become more and more common, social prejudices will disappear before the advantages they offer.

Turning now from the pupils to the teachers, I think it will require only a brief statement of facts to convince both the parents or guardians of girls destined to make their own way in the world, and also those ladies who, from whatever cause, intend to enter the teaching profession, that high education does already "pay," and will pay yet more hereafter. And this is an argument which neither canny Scot nor practical Englishman will pass by unheeding. A glance at the following short list of the salaries offered to Head-mistresses of endowed schools (copied from a much longer one drawn up by the Head-mistress of the North London Collegiate School, to whose kind help in such details I gratefully confess myself much indebted) will show on what liberal principles the Commissioners have done their

work. These salaries are among the highest which have as yet been sanctioned by law.*

		SALARY OF HEAD-MISTRESS.		
		Capitation Fee.	Minimum.	Maximum.
Bedford High School	(1st grade),†	£3 to £5	£300	£700
Roan Schools, Greenwich	(3d ,,),	1 to 2	400	700
Wyggeston	(2d ,,),	1 to 3	300	700
Hatchan	(2d ,,),	1 to 2	300	500
Hoxton	(3d ,,),	10/ to £1 10/	225	525
Grey Coat		10/ to £1 10/	230	530
Westminster (1st grade),		1 to 2	220	340
Ilminster High School		3	400	

In those schemes which are not yet established by law, the highest salaries are as follows:—

		SALARY OF HEAD-MISTRESS.*		
		Capitation Fee.	Minimum.	Maximum.
Maynard's Girls' School, Exeter,		£3 to £6	£ 400	£ 700
North London Collegiate School,		2 to 3	900	1300
St. Paul's,		3 to 6	1100	2000

The salaries offered by the Public Day-School Company are, I believe, considerably lower than those of the Endowed Schools; but as the funds of the Company increase, these doubtless will be increased also. £250 a-year, besides capitation fees, and in some cases house, fire, and light in addition, is, I believe, the average given.

The position of the head-mistress seems to be tolerably independent, and to entitle her to a great deal of practical power. I quote again the prospectus of the Public Day-School Company: "The duties and authority of the Head-mistress are thus defined by the Council: 'Subject to bye-laws and regulations of the Council, and to an annual inspection and examination of the school by independent examiners, the Head-mistress will have the management of the studies and discipline

* Schemes for establishing between sixty and seventy schools have been drawn up, and about forty have become law.

† 1st, 2d, and 3d grade are the terms used to distinguish the Endowed Schools.

In a 3d-grade school the fees are from £2 to £8 a-year, the pupils leave at 14.

.. 2d 6 to 12 16.

1st-grade (boys' schools prepare for the Universities), 18.

Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c., are not taught in 3d-grade schools.

Many schools are, as a matter of fact, 1st and 2d, or 2d and 3d grades mixed.

High and Middle Schools are the terms used by the Public Day-School and other Companies. They correspond to 1st and 2d grade respectively, but are also often combined in one School as Senior and Junior Departments.

of the school, and will be consulted in the selection and appointment of all assistant teachers, whose emoluments will be settled by the Council." The Council, by the way, is composed of men and women; and this holds good of all governing boards of the new schools, whether endowed or established by Companies. The Cheltenham Ladies' College, having been recently reformed, no longer offers an exception to this rule. The advantage thus secured, and the importance of the principle involved, are so evident that I need not insist farther on them.

Assistant Mistress-ships are not so highly paid as they ought to be, and undoubtedly will be in time. £200 a-year, which is the highest now attainable in the Cheltenham Ladies' College, might well be increased; and in other schools, I imagine, the highest salaries do not exceed this. For a beginner no doubt £120 or £130 a-year is sufficient, but would £500 a-year be too high a maximum for the teachers of advanced subjects, such as Classics, Mathematics, Natural and Moral Science? I cannot think so. These subjects demand for their mastery long study, and therefore a considerable outlay of money. Elementary teaching would not, of course, require to be so highly paid; it might be, under careful supervision, committed to student teachers, a class of whom is attached to each of the public day-schools.

From this short statement of the salaries already attainable in schools, it has been made, I think, abundantly evident that to educate a girl thoroughly does pay; that in fact such an investment of time and money is both secure and profitable. Even this preliminary outlay, however, may be lessened by means of scholarships, of which a considerable number are, I believe, already offered under various conditions. Of the want already felt of certificated assistant teachers there can be no doubt. Only the other day a member of the Girls' Public Day-School Company, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, wrote on this subject in the *Times*; and I have myself repeatedly heard the same complaint from persons well acquainted with educational matters; indeed, the number of such teachers required in England has been roughly calculated at more than a hundred thousand.

But a merely commercial view of this subject would be exceedingly incomplete. Can nothing, then, be said in favour of school work, except that it ensures sooner or later a comfortable income? Those already engaged in it

know from experience its absorbing pleasure and interest, and it is not therefore their objections that I would try to anticipate and answer here, but those of a large number of ladies who flatter themselves that they will still be able to secure private governesses on much the same terms as before, because they offer, in addition to what they think a fair salary, the inducement of a comfortable, possibly luxurious, home. "This surely," they say, "is preferable to £150 or £200 a-year, with nothing 'found' and hard work." Now, of course, "tastes differ." A really comfortable home, with fair work and £120 or £150 a-year, is not to be despised. But the average salary of resident governesses is, according to Mrs. Kitchener's "Calendar of Teachers holding Certificates," only £80 a-year, £150 and £50 being the extremes; nor, certainly, are most county and professional families able to afford much more. Besides, making every allowance for favourable circumstances, admitting that the good sense and kindly feeling of true gentlefolks can do much to render the governess's position pleasant, still it cannot but be in many respects a difficult, possibly a painful, one. In one situation she must be able to dispense almost entirely with the equal companionship of grown-up people without becoming morbid, while in another she is expected to take her part in society, rather an undefined one, with unobtrusive ease. Do we not even sometimes hear sensible and kindly people say, "I don't urge my governess to come into the drawing-room when I have company, because I cannot be sure that my guests will treat her pleasantly?" They may themselves despise the little-minded folly which looks down on governesses as on inferiors, sometimes partly excused, I grant, by the equal folly of governesses—but they cannot check it. Nor will anything put a stop to this thoroughly illogical and uncomfortable view of a governess's position, until governesses cease to be, so to speak, a mere drug in the market. This change, as I have said, is beginning to come about, and were the advantages offered by schools once fully recognised, the old conditions would be entirely altered, and the results must be what I have already anticipated.

If we try to compare the two lives, that of a private governess and that of a head or assistant mistress in a school,—even putting aside, as still a mere fancy picture, the position in which the full development of the public-school system must eventually place these mistresses, one in every essential point corresponding to that held by

head and assistant masters in high-class boys' public schools,—most of us, I think, will give the palm to the latter. There is, we must at least allow, more tone, more colour in it. The stir and life of a great school, the interest of teaching large and varied classes, the credit obtained by the success of pupils in public examinations, the congenial companionship of so many ladies engaged in the same work and caring for the same things, the dignified and independent position held—these surely fill life very full of interest and pleasure. Nay more—can we forget the wider sphere of usefulness, the larger opportunities of making our own brief, fleeting life, thus become a part in one great organisation for good, immortal in the results achieved?

I am inclined to insist particularly upon the independent dignity of the posts now offered, because it is precisely this that Scotland has been strangely backward in allowing to women. And yet Scotchwomen surely do not lack, any more than Scotchmen, the national characteristic, that proud independent spirit which has been the heritage of our rugged little nation from time immemorial. Education in Scotland is a subject into which, in my ignorance of many of the influences at work, I dare not venture far. Still, I cannot but protest against the climax reached by Scotland in the unnatural system of committing girls' education into the hands of men. It is actually, I understand, no uncommon thing for purely girls' schools in this country to be under the headship of a master; the recently reformed Merchant Maiden School in Edinburgh is a glaring example. I have heard this practice severely, and, in my opinion, most justly condemned in England, nor could I offer any defence. Possibly, however, it may be said that the system meets an immediate want; that whenever improved schools shall have produced women fit to take the highest place, Scotland will assuredly not be backward in giving them their due, and that meanwhile the school gains by having a competent head. Yet how is it that no great difficulty in finding suitable head-mistresses has been encountered in England? For my part, I cannot but agree with our English critics that this unnatural system is insulting to Scotchwomen. Even in our most elementary schools there is the same depreciation of a woman's work and capacity. All parties, I suppose, are so far agreed that there ought to be a "female teacher" in every mixed school. In fact, the Government grant, extended only

on the condition that sewing is taught, is too strong a practical argument not to overcome all resistance. But the question, what place this teacher ought to hold?—whether she should be restricted to the charge of the smaller children, and should teach sewing only to the elder girls, or whether the girls, big and little alike, should be her pupils, the master retaining only the boys—is still a disputed one. Clearly, in the first case, the “female teacher” is simply the master’s assistant, holding a place completely subordinate to him, while he draws a salary beyond comparison larger than hers, and is considered responsible for the whole school, junior department as well as senior. In the second, she is mistress as he is master, holds an equal position, receives pay in fair proportion to her work, and shares the responsibility and the credit of her school with no one. This second plan has been, I believe, largely adopted in England, and good salaries are given to the mistresses of such schools. Certainly it makes no extravagant demand. Why should a woman, we may fairly ask, be condemned to fill, irrespective of capability, a subordinate position, and to do no work save the most elementary? Has she not some right to say that the instruction of the girls is her province, just as that of the boys is the master’s? Of course, by adopting this plan we relinquish what some authorities consider an advantage, the co-education of boys and girls,—a system, besides, endeared to us in Scotland by ancient custom. I cannot, however, help suspecting that most of the advantages which the girls at least are supposed to derive from it, are but shadowy and doubtful. The only really important one, as I believe, the reference of the work of both boys and girls to a common standard, could be easily secured by subjecting both to the same examinations under the same conditions.

It is not, I believe, proposed either in England or Scotland that women should be placed at the head of mixed elementary schools. And yet it is possible that many women might be eminently fitted for such a post. Some reformers, as we all know, assert that boys, even up to thirteen or fourteen years of age, should be taught by women, and that they would be found far more docile and willing pupils by a woman than by a man. Be this as it may, we need not consider it here. The field of teaching is wide enough, even if restricted to girls.

(To be continued.)

LOUISA JONES LUNDEN.

Merburga of Chester.

CHAPTER VI.

RANDALL was not the only individual who had returned from the day's excursion in an agitated frame of mind. Had there been thunder in the air, or was there something mysterious in the surroundings of Castell y Waen which belied its appearance? Could there still be the impress of some foul deed haunting the place, and insidiously affecting all who came there? Mr. Bernard Wood was too prosaic to ask himself these questions, yet there was at work in his mind a disturbing influence which asserted itself too powerfully to be set aside. The hurtful words he had spoken at the castle, not only to Randall, but to others, were closely connected with his own character and previous history. As a distant relative of the late Baroness de Rehmar, he had regarded her with interest—nay, if reports were true, even with a tenderer feeling. Were this the case, how could it, in a nature selfish and narrow as his, be reconciled with the professions of unchanging esteem and affection which he made to the Baron? It had certainly rendered him, both at the time of de Rehmar's marriage and later, more keenly aware of the events in the Baron's life than of those in the lives of other men. And his nature lacked that element of generosity which could make the happiness of others a source of rejoicing, quite apart from personal feeling. Yet, strange as it may seem, both during the lifetime of the Baroness and ever since, he had veiled these feelings, and remained an intimate and obliging friend of the family. At her death, seeing the Baron overcome with grief, and shrinking with all the terror of an unpractical nature from the management of money matters, which he had hitherto left in great part to his wife, Mr. Wood had stepped in, and offered to assist him in this task to the best of his ability. He had offered to get his property in Germany let to the best advantage, even undertaking to receive the rents, and to pay them into the bank in Chester, where they would be at de Rehmar's disposal. The Baron had gratefully accepted the offer, and felt almost humiliated when Mr. Wood refused to accept of any acknowledgment of his services, further

than the permission to remain the Baron's friend. It is true that, when the rents for the first year came in, de Rehmar remarked that they were exceedingly low, and very far short of what he had expected; but this Mr. Wood easily answered by informing him that land in Germany was at present at a discount, when military affairs were uppermost in the mind of the nation. And as time went on, de Rehmar thought that surely the German mind must have become a good deal more military than ever, so contemptible seemed to him the money value which was thought a sufficient rent for his land. To him it seemed unaccountable that rents could thus dwindle away year by year. Yet he shrank from a personal inquiry into the state of his finances, partly from native indolence in such matters, and partly from a sense that to do so would betray a want of confidence in one to whom he believed himself deeply indebted, and whom he was bound in honour not to offend. Mr Wood was pleasantly aware of this feeling towards him on the Baron's part; and from the fact of the latter being a foreigner and a man of reserved habits, he thought it unlikely that any other would supplant him in the intimate terms on which he stood with the Baron. It was such a thought, though he would hardly own it to himself, that gave him uneasiness when he observed the homage and engrossing attention of which Werburga was the object from both Trevor and Randall. The possibility that another might stand in a nearer relation to the Baron than he himself did, was one which Mr. Wood could not calmly contemplate. When he asked himself the reason for this feeling, a horrible chasm seemed to open in the ground before him. But all this mental struggle was hid away, as it were, in the inner safe of his being: in those outer parts that were accessible to the currency of daily life he kept a friendly feeling for all men, and for the Baron in particular, along with a very pretty and would-be romantic appreciation of the charms of Werburga. He thought a lady of her rank and distinguished character ought not to be too cordial towards any stray young men whom she might happen to meet; something unusual was in store for her, for which she must wait calmly and with dignified composure. It was some such reflections as these that had prompted the visit to Mrs Holme, which had been thwarted; and on their meeting at the castle, he

would have sought an opportunity of insinuating these notions into the ear of Werburga, had she not turned from him so coldly in the great room, and thus perhaps kindled the spark which had burst into a flame in the words he had spoken to Randall. It was not to Randall alone that he had confided his important discovery with regard to the Baron's character; Trevor and Mrs. Holme had also each received a share of the disclosure, and had done so with greater equanimity, as well as with greater coldness, than Randall. As far as they were concerned, he could form no idea of the result his words might have; but with Randall, it was evident that he had missed his aim, perhaps brewed mischief for himself, possibly made an enemy for life. The Baron, in his turn, must be warned against Randall at once, and what opportunity better than the present, when the daughter was absent from home, and he could count with certainty on a private interview? The following day, accordingly, found him on his way to Chester.

The place where a votary of art or literature produces his works must always have a peculiar interest of its own. Whether it be a large and luxurious study, like that of Trevor, or a mere handbox overlooking an orchard, such as the writing-room of Cowper at Olney, such a haunt cannot but wear the impress of that part of the man which is often the purest as well as the strongest, namely, the intellect. The "den" or workshop of Baron de Rehmar was a long, narrow room, of which Cowper might have said, as he said of his own, that its occupant looked like a wax figure in an old-fashioned picture-frame. The room contained objects which betokened a great variety of intellectual pursuits. There were plaster busts of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, now grown grey on their brackets. There was the old spinnet-like pianoforte, too, with its loose jingling notes, evidently a sacred possession. There was a prie-dieu in the corner, with antique-looking prayer-books lying upon it, and in the book-shelves were many devotional as well as musical works. But to find out what branch of study is now in the ascendant, we must look at the writing-table in the centre of the room, which is laden with books and manuscripts of a scientific nature. Here the laborious student passes many hours daily in earnest study, only now and then striking a few chords on the old piano, by way of recreation.

De Rehmar did not like to be disturbed in this retreat, and there were but two people in the world who dared to enter while he was busied there. One was his daughter, the other—in virtue of his position of trust—was Mr. Bernard Wood.

On the day after the excursion, accordingly, that worthy had come to Chester. He went straight to the Baron's house, and, according to custom, entered his study unannounced. The Baron started back in his chair with a bewildered look; his mind had evidently a long way to travel before it could arrive in the scenes of daily life. While it is performing that journey, Mr. Wood walks forward, and quietly seating himself opposite the Baron, turns his grey twinkling eyes towards him.

"Business has brought me to Chester to-day," he said, bending his bullet-shaped head, "and I could not leave town without seeing you."

The Baron de Rehmar might be about fifty years of age. His hair was sprinkled with grey, and his tall figure had already acquired a considerable stoop through constant study. His fine eye and open expression inspired confidence. Naturally he was a man of independent character and cheerful disposition. But the pressure of poverty and bereavement had bent the upright pillar of independence, making it encroach beseechingly on the territory of others, and seem as if sympathy and support were necessary to its existence. In two respects only, and those belonging to the sphere of thought and affection rather than to that of the will, had he preserved his independence of mind. One was the untiring search for new discoveries in science, with the fixed rule of drawing his own conclusions from them; the other was the absorbing love of the Fatherland, as he always called it. Nothing but the memory of his wife could have induced him to live out of the Fatherland; and Mr. Wood had frequently heard him declare that if his daughter did marry, he hoped it should be none but a German of her own rank.

Now thoroughly awake to the presence of his visitor, de Rehmar languidly dropped his pen, and leaning back in his chair, folded his arms and sat expectant. Mr. Wood raised the subject of landed property in Germany, which seemed ever near to his thoughts, and was proceeding, for perhaps the fiftieth time, to explain the reason why rents were now so low, and to express a

hope that they would soon improve in value, when the Baron interrupted him, saying—

“Come, sir; you must know that when my head is full of money, everything else runs out of it; and it is so heavy that it weighs down my spirits as well as my brain, which opens a sad prospect for one who has no company to enjoy but his own. Tell me something about Stretton. Have you seen my daughter since she went there?”

“Yes; I had the honour of meeting her the other day, but so surrounded by friends that I found it almost impossible to obtain a word from her.”

“And who are these devoted friends?”

“It would take too long to repeat their names; but I may tell you that the chief among them were Squire Trevor and Mr. Randall Holme.”

De Rehmar sighed deeply, and looked in blank abstraction out at the window. Not much more passed between him and his visitor; but when Mr. Wood rose to take leave, de Rehmar said, “Should you see my daughter again, pray tell her that I miss her sorely; however, I shall write to her this evening.”

And, indeed, that very evening he wrote Werburga a note, in which he complained of severe indisposition, and requested her to come home without delay. The complaint was partly true, yet, on the whole, it was but a pretext.

The next day was Saturday. Werburga received her father's letter in the morning, and resolved to set out at once for Chester. Mrs. Holme tried to persuade her to wait at least till the afternoon. Malvina clung to her with tears, and begged her to remain. But she would not yield, and in little more than an hour she was on her way home, leaving poor Malvina disconsolate.

“My dear child!” exclaimed the Baron as he received her with open arms at the door of their dwelling, “are you again there? I have missed you so much!”

“And I you!” answered Werburga. “But, papa, I have enjoyed myself.” They came into the sitting-room together: de Rehmar seated himself in an arm-chair, while his daughter knelt down beside him, and, looking up in his face, began, in the most *naïve* way, to relate all that had taken place during her visit to Stretton. Only two people she had seen there whom she did not much like, and these were Mr. Wood and Mrs. Holme. The Baron smiled, but raised his finger reprovingly; “but the others,”

she added, "they were charming. Malvina was the dearest girl; and Mr. Randall Holme, her brother, was so amiable and so shy; and Squire Trevor, he was so amusing and so clever."

"And your poor old father," said de Rehmar, "you will find him but dull company now, I fear. Ah, child! I have missed you."

Werburga answered by a caress, and an assurance that he was the nicest person in the whole world, and that she would never leave him.

De Rehmar said nothing in answer to this determination, but he inwardly vowed that the shy Randall and the clever Trevor should have as few opportunities as possible of again meeting with his daughter. Had Mr. Bernard Wood been able to read what was passing in the Baron's mind, he would have congratulated himself on the result of his conversation with him.

"My child," said de Rehmar, in a quick abrupt way, "should you be sorry to leave Chester?"

"Papa! what do you mean?"

"Only that I should like to go away. Why should we not retire to some quiet spot in the country, where one is not constantly stared at, and where heavy bills are not always waiting to be paid? I am too poor and ill to live in a town."

"But, papa, we are hardly in the town here. And think of my work! Without that, we should be poor indeed. Let us first try whether we cannot live still more quietly here. I will tell Rogers to admit no visitors except your most intimate friends. And I will work very busily, and we will be quite quiet and happy, and those tiresome bills will all be paid very soon. Will you let me try?"

Of course de Rehmar consented, as he always did to any request made by his daughter.

Randall, in the meantime, on that Saturday morning, had set out for Glanhafon with a lighter heart than usual. The prospect of the next two days was very pleasant to him, and with quickened step and eager eye he walked up to the door of his mother's house, and went straight to the parlour. Mrs. Holme was there alone; where were the others? "Werburga has gone home," said his mother, "and Malvina is in her own room." Randall felt as if a blow had stunned him. He left the room without a word, and sought his sister. She was weeping bitterly. This was too much for Randall. He strolled out into the

shrubby, and began pacing rapidly up and down a walk that led through it. For nearly a week she had been living in his mother's house, and he had never seen her there. Why had he been thus banished, and not even told of the expected visitor? And to allow her to go so soon! Had he been there, he would not have suffered it. He felt almost angry with his mother. Certainly there was not much hope for her of pleasure in his society. He said nothing more on the subject, asked no questions; but his grave, abstracted look and prolonged silence, broken only by monosyllables, showed that something was wrong. He accepted Malvina's endearments in silence; even Mrs. Holme was touched, and sorry for him, and asked anxiously what had vexed him. Did he find his present work distasteful? Surely that must be the cause of his melancholy. The real reason of it never occurred to her.

On Monday morning Randall went back to Glanhafon, and wrote for Trevor as usual. Trevor remarked that he was extremely quiet. He strolled out alone in the afternoon, came in to dinner, but ate hardly anything, and retired early to his own room. The moon was nearly full, and shone high and clear in the heavens. Randall threw his window wide open, and looked out upon the woods, that seemed dreaming in the mist of moonlight. He said to himself, "Now she is in Chester, in her father's house, and I——." He hummed to himself the melancholy air he had heard her sing. All his life and destiny seemed to be at the command of one person; apart from her, it was but a living death. Was not the feeling he had for her a stronger tie than that of relationship, or of any of the commonplace shackles of ordinary life? Was not duty as well as fate pointing imperatively to her? Suddenly he stood erect with the calmness of resolve. Selecting a few books from a pile which lay on the table, he put them, with some other things, into a knapsack, which he slung over his shoulder. He quietly descended the stairs, and passed noiselessly through the hall, where a light was still burning, unbarred the great door, and went out into the night. He felt the balmy night-air like a hand laid in blessing on his forehead, and gently closing the door behind him, he breathed a silent prayer for those he was leaving, and began to walk at a rapid pace. He directed his steps towards a plantation that skirted the northern march of Glanhafon, where the light of the moon was sufficient to guide him past all obstacles.

Looking up occasionally as he proceeded, he saw dark clouds with deeply-serrated edges flying rapidly along; while above, in a calmer sky, sat the moon enthroned, with white clouds floating quietly around her. Such, he thought, is the real life of man when contrasted with its ideal. Storms of passion hurry us without pause from place to place—we have no rest, no tranquillity; while yonder in the heavens sits the image of peace and perfection, from which we seem only to be hastening away. The trees around him looked like dark spectres; they rustled their leaves as he passed, and seemed to say, “No rest.” But when he came out of the wood, and found himself on the open road, he saw the last of the dark clouds passing away. About the moon all was clear save the space filled by the little white clouds, that looked as unruffled as the breast of a swan. “There,” he thought, “is the symbol of that happy innocence which reigns in simple state in the midst of earth’s dark night, and calms the troubled spirits of men into mute adoration. I, alas! have seen it but too seldom!” He checked the sigh that was just rising, and, walking steadily forwards, braced himself with the thought that every step was bringing him nearer to Chester, and to Werburga.

PROCLA.

(To be continued.)

The Dragon of the North.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Hunting out of doors

You'll have, and multitude of hares to course,
And after you come home, good cheer enough ;
And sweetest ladies at the board above,
And comely-favoured youthful bachelors
To serve them, bearing garlands for true love. A
And still let cups of gold and silver ware,
Runlets of vernage-wine and wine of Greece,
Comfits and cakes, be found at bidding there,
And let all those who in your banquet share,
Sit with bright faces, perfectly at ease."

Folgore da San Geminiano. 13th cen.

THORSTEIN had made the knots so well that all struggles served only to draw them tighter; and when the sun began to shine through the western window, we were still prisoners. I was sickened with vexation and the weary constraint of being bound on my feet to the pillar, and Swend continued alternately vowing vengeance on Thorstein, and reproaching us for our tardiness in the scuffle. Damasus spoke up for himself; he said he was sitting quietly persuading Hertha, when something sprang on his neck behind like a falcon; then he found Thorstein was holding his throat, and threatening his life with a dagger; and while Thorstein was binding him, Hertha fled through the sacristy door. Damasus, methinks, was quite consoled for his own bonds by seeing Swend tied up so tight; and he and Eric, who was a light-hearted fellow, grew quite merry together as to the time which might pass before we were liberated, for none knew at the ship whither the captain had gone.

"Well," said Eric at last, "I have not heard of a wedding like this since the marriage of my grandmother Thorhalla. Will you hear a Saga, Captain?"

"No, none," growled Swend, "till the one which tells of the vengeance of Swend Hrolfson on Thorstein Sigurdson."

"That will not be such a good Saga as the story of my grandmother. Listen, you others. A fierce Viking called Odde sailed one day to where a great hall stood on the shore, rich to look at, and with fine cattle on the hills,

and men and maids and corn fields. 'Who owns all this?' he asked; and was told, Torhalla the fat, the widow of Ord. He said then he was in need of a wife, and would take her, or her goods without her.

"Out came Torhalla, a dame of fifty, and as big as a cask. She seemed pleased enough, if but she might cruise with her bridegroom in the ship. Otherwise her men should fight. So it was all settled, and her people began to store the ship with gold, and cloths, and rich wines. Among them worked a slave girl in mean apparel, but very fair, and on her Hugor the mate cast his eyes, and prayed her to come aboard with him.

"Nay, but if you will give up sea-roving and marry me here," she said.

"So he stayed, and his comrades called him the slave's slave. Torhalla embarked, with an array of damsels as big and awkward as herself, for she said, 'Slim girls do not set me off well.' When they sailed she poured of her own wine for captain and crew, and it was so well bewitched that they all slept heavily. Then Torhalla and her big maids bound them all like us, and worked the ship themselves—for they were all lads but the Carline, and she was a witch-wife (the foster-mother of the real Torhalla), who wished for her pardon from the king. So she sailed to where he was, with the crew of bound Vikings, and she was forgiven, and all the Vikings who would not take service with the king were executed. Worse off than we are, priest."

"Then your grandmother was not married after all," said Damasus.

"No, no, the mate was my grandfather, and found he had married the real Torhalla, who had disguised herself to escape from the Viking. But in good time, here is some one at last," for the face of Astolfo appeared at one of the high narrow windows, gazing in utter amazement.

"Is this the wedding party I see?" he said at last, "where is the bride? are you all bewitched?" Swend's face checked his laughter. "Don't let any more chattering crows look through!" shouted he; "open the door and cut the bonds at once."

"Ay, without keys," said Astolfo, "it will take time."

"Toss us down your sword then," said Eric; "I think I could cut myself free meanwhile." Presently Astolfo was battering at the door, but before he and others could

break it in, Eric had deftly rolled on the sword, and out a hand free, and then it took him little time to get us all loose, and when the door burst open we were stretching our stiffened limbs. Swend rushed away without a word as soon as the way was clear; Astolfo, staring, asked many questions. "You were so long away that when Syades owned where you were, I thought it well to look for you. Then I saw blood on the path, and following the trace found a dead Norman drawn aside into the thicket. Oh, Lorenzo mine—better love the ladies of our own land, than run after these wild powerful women of the north."

"I wonder," said Eric, "if Swend and Thorstein are likely to meet now; if so, there would be a fight worth seeing."

"Thorstein is gone hours ago," and Astolfo; "he rode off fully armed with all his men and many others on the mountain road to Naples. They will be there by this time."

"Was Hertha with him?" I asked.

"Hertha, no! Only men-at-arms. I was in the crowd which gathered to see them pass—a goodly array of well-appointed warriors."

So Eric went whistling down the hill, and we returned to Asile, I crestfallen beyond words. Syades said it was even as he expected; Valeria implored me to care no more for the proud shy damsel of the north, who was, she said, more like one of the old white marble statues dug out of the heathen tombs, than a real woman of flesh and blood.

In the evening Astolfo told me he had pledged himself to Sir Rainulf to go with him to the war next day, as his squire, in lieu of Ivar. "There," he said, "I may win fame and fortune, and I pray you to let me lay them at the feet of Valeria your sister, and some day make her mine."

"Yes, go and practise arms, my Astolfo," I replied; "win fame; and as to fortune, Valeria will have enough. I see in this outside world nothing but fighting readiness counts for anything. Yet I thought once it was not so with Hertha; how she listened for hours to what I told her."

"Yes, Lorenzo, you have a silver tongue; all may yet come right if you win to speech of your lady. It was a bad plan, methinks, to hurry her so; now she is quite scared, and heaven knows whither she has winged her

flight. Another thing I think bad: you owe Syades something—but believe me, sending him off with costly treasures would be less costly than keeping him here. He takes too much upon him; what would Father Anselmo say?”

“He is a monk—and in the world you follow the world’s ways; well, as far as I have seen of the world, it holds nothing so wise or so good as our Fra Anselmo. I tell thee honestly, Renzo, I love him twice as well, now I am no longer bound to the cloister. I would he were here. How truly he said neither you nor I had a vocation!” Thus spoke Astolfo, putting on his new plumed helmet before the mirror, turning his head this way and that, like a crested bird.

Next day he departed with Sir Rainulf, and Valeria and I were left alone with Damasus and Syades. We watched together from a balcony the great Dragon-ship rowing out from the bay to gain an offing, and then glittering away to seawards under the purple cliffs of Capri. The fair ship! my happiest hours had been passed on board of her; but Valeria said—

“With what terror I saw that ship first come, and with what a light heart I see her go, brother! Little I guessed what treasures she would bring me. We always hoped the little boy, who was carried off at the siege twenty years ago, might be alive somewhere; and Thorstein it was who, on hearing this, said Syades, the Saracen captive, had been at the storming, and been wrecked with the child near a convent in the south. So Thorstein went to look for you there, though he never let Red Swend into the secret, as he would then have been likely at once to have carried me off, and made an end of you. When Swend was told, you had been recognised, so it was too late for that; besides, he had a great bribe by way of a gift for Hertha, which was all he really cared for. All the people who knew my father thought you so like him, that even before you remembered where the ring was hidden, none doubted.”

None doubted; what then did I owe Syades? But little, for Thorstein would have made him bear witness. My lands would have been recovered without that miserable vow, which had not availed to win me Hertha. And then how free and brave I would have felt; how much truer a guardian for the tender Valeria, who was trusting all her weal to me.

The days went on ; we could find no trace of Hertha. She was not in the convent at Amalfi—she seemed to have vanished like a falcon gone down the wind. Syades sought for her everywhere, and was also busied in gathering a garrison for the castle. Many of the men he engaged were Saracens, but when they showed me they belonged to the Society I felt forced to accept them.

Meanwhile we heard that the forces of Henry the German Emperor had come to fighting with the Greek armies. Gaimar the Prince of Salerno, Pepon the Patriarch of Aquila, and Belgrim the Bishop, commanded different divisions under the Emperor, which defeated the Greeks in the open field, and wrested from them several fortresses. But the war, which was raging as far as Naples, did not disturb our coast further down. The Normans fought alongside of Gaimar, as it was he who had first invited them over from Neustria ; and we heard how, wherever the Normans appeared, the war had gone against the Greeks. Still the armies of the Emperor Basil were very large, and as they had utterly defeated Henry's forces under Dato only a few months ago, the issue was not altogether certain.

One evening in the month of October, a lonely cavalier rode up to the castle, and we greeted him with great joy when we saw he was Kolbiorn the Scald. He had been slightly wounded, and made it an excuse, he said, to draw off from the war, for Swend, in his rage against Thorstein, had, contrary to all that he before meant, taken part with the Greeks. Many of his men liked this so little that they had openly gone over to the other side. But Kolbiorn wished, he said, to put a little space between leaving the Greek and joining the German and Lombard cause. Swend had made up his crew with outlaws and pirates of all sorts, and the ship had no order nor discipline since Thorstein was gone. "And as for Thorstein, people say the greatest things of him. He is as good a champion as any of the Normans, and has the best head of them all. Swend is more furious than ever at the news which comes—how Thorstein has been sent for to consult with the Emperor Henry, how he and Rainulf and Osmond are called for wherever need is greatest, and how he is distinguished above all in the camp. I must have ready some songs in his honour, therefore I have come to you, Marquis, for a good study of Italian and Latin. I will

teach you Norse in return, and we will be able to sing and write the story of the war when it is over."

So Kolbiorn and I settled into a life that, but for my unappeased longing to hear of Hertha, and the weight of Syades' presence, would have been full of enjoyment. We hunted in the morning with Valeria, or we rode about exploring the glorious ruins left us by the old Romans. Then, when early darkness fell, came the banquet, with the wines and the southern fruits Kolbiorn liked so well, and afterwards music and poetry. Sometimes we had guests, but were oftener by ourselves, beside the fire of roaring chesnut logs, exploring old manuscripts, or Kolbiorn composing, and I translating, love songs and war songs and hunting songs.

"Ah, boys," Damasus would say, "I call this life indeed. How foolish are these people who train their whole souls and bodies for the one silly purpose of knocking each other on the head! How pleasant to hear of the wars beyond Naples and down in Apulia, when they come no nearer us, like the sea beating on the rocks which fence the land! I am thankful I have sense as well as courage; not like Astolfo, who runs into perils like a sheep, because he sees others do it."

One day we were belated by losing a falcon, and I said to Valeria that as time pressed we had better ride straight to Asile instead of making the usual circuit, and she answered that the straight way lay across a marsh where the malaria was dangerous, but that we could ride fast through it safely enough that chilly afternoon. And so we galloped by the marsh, near which I knew was the subterranean columned labyrinth. It was far nearer my castle than I had deemed; and when I remarked this to Syades, he took me that same night through a secret door in the hall, down through winding hidden passages to where Vivia still sat in the vaulted room with crucible and caldron. Here she and Syades were wont to fuse and mix strange elements, searching for the philosopher's stone. I shuddered to think that all that darkness and poison and mischief were so near our bright-looking halls, and I formed the idea of building up the passage into the hall, and the great cistern at its opening in the rocks, and so destroying all access. But Syades, in the tone I could not resist, replied, "You forget, my lord, that my property as the heir to El Arian, my treasure you

have sworn to recover for me, lies there. No, my lord, as soon as that treasure is won I go, and you may build up the whole labyrinth, but it will cost a man's life—one of the thousands who fall in the wars."

"Will any one do to go down these steps? it need not be Thorstein."

"Any one," said Syades, "but as it must be done willingly, it had need be one of those hot-headed beasts of prey in pursuit of game, Rainulf, Osmund, who I care not, so that he goes of his own choice with a good heart."

After this I took refuge in thinking as little as possible of the noisome vaults which underlaid the joyous castle, even as the shadows of evil darkened the depths of my life, which on the surface was happy enough. For I could not but think I should find Hertha; and Kolbiorn, to whom I discoursed much of her, cheered me in another way. He said one evening, as we sat alone by the bright wood fire, that she had always had only a sisterly affection, he was sure, for Thorstein; for she had been in no hurry to marry him, when it would have been best for her to have done so. The two years since Rolf had died, Swend had been growing more and more drunken and violent, and every one had learnt to depend on Thorstein. 'But when you came, she told me herself that the young monk had put into clear beautiful words what before had been tangled and confused in her thoughts. She praised you more than Thorstein liked, I assure you, till Swend checked her with his rough laughter. But she is a proud high-spirited maiden, or she could never have kept her brother in check as she has; and the thought of being bought by you, and shoved over like a bale of goods to a chapman without leave asked or given, must have filled her with indignation. Courage, Marquis! Thorstein at least knows where she is, and he is reasonable, and will not prevent any marriage she likes. A man like him is not in love like us young ones; he has dozens of other things in his head besides: his love is rather like that wine in yesterday's flask; a little flat, a little gone in the flavour, less spirit in it, if more bitter."

"Why, you sang how 'Every life has a spring love,' but the best lives only bore the roses of love twice."

"That was only a song, Marquis, the mere cup of Braga, all froth and fancy, meant for Thorstein too; here

is one for you." And he preluded a little on his harp, and then dashed out—

"The swans flew far from northern lands,
Bright in the north is the summer sea,
To the warm blue seas, and the flowery strands;
And it's O in the north I fain would be.

"They swam in lakes by ruined towers;
So wild in the north is the winter sea;
And pranked their wings in citron bowers,
And it's O in the south I fain would be.

"How fair they were to the southern man!
So soft is the wind in Italy;
He made a cage for a northern swan—
But the wind in the north is full of glee.

"A cage may break, and a swan may fly;
The south is fair, but the north is free.
No trace in the sea, no track in the sky,
And it's O for the dash of the northern sea."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you think Hertha is gone over seas?"

"No, I mean a song, and nothing but a song. A Saga should be true, but a song may be what you like—or, indeed, don't like,—for that matter." And he went away, singing—

"And it's O in the north I fain would be."

It pleased me well that both Kolbiorn and Valeria cared for me, and that my vassals and servants found me a good lord; but, alas! I often felt how ill I had played my part since I had left the convent's shelter for the world's work. I had been, and was, a slave to my passion for Hertha, and had thence become the miserable slave of the Saracen. I had a jealous dislike of the brave, honest Thorstein, while I was yet aware he was the best man I had came across in the worldly life; though it consoled me certainly to think that I had not fully consented to that oath of enmity against him. With all these thoughts I longed for the chanted offices to which I had once been so used that they had somewhat lost their force; and so when Christmastide was come I resolved to hear something of them again.

It was Christmas Eve, and I walked alone to the Cathedral City, a distance of about three hours, to attend the

midnight mass. The cathedral steps were thronged when I arrived, and a glow of light brightened through the night, as the heavy door-curtain was pushed aside by the stream of entering people. With them I passed the arched doorway into the cathedral, which was lit with such a multitude of tapers that the vault of the roof above the high altar was clearer to the eye than ever it was by daylight, while the great columns cast black shadows where they crossed the blaze of light, and the side chapels were mostly hidden in a soft gloom, the darker from the dazzling radiance of the choir. I stood in the crowd facing the high altar when the mass began. Out pealed the triumphant music, and the earthly mists which had so bewildered me of late seemed lifting, and the glorious realities which make all the woes and joys of our short mortal lives seem so small and so trifling, once more shone on me, and I breathed again the pure air of my youth. Nearer the altar than I the lights glittered on the brilliant armour of a knight, so that his form caught my eye, and I saw that beside him stood or knelt a veiled lady. Anon sweet voices in the western gallery were singing the hymn, "*Gaudet chorus cœlestium*," and the man turned his head, and glanced round. Then I saw the light-brown hair falling long in northern fashion, and the steady quiet face, embrowned by sea-winds, and I knew it was Thorstein, though he looked somehow younger and more polished, clad as he was like a Norman knight, and shaved to the heavy moustache. I edged nearer through the crowd, and felt I could not be deceived in the graceful veiled figure beside him. The mass was soon over, and I saw how Thorstein crossed himself like the rest. He is a Christian, I thought, and *Mea Culpa*, with a pang. Then when all the people began to stir, some going to other altars, others leaving the cathedral, he took his companion's hand, and together they went to a dark side chapel, far down the nave. Iron gates separated it from the aisle; one single lamp burned before the altar, so that I could slip in after them unobserved, and cower in a dark corner between the altar side and a confessional. Then Thorstein, turning suddenly, shut the gates, and sat down in front of the altar, quite near me, beside the lady; who now, throwing back her dark veil, disclosed, as I expected, the golden hair and radiant face of Hertha.

E. J. O.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Work.**II.—GIRLS' SCHOOLS.***(Continued.)*

BREAKING short, then, a digression which might lead us far from our subject, let us consider what qualifications and what certificates of proficiency a lady ought to possess in order to be sure of success in school-work. And first we must ascertain what the subjects taught in the new schools are. In the prospectus of the Norwich High School, which may be taken in this respect as a sample of High and Middle Schools, and also of First and Second Grade Endowed Schools, these are stated as follows:—"Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, History, Geography, French, German, Latin, the Elements of Physical Science, Drawing, Class Singing, Harmony, Gymnastic Exercises, and Needlework. In the Senior Department there will be advanced classes for Ancient and Modern Languages, Literature and History, Mathematics, the Elements of Moral Science and of Logic, Physical Science (especially Physiology as applied to Health), Social and Domestic Economy."

Certainly there is here wide scope given to a lady to consult her own inclinations as to the subject or subjects she may choose to teach. No smattering will pass muster; but, on the other hand, thorough mastery of any subject will be fully repaid. L. M. H., in her useful little *Year Book of Women's Work*, after laying it down as a "maxim for teachers in the present day that the passing of some recognised examination, and the possession of a certificate of some kind, are essential to permanent success," goes on to enumerate the means of doing so which at present exist, beginning as follows:—"The highest certificates attainable by women are the Degree-Certificates of Girton College, Cambridge. These certificates are conferred on examinations in the same papers, and held on the same conditions as those that qualify for Degrees in the University of Cambridge, and are really, though not formally, equivalent to a university degree. The certificates, like the Oxford and Cambridge degrees, are conferred only on resident students who have gone through a systematic course of education."

Next in value, though at a great distance, are the certificates granted by the London University, one on passing the General Examination, which corresponds to the Matriculation Examination of the male students of the University, and one, called a Certificate of Higher Proficiency, on passing an examination in some special subject. Certificates may also be gained by passing the Higher Local Examinations (now open to men as well as women) of the University of Cambridge, and the Junior Local Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Edinburgh, and Dublin, open to boys and girls under eighteen. In Ireland, Dublin University and Queen's University, Belfast, hold examinations corresponding to the Higher Local Examination of Cambridge. This list is not exhaustive. I refer those who wish for further and more detailed information on the subject to the *Year Book* already mentioned. It only costs a shilling, and contains a great deal of useful information.

Candidates for the London University and Cambridge Higher Local Examinations may obtain instruction in most of the subjects set for these examinations by attending courses of lectures given at University College, Gower Street, by professors of the college, under the management of the Ladies' Educational Association of London. A boarding-house, where ladies not resident in London can be received, is not far from the college. Courses of lectures which have particular reference to the Higher Local Examinations are held also in Cambridge, and ladies who wish to attend them can be received (on terms which vary according to the accommodation required) as boarders at The Hall, Bateman Street, Cambridge, a temporary residence—Newnham Hall, which is intended to accommodate thirty boarders, not being yet finished.

There are, I believe, some scholarships offered in connection with the Higher Local Examinations, but I regret that I cannot state either their value, or the conditions of obtaining them, except that one, to be awarded in June 1875, must be held at Girton College.

It is impossible for me, from my ignorance of Scotch matters, to do more than mention the courses of lectures given in Edinburgh under the management of the Ladies' Educational Association, or the certificates granted to women by the University of Edinburgh. I may safely say that no lectures anywhere have

been so successful, or more deservedly so. Of the certificates it is unfortunately impossible to speak with such unqualified approval. They have, beyond a doubt, especially the honour certificates, a very high real value, but they lack the stamp which a recognised standard alone can give. I at least have failed to discover any such standard after carefully reading pages 20, 21, 22, 23 of the Report of the Association.*

Referring all those who wish for further information, especially on the subject of training colleges for elementary schoolmistresses, to the *Year Book* so often quoted, I pass on to consider the certificates pronounced as we have seen to be the highest attainable, those of Girton College, Cambridge. They are of three sorts, and are thus enumerated in the prospectus of the College:—"A certificate, called a Degree Certificate, will be conferred upon any student whose proficiency has been certified to the satisfaction of the College, according to the standard of any examinations qualifying for the B.A. degree of the University of Cambridge, provided that such student shall have fulfilled, so far as in the judgment of the College may be practicable, all the conditions imposed for the time being by the University on candidates for degrees.

"A certificate, called a College Certificate, will be conferred upon any student who shall have passed, to the satisfaction of the College, examinations similar in subjects and standard to those qualifying for the B.A. degree of the University of Cambridge, the following deviations being permitted: the substitution of French and English or German and English for Latin or for Greek; the substitution of English, French, and German for both Latin and Greek; the omission, in case of objection, of the Theological part of the examinations.

"Certificates will also be granted for proficiency in single subjects. Such certificates will be of three classes,

* The Houldsworth Bursary of £30, tenable for two years, is offered each alternate year to the most successful student of the Local Examination.

The National Union for the Education of Women also gives an annual bursary of £25 to the best student. The holder of this bursary may pursue her studies as she pleases; but to the Houldsworth is attached the condition that she shall become a candidate for the University Certificates in Literature, Science, and Art.

It is also hoped that ere long other bursaries may be forthcoming; one of £30, tenable for the next two sessions, has been placed at the disposal of the Executive Committee.—[Ed.]

and will be awarded with reference, as far as possible, to the standard of University Honours."

In these details the constant reference to the University standard, even where the subjects are left to the option of the individual student, is, I think, the most striking point. This is in fact the foundation-stone of the Girton edifice, the mainspring of its educational system.

The second and third certificates require no explanation. The advantages they offer to a student who wishes to give undivided time and attention to any particular subject, especially modern languages, which have as yet no place in the University course, are at once evident.

The Degree Certificate, however, requires some explanation. It may either be equivalent to the ordinary B.A. degree of the University, or it may be "in Honours," the addition meaning that the student has passed one or more of the University Honour Examinations, better known by the time-honoured slang of Tripos. Such passing is, I must mention, informal, being unrecognised by the University, but it is not the less real in fact. As yet no student has taken either a College Certificate or a certificate in single subjects. Since the opening of the College in 1869, thirty-one students have been in residence for longer or shorter periods; eight from various causes left without taking any certificate, sixteen are at present in residence, and seven have gone through the full course and passed final examinations in the Mathematical, Classical, and Natural Sciences Triposes, six obtaining Honours and one the ordinary degree. One student of the Hall also passed lately in both the Mathematical and Classical Triposes with great credit, having, like the Girton students, but unlike all other students of the Hall, submitted to all the conditions imposed by the University on candidates for Honours. These conditions are: that the candidate shall reside for not more than ten or less than nine terms, and shall pass an additional Mathematical Examination besides the Previous Examination, or Little-go.

All, I think, who know what the standard of these Tripos examinations is, will allow that to have taken Honours in them speaks well for the zeal and industry of the Girton students, especially when we consider how unprepared they all were on entering college; some knowing no Greek at all, others little Latin and less Greek, all very little and one absolutely no algebra or geometry.

Such being the standard of the Degree Certificate of Girton, it is plain that its claim to be the highest attainable is undeniable. There is, indeed, no real comparison between it and any other, the General Examination of the London University being equivalent only to that examination of its male students which tests and certifies their knowledge at the *beginning* of their University course, while the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations are described as having a smaller group of compulsory subjects than the London, and as aiming in these at thorough rather than advanced knowledge.

I am, of course, well aware that the course pursued by the students of Girton College as regards examinations has not escaped censure from those who hold that these University examinations are faulty, and I think that women should not, as they say, imitate men in following the old grooves, but should strike out some new line for themselves, and aim at excellence in that. But, first, is there not a somewhat perplexing vagueness in this advice? What line, one may ask, ought men to be compelled to resign entirely to women? And secondly, is it not the case that, however faulty in some respects these Honour examinations may be, they are still the highest that exist for testing proficiency in certain subjects; and if some women at least wish to study these subjects—perhaps that they may afterwards teach them—on what ground ought they to be denied examination by the highest standard?

Disapproving as I do—none more strongly—of all silly talk, the object of which seems to be to pit women against men in a sort of intellectual race, and of all premature attempts to prove anything whatever about the relative mental power of the sexes, believing that we have not yet, and may not perhaps for generations, have the requisite data for drawing any conclusions, I yet hold firmly that the principle of submitting the work of men and women to the same test is the right one. Putting aside every consideration save that of the barest fair-play, is it not plain that to refuse this is simply to refuse to allow women to compete on equal terms with men in the common labour market? This is especially true now that the education of girls is ceasing to be a mere farrago of unscientifically taught accomplishments, and is being approximated closely to that of boys in subjects and methods of teaching. Yet I would not be understood as

defending the present system of University examinations, the competitive element being in my view indefensible, though no doubt difficult to eliminate. The claim, however, to be judged by a recognised standard is perfectly distinguishable from a claim to be allowed to run a neck-and-neck race for distinction with other candidates. And of one thing at least we may be confident, that whether the present English University system really deserves all the hard words bestowed on it by reformers or not, its "machinery," to use Dr. Arnold's already quoted expression, is still beyond comparison superior to any in existence for women. Women, therefore, lose at all events nothing (save the doubtful privilege of becoming a *corpus vile* for educational experiments) by adopting it, faulty though it may be. Nor, I think, could a much more hopeful prospect be offered them than that of sharing in future equally with men in all those reforms and improvements which time, and the anxious consideration of experienced and far-sighted thinkers, cannot but work in the universities. I trust the day is not very far distant when this prospect will be legally theirs.

Truth compels me here to confess that I have not always approved of the means adopted by the authorities of Girton College to further their views, although I do agree with them in their principle, and am so far grateful to them for consistently adhering to it.

Judged by the test we agreed upon before, its professional value, the Girton system must be admitted to be eminently successful. Five certificated Girton students have engaged in the work of tuition; two are assistant-mistresses—one mathematical, the other classical—in the Manchester High School; one is a lecturer in physiology and zoology at the Cheltenham Ladies' College; one is assistant-mistress at the North London Collegiate School; and one is resident assistant-lecturer in mathematics and natural science at Girton College. I may also mention that another certificated student, who was for two years resident classical tutor at Girton College, has been at different times requested to become a candidate for four headmistress-ships, but has, for private reasons, declined to do so.

Now, though the success within the reach of Girton students, so far as high certificates can command it, is likely to be always greater than that of others, there are two considerations which somewhat equalise matters.

The first is that the University of Cambridge does not at present officially recognise Girton. As regards University Examinations, therefore, the College is dependent more than is safe or desirable on the goodwill of the examiners. Hitherto this goodwill has been strikingly manifest, and no serious fears therefore need be felt for the future. Besides, time, among other good things, can hardly fail to bring recognition by the University, and affiliation of the College to it. This first drawback therefore has no practical weight whatever. It is different with the second, which is that the Girton College course is both prolonged and expensive, not perhaps absolutely, but relatively to other means of preparation. It extends over three years; or, in the case of Honour students, three years and a-half. The fees are 100 guineas a-year, and only half the year, which half is further divided into three terms, is spent at the College. Manifestly this must be beyond the means of many. Several scholarships and exhibitions have, however, been granted every year; the following are offered for 1875:*

An exhibition of the value of £50 a year for three years has been offered on certain conditions by Mrs Tubbs.

Gilchrist Scholarship.—The Trustees of the Gilchrist Educational Fund offer a scholarship of the value of £50 a year for three years, to be competed for at the University of London General Examination of Women in May 1875.

A scholarship of the value of £50 a year for three years is offered by Lady Goldsmid to the candidate who shall pass best in the Entrance Examination in June 1875. The scholar will be required to read for a degree certificate.

A scholarship will be offered in connection with the Cambridge Higher Local Examination in June 1875.

The above, it will be remarked, do not fully cover the fees, but some full scholarships of £105 for three years have been already, and might be again, awarded. I fear I have dwelt at a wearisome length on Girton certificates and scholarships, and will only add that no student is obliged to take any certificate (unless bound to do so by the conditions of a scholarship), or to pass any examination except two,—the entrance examination, and the College examination at the end of the academical year. The *stiffness* of the latter depends, moreover, on the student herself;

* This paper was written in May.

if she chooses to study many subjects, it is, of course, hard; if few, easy.

What certificates may be granted at Mr. Holloway's proposed University for Women, what may be their standard, and what their consequent value, are, like most other points in the scheme, uncertain. In any case, however, this institution—whether it can make good its ambitious claim to the title of University or not—may, and I hope will, do valuable work. It must, at all events, secure good teachers, and these, as it is not to be like Girton, situated close to a university, must to a great extent be women. This seclusion, by the way, giving, as it does, great facilities for out-door games, boating, &c., proved by the experience of Girton to be essential to health during hard study, is, in my opinion, an almost unmixed advantage.

Here, then, will be a fresh field for lady teachers, and one which ought to be even more pleasant and more remunerative than school-work. Certainly, such a "University" must out-bid the schools, at least if it is to secure the best staff of resident teachers.

I wish I could say anything certain about the position and salaries of the Mistress and Resident Lecturers of Girton itself; but considerable difference of opinion seems to prevail on this subject among the committee who form the governing body, and it is consequently still in a very unsettled state.

I have now I hope shown, however imperfectly, that the great change which the education of girls is at present undergoing has already produced a corresponding change in the position and emoluments of teachers, the full development of the new system being merely a matter of time; and that the salaries already offered to head mistresses sufficiently prove a thorough and systematic course of training to be an investment both profitable and secure; finally, the necessity of possessing some recognised certificate of proficiency has been insisted on, and the means of obtaining such certificates, particularly that of Girton College, have been described in detail.

If I have given wished-for information, or have awakened in any one the faintest spark of enthusiasm or ambition to enter the noble profession, of which, until lately, I counted myself a member, I shall have done all I ventured to hope. But, before concluding, let me say yet a few words about my own college.

My subject has hitherto constrained me to dwell exclusively upon the mere money value of the education Girton offers. But need I say that this is very far from being its chief merit? Not thus can the claims which it has on the loyalty and gratitude of its students—claims deeply felt by us all—be estimated.

But any description of it would be out of place here. Even were it otherwise, I should hardly dare to attempt so difficult a task. The student's life at Girton must be lived before its charm can be felt and its value known. This brief acknowledgment must suffice.

LOUISA INNES LUMSDEN.

Werbura of Chester.

CHAPTER VII.

MOEL VAMAGH is the highest of the range of hills which lie to the south-west of Chester, and can be clearly seen from that town. In the evening, when its tall peak is bathed in the sunset glow, it seems as if it would fain express to human beings something of the meaning of its name—the Motherly Hill; so warm and genial is the glow, so worthy of reverence the height to which the mountain rises. One evening, at the hour of sunset, a few days after Werbura's return home, de Rehmar was standing near the south-west angle of the wall, gazing at this hill, and dwelling intently on the varied hues of the sky beyond it. Looking round, he saw near him, similarly occupied, a young man of distinguished appearance, evidently somewhat pale and worn, and with an earnest and even dreamy expression of countenance. He was gazing, now into the distance, and now, eagerly and anxiously, in the direction of the Baron's house. Presently he turned towards de Rehmar a face which might be like that of Sir Percival while still in search of the Grail—grave, dissatisfied, even sad. Coming a little nearer, he said, "Excuse me, sir: may I ask you which is the house of Baron de Rehmar?" The Baron looked keenly at him while he directed him to the second house on the wall, with a garden gate as its entrance. Seeing evident signs of agitation in the young man's face, a vague surmise crossed his mind, and

he added, "But the Baron is not at home at present, and will not be so for some time." Evidently somewhat disappointed, the young man bowed his thanks, and walked rapidly away past the house indicated. In a few minutes he was out of sight.

Leaving the town, he took a road that led towards the hills, and walked quickly along it for about two miles; then turned to the left down a lane, with a brook overshadowed by trees flowing at the side of it, and entered a small farm-house which stood by the lane. Passing through the kitchen, which was paved with flagstones, he ascended a wooden staircase, and entering a modestly furnished room, he threw himself into a chair near the window. Part of the town of Chester was discernible from this window, and the young man appeared to be studying the prospect with great interest.

On the evening when he had set out to walk from Glanhafon to Chester, Randall had walked steadily all the way, only halting once or twice for a few minutes to look around him. When he reached the town he heard the church clocks strike three. To go at this hour to an inn and ask for lodging would have been the most practical course; but it seemed to Randall to be a course which would have matched ill with the rest of his conduct—better to wander dreamily on yet awhile, and to see what fate would bring. He accordingly turned to the left, crossed the large bridge over the Dee, and took a road which led in a westerly direction. The first streaks of dawn were soon visible, and he easily found the farm-house above mentioned. All was still around him; even the cocks had not yet begun to crow. Finding his way to an outhouse, he discovered that it contained a goodly pile of hay; and stretching himself on this, he threw his cloak over him and soon slept a dreamless sleep. When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens; he emerged from his hiding-place, and looking round him, was so pleased with the quiet and retired look of this abode that he knocked at the door of the farm-house, and asked if he could have a lodging there. His request was granted, and he was soon established in a tolerably furnished room, where he assured the mistress of the house that a window looking towards Chester had far greater charms for him than one looking to the hills.

The remainder of that day was spent in walking about restlessly in the lanes and fields, or dreaming in his seat

in the window. What course was he now to follow? Two things had to be done. One was to make arrangements for carrying out the plan he had formed for his life here, for that he should remain here for some time was a settled point. The other was to write to Trevor and explain the cause of his sudden flight. First, however, fearing that his mother and sister might be suffering some anxiety about him, he wrote a few lines to Malvina, telling her that Glanhafon had become insupportable to him, so that he could stay there no longer; but here he felt that he could do some good; what that was she should hear later. He begged her to give his love to his mother, and to tell her that he was now far better occupied than he had been before.

So entirely was Randall's mind preoccupied by the new phase of life on which he was entering, that he considerably under-estimated the effect his conduct might have on others. Such is generally the case when we pursue any object passionately: for the time being, it is our all in all; we see it surrounded by such a halo of glory that our eyes are dazzled, and when we take them away from it, other objects are indistinctly seen.

What then was it that Randall was about to do? To discover this, we must accompany him on a walk which he took the following morning. But that his conduct may not appear too strange and Quixotic, we must bear in mind that Randall had in his nature, to a greater degree than most young men have, both ignorance of the world and mental independence. This combination of qualities would lead him to perform very unusual actions, remaining at the same time utterly ignorant that they were unusual. Thus, while he was acting solely from a determination to carry out his own line of conduct, a worldly-wise observer might have supposed that he was actuated by the motive of defiance of custom and precedent. The peculiar circumstances in which he was now about to place himself were not more peculiar than the state of feeling which acted as a spur to drive him onward. On the one hand, there was the feeling, bordering on aversion, with which he regarded Trevor and his theories; and on the other, alongside of it, the passion, rising even to adoration, which he felt for Werburga. So strong had been the conflict between these feelings, that while working with the former individual against his will, he had felt as if every moment were carrying him further

away from the latter. On the one hand, restraint, irksome tasks, only a barren waste for the heart to feed upon; on the other, freedom to choose his own abode and occupation, and nearness to the object of his love! All this he had planned and chosen for himself, and now he was to begin to carry it out. He walked the next morning past pleasant pastures, under the shade of fresh green boughs, into the town of Chester, and threading his way through the "Rows," found himself at the door of Miss Langley's abode. He had, however, some misgivings when he rang the bell. Even though Miss Langley were at home, he should feel some awkwardness; were she absent—which was more than likely, seeing the holidays were not nearly over—he should be utterly at a loss. Miss Langley was at home, however, having just returned from the country; she received him graciously.

"Ah! Mr. Holme, I am glad to see you have not forgotten me; and tell me, how is your sister?"

"I believe she is well," said Randall; "but, indeed, I have scarcely been at home since I last saw you."

"Indeed! Have you been travelling?"

Randall proceeded to tell Miss Langley, just as if she had been an old friend, all that had happened to him during the last few weeks. There was one topic, however, which he did not mention at all—namely, his feelings for Werburga; indeed, he did not once pronounce the name of that young lady. Miss Langley was both pleased and amused, however, with the naïve way in which he spoke of those tiresome, prosy, scientific papers which he had been writing out for Trevor, and of the wonder he had felt whether there were any truth at all in these new discoveries. He then added—

"When I last saw you, Miss Langley, you spoke some earnest words to me, which from that day to this have haunted me continually. I had been living without any fixed purpose in life; and you spoke to me of some even younger than I who were already fighting the battle manfully. Those words of yours impressed me so deeply that I resolved that I would undertake the first work which presented itself to me. It was this work of Trevor's. But, as I have told you, I found it most uncongenial from the first, so that during my leisure hours, which were many, I have been busily cultivating my favourite taste—namely, literature. I have been both writing and read-

ing a good deal, and have, I hope, studied Shakespeare to some purpose."

"Ah!" said Miss Langley, playfully, "then you are the very person I wish to see. Suppose you were to become English master, and so help me out of a difficulty?"

"Certainly, I will!" said Randall, at once relieved from a great awkwardness; "that is exactly what brought me here."

"Oh, indeed! I did not mean it," said Miss Langley, now becoming embarrassed in her turn; "believe me, I was only in jest. I should never dream of making such a request to you, who have a very different career before you."

There are not many young men in Randall's circumstances who would aspire eagerly to the position of teacher in a ladies' school, or who would not hold up to ridicule any one of their number who did so. But Randall hardly knew, and was too indifferent to inquire into, the opinions of others on this subject; what he was doing he did with simplicity and whole-heartedness; and it was with something like disappointment that he heard the opinion of the world reechoed in the words of Miss Langley—"This is not your vocation." Yet somehow he fancied that it was; possibly, however, were he to assert this, Miss Langley might ask for his college certificate; alas! he had nothing of the kind. All this passed rapidly through his mind, and then he answered—

"About my future career I have nothing to say; it is the present alone that interests me. I ask of you as a favour that you will accept my services. Even if it be only for a few months, you will save me during that time from an employment which I dislike, and from the other alternative of no employment at all."

"Be it so then!" said Miss Langley, with a tremble in her voice. "I feel that I am accepting a great favour, and shall write to Mrs. Holme on the subject this very day."

"Pray do not," said Randall; "I had rather you left that to me."

"As you wish," said Miss Langley; and after a little talk on the subject of how, when, and where the new schoolmaster was to begin his duties, they parted, Randall promising to call again in a few days.

It was not without great satisfaction that Miss Langley

had heard from Randall's lips the effect which her words had had on him on their former meeting. From the half-view of his conduct which she obtained from this standing-point, she, with the aid of her own benevolent character, pictured Randall to herself as one of those modern knights-errant who go about in unpicturesque clothing, assisting their fellow-men in what seem unromantic ways. Had she known, however, that her part in the matter consisted only of a tiny, half-heard accompaniment to the melody which Werburga, with potent fingers, was playing on the chords of his heart, she would have looked upon him as less removed from the days of chivalry than she imagined. All the romantic devotion and homage which the knights of old felt for women in general, and for one woman in particular—this was the motive which led them to enter the lists, and to win the fair by their prowess. Some feelings akin to theirs now inspired the breast of this modern knight; but he had looked in vain for some field like the tournament, on which to win the favour of her who had won his heart. After all ways had been pondered over, all means thought of, it had then come to this;—in want of any other field, the school-room was to be the field of action; it was there that he was to win his spurs, show what he was capable of, and command her attention as well as that of others. That he was possessed of great powers, was a fact which even his most intimate friends hardly recognised, so dreamy and indolent had he appeared hitherto. Miss Langley, when she thought the matter over at leisure, found that these two qualities formed nearly the amount of her knowledge about him; but she reflected that he might possibly belong to that select class of beings who acquire knowledge almost by intuition—as a kind of second nature.

His course for the future being now definitely arranged, one duty connected with the past yet remained to be done. This was to write to Trevor. He felt that were he to leave this undone, Trevor might possibly attribute his disappearance to personal dislike, and be unwilling to excuse it. If he wrote, however, and explained how it was the uncongeniality of his work which had driven him to act as he had done, he felt sure that Trevor, who was not without a dash of eccentricity himself, would excuse this unwonted behaviour in another, and even respect him for not stooping to work as a dog or a horse would do, against his will. All this he felt convinced of,

and yet the writing of the letter was a task he almost shrank from, as likely to cost him more time and thought than he could spare from the more serious duties which he had now undertaken. He began, however, to ponder the matter seriously, and to ask himself what it was that had chiefly induced him to forsake Trevor in this manner. There were reasons in his own mind that spoke for themselves at once; but the answer of his heart was, Werburga. True, he wished to be independent, disliked restraint, was anxious to devote himself to literature; but all these motives seemed to be floating only in the upper current of his being; down in the depths, his heart was throbbing from some other cause; that was the great motive—Werburga. That his life and fate might in some way be linked with hers, as he believed nature had already established a *rapproch* between them; that some seal might be set to his passion which might render it inalienable; this was the deep, the real, the unavowed motive of his conduct. He had such a feeling for her, that only to see her pass along the street was a joy sufficient to fill his heart for days; and he rejoiced at the thought that this was now a daily possibility. It was his one thought every time he walked towards Chester, and he looked at others whom he met only to remark that they were not Werburga. He felt that he had not the courage, even though she had lived in his mother's house, to go and see her in her own home; this seemed to him as impossible as to call on a spiritual being. By going at stated times to Miss Langley's, however, he would probably meet Werburga, as if by chance, and perhaps find opportunities of speaking to her. But all these feelings he must set aside for the present, and write to Trevor. Finding it necessary to have a tangible means of collecting his thoughts, he seated himself, directly after his return home, at a table with pen and ink, and after a great deal of thought and hesitation, wrote the following letter:—

“DEAR SIR,—As you have at all times freely expressed your opinions to me, I think it is only fair that I should do the same by you. When you have read this letter, you will understand why I left you so suddenly; and if you do not forgive, and even make allowance for, the step I have taken, I shall find to my grief that the trust I had in your manliness and generosity has been misplaced. It seems to me, sir, that there are two parts of a man's

nature which ought never to be trampled upon; namely, his feelings, and his freedom of thought. I consider that the feelings are a more vital part of the man than the intellect, and provided they are in a healthy and natural state, anything which hurts or presses upon them unduly is to be avoided. Such an effect, during all the time of my residence under your roof, was produced upon me by the opinions and so-called facts which then came under my attention. If I tried to accept them implicitly, I found I could not do so without either outraging some feeling, or offending my freedom of judgment. I do not think such facts, or conjectures, as I think they ought to be called, are a necessary part of the education of a human being. To prove this, I think we have only to look at the impression they make upon us at first. On first hearing them, we are so surprised that we stand aghast, and consequently our receptive faculty is so paralysed that it loses the power of adopting them in such a way as to reconcile them with thought and feeling. This of itself, I think, proves that they are alien to our nature; to me it is sufficient proof that they are false. It seems to me that every thinking man will of himself, in course of time, discover and accept those truths which are really in harmony with his nature. He will thus avoid enslaving his thoughts to the opinions of others, and by preserving harmony between all the parts of his mental constitution, will have some prospect of becoming a freely and naturally developed human being. It is a result somewhat like this that I am now striving after. Pardon me, sir, if I venture to say, that, while with you, such a result appeared to me impossible. I feel that science is not my vocation; and I am now entering on another sphere of thought, where truths as important and as real as those which it teaches are arrived at by a route which, it seems to me, is a far pleasanter and more beautiful one; namely, Art in its poetical development. Art teaches us the nature of man in its possible state of perfection; Science teaches it only in its precedents. Art embraces all the future, the infinite possible; Science only the formal and finished past. I have therefore closed that part of my life which wore the shackles of those strict researches, and am now beginning to breathe what for me is a purer, because it is a native air. Wishing you, in your future studies, that pleasure and profit which I found they could not afford me, I again beg that you will tolerate, if you do not applaud, my conduct, and remain, yours truly, **RANDALL HOLME.**"

When Trevor had read this letter, he said, "Poor fellow it is a fine manly nature. I daresay he is right in giving me up; but why run away so suddenly? After all, he looks on science with the prejudiced eye of ignorance: possibly the grand vocation he has chosen may open his eyes somewhat."

But it required another eye than that of Trevor to see that it was the false side of science with which Randall had become acquainted by his means, and that the aversion which this had inspired in him might possibly close his mind against its true side also, at least for years—perhaps for ever.

PROCLA.

(To be continued.)



To My Lady.

SWEET, have the years been long to thee,

As they to me have been,

Since thou didst close thy gracious eyes

On this earth, warm and green?

And have the hours been heavy, sweet,

As they to me are long,

Since thou didst tread the heavenly street,

And learn the heavenly song?

For since they laid the lily flowers

Upon thy quiet breast,

To me the heavy-footed hours

Have brought nor mirth, nor rest.

And since they hid thy placid face

In yonder churchyard still,

The world has been an empty place,

Which no one else can fill.

I would not make thee mournful, love,

If happy souls can mourn;

I would not draw thee from above,

If happy souls return;

I would not cast across thy joy

One shadow of a tear,

If angel bliss can know alloy

From sorrows—darkening here.

So dream I, sweet ; and yet if one
Should say that unawares
My love and grief had drawn thy feet
Adown the golden stairs,

And even in one little hour
This lonely room should be
Transformèd to an heavenly bower,
A heaven of heavens to me ;

If shortly through that open door
Thy shining robes should pass,
Thy feet, as light upon the floor
As dew upon the grass ;

Thy little hands, like birds that are,
Should both in mine alight ;
And thine old smile, so slow, so fair,
Should deepen with delight ;

And if the ruby blush should glow
Thy tender cheek upon.
From whence death kissed it, years ago
Oh ! many years ago ;—

Sweet, if my love could call thee here
How *could* I bid thee stay ?
For it is many a weary year
That thou hast been away.

R.

The Christian Woman's Work in India.

PART I.

THE subject before us is one of ever-widening extent, and ever-deepening interest : to enter into it fully in the space of some three or four short chapters is impossible ; it is therefore my purpose to give my readers such information on the leading features of the work, as will, I hope, incline them to seek further details from other and better sources. India has peculiar claims upon England ; it is a possession of the British Crown, and after the Mutiny, our Queen, having been proclaimed " Empress of India," declared herself to be as responsible for the welfare of